

The Crown of Wild Oil

Three Lectures on Industry & War

By

John Ruskin

"And indeed it should have been of gold, had not
Jupiter been so poor."—ARISTOPHANES (*Plutus*).

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THIS NEW EDITION OF ADDRESSES
DELIVERED AT THE
FIRST COLLEGE FOUNDED IN INDIA
FOR THE
EDUCATION OF YOUNG CHIEFS AND PRINCES
IS BY PERMISSION DEDICATED TO
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON
WHO HAS ALWAYS SHOWN A WARM INTEREST
IN THE WELFARE OF THE RAJKUMARS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
<u>ADDRESSES</u>	
I. THE PRESENCE OF GOD	1
II. FAITH	5
III. PRAYER	9
IV. DUTY	14
V. TRUTH: IN WORD	19
VI. TRUTH: IN DEED	22
VII. TRUTH: IN THOUGHT	26
VIII. OUR COLLEGE	30
IX. GENTLE	37
X. THE DIGNITY OF LITTLE DUTIES	44
XI. FRIENDSHIP	50
XII. ON CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS REGARDING OUR NEIGH- BOURS	55
XIII. OUR MOST GRACIOUS EMPRESS	60
XIV. KINDNESS TO ANIMALS	67
XV. THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD	76
XVI. PLAY	86
XVII. HOME	93
XVIII. ZEAL	99
XIX. COMING AND GOING	106
XX. THE END OF THE YEAR	113
XXI. THE NEW YEAR	119

CONTENTS

	PAGE
XXII. CO-OPERATION	124
XXIII. TIME	130
XXIV. MONEY	138
XXV. HEALTH	146
XXVI. ENJOYMENT	155
XXVII. ADAPTATION	163
XXVIII. PERSONAL INFLUENCE	175
XXIX. MANNERS	183
XXX. COURAGE: PHYSICAL	194
XXXI. COURAGE: MORAL	207
XXXII. UNSELFISHNESS	218
XXXIII. THE LAST NEW YEAR	220
INDEX	223

INTRODUCTION

THESE Addresses have been already printed in India, and translated into two native languages. They are reproduced for English readers, for the following reasons. They admirably reflect the mind and character of the writer, a mind and character of singular beauty: his friends could desire for him no more fitting memorial. They illustrate, too, the spirit in which he undertook and carried on for twenty-five years the important and novel work of educating the princes and nobles of Kathiawar. Also, it is believed that their simplicity and seriousness and directness of speech and purpose will make them helpful to others, who may read them for guidance and counsel, as they were to many of those who heard them spoken. This short introduction is written to help the reader to realise why and to whom they were spoken, and what manner of man he was who spoke them.

Chester Macnaghten was born in 1843. His grandfather, Sir Francis Macnaghten, was a Judge at Calcutta. His father, Mr. Elliot Macnaghten, went out at sixteen to India in 1823, after five years at Rugby, and became an officer of the Supreme Court at Calcutta. He left India in 1838, was elected a Director of the East India Company in 1841, and on the assumption of the Government of India by the Crown in 1859, became a member of the Secretary of State's Council. He was a man of much natural ability, quickness of perception, determination, and general force of character. These qualities Chester inherited, tempered

COMMON THOUGHTS

by the sweet gentleness and absolute unselfishness of his mother, whose character was doubtless in his thoughts when he wrote the address entitled "Gentle." His mind in boyhood and youth was bright and active, but his bodily health was feeble. He suffered severely and continually from asthma. He could not go to Harrow, as was intended, and most of his time before Cambridge was spent at Bonchurch with Mr. Edmund Venables, afterwards Canon of Lincoln.¹ He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1862, and read for Classical Honours; but his work was sadly interrupted by illness, and in 1864 he went out to India for the sake of the voyage, and was away six months. However, in 1866, in spite of all, he was twelfth in the second class of the Classical Tripos. The writer of these lines, with whom, though only one month his senior, he read classics for the twelve months before his Tripos (and for whom the priceless possession of his perfect friendship dates from then), had abundant opportunity to judge of the excellent quality of his scholarship. His Latin writing, especially his verse, was, like his English, pure and sound and simple. He loved Virgil best of classical writers. He had exquisite taste in literature, as in other things. If he had had health, and been able to read more widely, his place in the Tripos would have been a high one. He went out to India in May 1866, and in June was appointed tutor to the present Maharaja of Darbhanga, then nine years old. In December 1870 he became the first head of the Rajkumar College at Rajkot, in Kathiawar, and at this post he remained, except for occasional visits to England,

¹ Canon Venables wrote of him in 1866:—"He has a singular faculty of attaching persons to him, and I have never known a young man who was regarded with such affectionate respect by a large circle of friends. His conduct is guided by a deep sense of religion, which is free from all extravagance; and I feel sure that the insensible influence of his pure and lovely character would be highly beneficial to any young persons with whom he might be associated."

INTRODUCTION

until the end. His work was wearing, and anxious, and continuous; but he loved it, and love gave strength. When we thought of the frailty of his bodily frame, we wondered at the unflagging zeal, the indomitable spirit, with which for so many years he taught and trained, in mind and body, boys who all needed so much of his care, and were of such different ages, and habits, and disposition. He joined in their games, having until latterly no European colleague or assistant; taught them to play cricket, even football; rode with them daily. Ranjitsinhji, who has since won fame on English cricket-fields, learnt cricket from him. He introduced them to some of the best things in English literature (as the addresses and his speech-day programmes bear witness), as well as in their own. Above all, he accustomed them to high thoughts and noble aims, and taught them to think that the best thing for them was to live for others. He understood them, he cared for them as his friends; and with the wonderful fascination of his sympathetic and loving nature he won a response of love from them. He came home at the end of 1892, in rather broken health, and with some thought of retiring; but a long rest refreshed him, and he went back again in the autumn of 1894 to finish his time. He was very happy after returning, and improved in health, and wrote last October¹ most gratefully of his "admirable colleague" Mr. Waddington (by whom his place had been filled during his absence), who "was absent last term," he says, "but will be back in a week, and will relieve me of the physical strain altogether": and he adds, "We quite hope to hold on now until the end of my service, and are both glad we came back to work; for we now see, more clearly than we saw then, that it was the right thing to do. It is a great thing to go on and not stop till one must." The end was not far off. His illness (peritonitis) was a very short one. He did his work in the College on Thursday,

i.e., October 1895.

COMMON THOUGHTS

and the next Monday, February 10th, he was at rest. He was twice married. First, in 1872, to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. C. L. Hodgkinson, of Louth, in Lincolnshire. He became a widower in 1880. In 1882 he married Susan Ferrier Kinloch, daughter of Mr. James John Kinloch, of Kair, in Kincardineshire, who survives him. She lives with him in the grateful remembrance of those for whom both of them wrought and thought, so many years, with one mind, together.

The following account of Chester Macnaghten's work in India is taken from the *Times* of May 11th, 1896 :

"The Kathiawar chiefs are mourning for an Englishman who, during a full quarter of a century, has been to them a friend and guide. It is no high official whose loss they lament. Chester Macnaghten was neither a civilian, nor a soldier, nor a 'Political' of any sort ; but a simple Cambridge scholar belonging to the educational service, which has done so much to render British rule a blessing instead of a hardship to India. Scanty as are the honours awarded by our Government to that noble service, it has a hold on the hearts of the people, which from time to time manifests itself in striking ways. Dr. Duff is still a household word in many Bengal homes ; the present head of the Madras Christian College is the first representative member elected to Council by the almost entirely non-Christian constituency of the Madras University ; Dr. Wilson's name is coupled with that of Wordsworth in the affectionate remembrance of one generation of students after another in Bombay. To Chester Macnaghten was assigned a task even harder than these men performed. He was sent into a territory beyond direct British control, to introduce education on the English public-school model for the sons of chiefs who did not want it, and who clung to their old traditions with a strength of conservatism unknown in this country and scarcely equalled in India itself. By twenty-five years

INTRODUCTION

"of devoted and tactful labour he accomplished his task, and he has now died at his post.

"In 1866 Mr. Chester Macnaghten came to India as tutor to the young Maharaja of Darbhanga. He so trained up that nobleman as to leave unimpaired all the traditions of a great Hindu-family, and the Maharaja stood forward from his entry on manhood the leader of the orthodox party in Bengal. A seat in the Viceroy's Council and the decorative honours by which the Sovereign marks her appreciation of distinguished merit among her Indian subjects bear witness to the services rendered by the Maharaja to his countrymen and to the ruling power."

The writer, after alluding to the Mayo College, instituted at Ajmir, under the auspices of Lord Mayo, and completed in 1875, goes on to say :—

"On the establishment of the similar college for Kathiawar,¹ Mr. Chester Macnaghten was invited from Bengal by the chiefs, acting on the recommendation of Sir James Peile, as its first head. He took charge in December 1870, and was thus the pioneer of the public-school education of the feudatory chiefs.

"Some idea of the objects set before him, and of the difficulties with which he had to contend, may be gathered from Sir James Peile's speech at the opening ceremony. He pointed out that among the chiefs then present there was an elder generation who had grown up in the wild life left by the Mogul anarchy, and a younger generation come to join the life of an institution 'which will differ in no essential point from an English public school.' The elder generation had taken part in the old practice of literally 'going out' (*bahir-watia*) against their enemies, or as a protest against real or fancied wrongs. They had heard from their fathers of the annual Maratha raids or 'rounds of the country' (*mulk-giri*) which formed the regular system of collecting the land revenue in Kathiawar before the establishment of

¹ The Kathiawar College was opened in January 1871.

COMMON THOUGHTS

"the British protectorate. 'To a country distracted with
"internal feuds and crushed by external violence we
"gave peace, and that peace has never since been broken.
"Along with peace came the opportunity of development,
"and, I will add,' said Sir James Peile, 'the necessity of
"progress. For wars and feuds are in some sense a safety-
"valve to the growth of the population. In guaranteeing
"peace, therefore, we took upon ourselves a grave
"responsibility that the country should not stand still.'
"The progress of Kathiawar compelled a corresponding
"advance in education among the sons of the chiefs. He
"begged them to believe that we urged a public-school
"education upon them 'because we have ourselves
"experienced its tonic virtue. Let them believe that the
"men who have conquered and now administer India,
"and that those who rule the British Empire at home,
"have been unhesitatingly sent to public schools from
"even safer homes than theirs. Let them feel assured
"that this College rightly used will become the strongest
"bulwark of their rights; that the students will not be
"educated into pedants or Anglicised out of sympathy
"with the traditions of their fathers and the habits of
"their people. We shall discipline their bodies in the
"manliness and hardihood of the English public-school
"boy. We shall teach them to value justice and uphold
"it, even to their personal loss. We shall show them it
"is better to collect wealth for their people than for
"themselves. It will be our aim to make them wiser than
"their subjects, and yet to prepare them to listen to the
"voice of public judgment on their own acts.'

"This was the work set before Mr. Macnaghten in
"1870. Mr. Macnaghten found that if he was to carry
"it out he must be very patient. Most of the chiefs
"dreaded the influence of the College on their heirs; some
"of the princesses would have preferred to give up their
"own lives rather than allow their sons to enter it. Even
"when the most enlightened of the chiefs began one by

INTRODUCTION

"one to send their boys, the young nobles were attended each by a tail of retainers armed to the teeth. Their kinsmen and vassals insisted on mounting guard all night outside the apartments of the heirs-apparent, lest they should be murdered by the followers of rival houses. Each boy had also a Polonius to advise him, an influence that often thwarted the discipline of the College and kept his lady-mother in a fever of anxiety by daily letters home. Mr. Macnaghten gradually persuaded the chiefs to bring down these retinues to one or two attendants for each lad, and to dispense with the courtly mentors altogether. As he won his way into their confidence, the College was enlarged from time to time by the liberality of the chiefs until it formed a handsome two-storied quadrangle. Each boy has rooms as at our universities, but on an ampler scale. As the young chiefs came under his influence, Macnaghten inspired them with a pride in the College games and with an ambition to form a squadron of mounted volunteers. He thus appealed to the sporting and military tastes which are hereditary instincts with the Indian aristocracy. He put them into a picturesque uniform, drilled them as troopers, and stirred them to supply the honorary escort on State occasions. It was his wont to ride forth with the brilliant young cavalcade to meet the political agent and accompany him into Rajkot, or to convoy him a few miles on his way when leaving.¹ The College cricket team would hold a respectable place in any country. One of its members, Ranjitsinhji, of the princely house of Jamnagar, is at this moment one of the finest batsmen in England. The chief of Lamfi, after he left the College

¹ Latterly the "honorary escort" was only furnished on the occasion of the visit of very high officials, such as the Governor or Commander-in-Chief. In this connection it may be mentioned that their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught twice visited the College, and in December 1889, gave away the prizes.

COMMON THOUGHTS

„and succeeded to his feudatory throne, came to Rajkot
“to play the College with an eleven of his clansmen
“trained by himself. Nor was book work neglected.
“Almost every one of the hundred and seventy young
“chiefs and nobles who passed under Mr. Macnaghten's
“care have signalised their accession to power by spreading
“schools, dispensaries, and useful public works throughout
“their states. Some of them, like the chiefs of Bhaunagar
“and Gondal, have constructed railways at their own
“charge,¹ and rendered their states models of feudatory
“administration.

“The result of all this, a late political agent writes to
“us, ‘is a contrast between the chief of to-day and the
“chief of 1850 which is astonishing. I knew many of
“the old men. Some were lost and shattered by indul-
“gence. Others were fine, dignified fellows, but unlettered,
“narrow, and not too just to their people. Now you may
“pick out a dozen of bright intelligent young rulers,
“various in character, but all impressed with the respon-
“sibility of living and of ruling—several of them, such
“as Gondal and the lamented Bhaunagar, really noble
“spirits. Gondal is devoted to medical science, and has
“just arrived in England to place his heir at Eton and
“his brother at the Medical College in Edinburgh
“University. I was with Bhaunagar in the train when
“he went to Cambridge to receive his LL.D. As we
“passed each hamlet, with its little spire, he said thought-
“fully, “That is what I like to see: every village has its
““temple of God.” On one occasion, when an English
“railway-man was very ill at his capital, the Maharaja
“went to sit with him. On leaving, his Highness quietly
“remarked, “Do you read your Bible, Mr. —? I hope
““you do.”

“Yet these two chiefs grew up orthodox Hindus, and
“throughout Mr. Macnaghten's quarter of a century as head

¹ The Thakor Sahib of Morvi, it should be added, brought the
railway at his own expense to Rajkot.

INTRODUCTION

"of the College of Nobles there never was a suspicion that he abused their affection for him to try to shake their faith. He had the rare power of inspiring them with the noblest impulses of the Christian religion and the English public school without undermining their old faith or weakening its practical influence on their lives. In February, when addressing the students on the death of his first pupil, the Maharaja of Bhaunagar, he truthfully declared that the lesson of that princely life was to live for others, and not for ourselves. Indeed, the College speeches of this manly Englishman always struck a keynote of piety which few head masters would venture upon in an English public school. 'It seems indeed strange,' he said in his New Year's address on the 6th of last January,¹ 'that the shadows of this world should have such influence over our minds, when we think of the infinitely greater importance of the life which is not of this world. Just think: only one call from God—and in a moment all our possessions, our friends, our houses, our money, our bodies, must be left behind; while our souls, which alone cannot be destroyed, shall live on for ever. Resolve, therefore, to live for the things which are real and divine.' There are sentences even more pathetic—too pathetic indeed for a secular article like the present. Macnaghten lived his whole life with his students, and showed his whole nature to them. He never destroyed a Hindu pupil's faith; yet he could speak to Hindus of the things unseen and eternal with a father's confidence that his words would enter their hearts."

Mr. Waddington, who worked with Macnaghten, and has succeeded him as Principal of the College, spoke, at the annual prize-giving, soon after his death, as follows:—

"To many of those who, like myself, have only known

¹ i.e., 6th January, 1896.

COMMON THOUGHTS

“the College for a comparatively short time, it is not
“perhaps easy to realise the greatness and the difficulty
“of the work which Mr. Macnaghten carried out, quietly
“and unobtrusively, but none the less thoroughly and
“efficiently, during the earlier years of his connection
“with Kathiawar. Those who only see the finished
“achievement are perhaps apt to ignore or to make light
“of the labour, the perseverance, the skill, the forethought,
“and above all the tact and sympathy, which made such
“an achievement possible. I would ask you to picture to
“yourselves for a moment the period of the early seventies,
“when the idea of gathering the young chiefs and nobles
“of this province into a common centre of education and
“training was still unfamiliar, and even at variance with
“many of the most cherished customs and traditions of
“Kathiawar. The distrust of innovation, the jealousy of
“different states, the difficulty of locomotion in days long
“before the introduction of railways, all united to increase
“the difficulties of the task which Mr. Macnaghten was
“called upon to perform in 1871. . . . Though similar
“institutions have since sprung up in different parts of
“India, Mr. Macnaghten had no model in this country
“to whose history he could look for guidance or for
“warning. He began with but five pupils, the first of
“whom was his Highness the late Maharaja of Bhaunagar ;
“to be known later, not only as the first and most dis-
“tinguished of the alumni of the College, but also as its
“firmest friend and supporter. From five the numbers
“rose rapidly, till the original building was no longer large
“enough to contain them. First one wing was added,
“and then another, the last being the sole gift of his
“Highness the Maharaja of Bhaunagar, until by degrees
“the College gradually assumed its present form and
“dimensions, and acquired the established reputation
“which belongs to it to-day. There is no part of the
“College buildings or of the College precincts which does
“not show traces of Mr. Macnaghten’s careful thought for

INTRODUCTION

"everything connected with them. The trees, the garden, the grounds for cricket and other games, were the objects of his constant attention. The rules of discipline, the curriculum of study, the countless details which go to make up the life and working of an institution like this, were the offspring of his mind. But, above all, the fruits of his labour are to be found in the lives and characters of those whom he devoted well nigh all his life to educate. Some of these have already, like their instructor, passed away. Many are now ruling chiefs in Kathiawar and elsewhere. Others are filling various humbler, but perhaps not less useful, spheres than even that of a ruling chief. . . . Whatever may be the changes in the life and customs of the inhabitants of this country, there can be and there will be no change in the settled value of those rules of life, those lessons of unselfishness, of uprightness, and of honour, which Mr. Macnaghten set himself to inculcate in all those who came within the sphere of his influence, and of which his whole life was a conspicuous example. I think I may truly say, with the support of all those present, that no more complete unselfishness, no more single-hearted devotion to duty, was ever shown by an officer of her Majesty in India than by the late Principal of this College."

Macnaghten himself, writing in 1879 in the *Calcutta Review* on "Rajkumar Colleges," describes some of the difficulties which arose when the work was new, and the way in which these difficulties were met. He speaks of the large home-retinues demanded for the boys. "We may have at first from five to ten servants living in the College with each boy, and probably the number can never be reduced below two—a body servant and a cook;" "old family retainers, rude and coarse in manners and mind, frequently addicted to opium." Then there were the hereditary feuds; boys refusing to converse with each

COMMON THOUGHTS

other, and of course encouraged by the servants. A boy is observed in class to be shrinking away from his neighbour ; and, when told to sit nearer, he answers, "That boy is "*'galli-ing' me.*"¹ "The boy has said nothing," says the master. "No," replies the little Rājput, "he has *said* nothing, but he is '*galli-ing*' me in his heart." But all this soon passed away ; "boyish simplicity prevailed" ; they rode, and played cricket, and rounders, and football together ; and friendships began to be formed. "The long-standing feuds of a Scindia and a Holkar, of "a Nabha and a Jhind, may be forgotten in the neutral "halls of a Rajkumar College." Some strange and barbarous propensities have to be overcome ; but the boys, in the main, are simple, and "simplicity is favourable to "obedience, and a healthy family pride conduces to a "becoming dignity of behaviour." "We accordingly find "that, when brought together, these young chiefs are, as "a rule, remarkably tractable and well behaved." Mr. Macnaghten doubts whether they are naturally indolent. "They need to be led ; but, when once roused, they are "not wanting in agility or spirit." Intellectually they are neither better nor worse than boys of inferior rank. Some are very intelligent, and even fond of their books. "But "it is satisfactory to feel that the moral and physical "improvement are more remarkable than the mental ; "because, though scholarship is important, behaviour is far "more so."

A word may be said here of Macnaghten's love of botany, which is illustrated by the delightful address on "The "Flowers of the Field." A Brahmin friend, Jai Krishna Indrajī, himself an ardent botanist, writes : "To me he "was a father, and more than a father, and I do not know "to whom I shall now look for advice and guidance : and "who will ask me about botany, which he was so fond of ?" His collection of botanical works remains at Rajkot.

In October 1895 Macnaghten, by special request, laid the

¹ *Galli*, "abuse."

INTRODUCTION

foundation stone of a High School at Idar, to be called by his own name, erected by the Maharaja of Idar, who left the College in April 1881. His speech on this occasion is characteristic enough to be quoted here :

"Your Highness, I have been very much touched by your unexpected kindness. I thank you also very sincerely for the kind expressions which the goodness of your heart has prompted you to use in connection with the reminiscences of your College life. I have only to say, in reply, that the friendship with your Highness, so long ago begun and so happily continuing, has been one of the pleasantest of my experiences during a long service in India. It is most kind of you indeed, Maharaja, to wish to call the new school by my name : and, though, as you know, I myself am of opinion that it might be more suitably called by the name of some one better known to the people of your State, yet here in Idar I am as your subject, and must comply with your wishes. As regards the school itself, I am sure you are wise to build it, and so to increase the scope of education in this your beautiful town. You know that, though for many years an educationalist, I have had no practical experience of High Schools, but I am bold to affirm that anything that makes for education in the word's true sense will be, must be, good. Many hard things have been said against education in India and elsewhere, and sometimes with some appearance of justice ; but the real reason why fault has been found is not that we have had too much education, but that we have had too little. It has not been carried to its proper end. The end and result of true education should be to make us humble and to draw us out of ourselves to higher and better things ; or (what perhaps amounts to the same thing) to give us a right judgment in all things. And I think it has been our common experience that the best of scholars are the most modest, as well as the wisest, of men. But education

COMMON THOUGHTS

"which leads to conceit or insubordination, or infidelity—
"and do we not sometimes see instances of this kind?—
"must be considered to have missed its mark or else to be
"very imperfect indeed. It has not reached its true aim at
"all. So, to draw these remarks to a practical conclusion,
"I would like to give these few words of advice to the
"boys here before us. Do not be satisfied with the
"education which has begun in this school, nor even with
"passing the matriculation, nor with a university degree,
"but go on and on, teaching yourself and being taught,
"growing each day wiser and humbler till your life shall
"end. Education may be said to begin at school, but it
"should end only with life. It is a common saying that
"everything comes to him who waits. But more things
"come to him who works. So let us work, and despair
"not."

Even more characteristic is the following letter, one of several which might be quoted, addressed to this same Maharaja of Idar on leaving the College:

"MY DEAR MAHARAJA,—As you are finally leaving
"the College, I must, as I promised, write a few words
"to express to you my farewell and my best wishes. I
"can truly say we are all sorry to lose you. For your
"conduct among us has always been worthy of the high
"family whence you are sprung, high-minded and court-
"eous and kind. As regards your school work, I could
"sometimes have wished that you might have taken a
"little more pains in subjects which were not quite
"to your taste. So also, in matters of physical exercise,
"I could sometimes have wished to see rather more
"energy. But, in the matter most important of all,
"in moral conduct and character, I can say with un-
"affected sincerity that you have commanded our high
"esteem. Standing near the head of the College, you have

INTRODUCTION

"invariably set an example which merits my very grateful
"acknowledgments. The life which is opening before you
"is a great one. But greatness and glory are not born
"of ease. And in proportion to your high responsibility
"will be the height and the breadth of your duty. As
"I said to you the other day, the prince is the subject
"of his own subjects. In all that he does he should obey,
"not his own selfish will, but their interests. If he makes
"their best interests one with his will, then he is a great
"and good prince. This, of course, involves a life of
"labour, of unremitting self-sacrifice: but what a glorious
"life it is! For, indeed, we all come to see, as we grow
"older, that nothing in life is worth living for but work
"for our fellow-men, and the higher the work the higher
"the happiness. Your life is born to be a very high one:
"it will also be a very happy one, if it be led in the paths
"of virtue. Believe me, who have lived longer than you, it
"cannot be happy if it be led otherwise. Unselfishness
"is the great thing: live for others, think for others, act
"for others, slave for others: never think of yourself. So
"others with full hearts will give you their blessing, and
"God our Father will bless you—He who is the loving
"King-Father of all men. In this world, where men who
"act best act so much by impulse and feeling, it is not
"easy, nor perhaps wise, to give maxims of general
"behaviour; but there are, in the Old Testament of my
"Bible, a few short sentences which to me appear always
"to suggest, in the briefest compass, all that is best for my
"pupils in this College. Therefore I venture to suggest
"them to you, and I do not think you will value them the
"less on account of the source from which they are taken.
"The Lord hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and
"what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly,
"and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"
"That your future life may be a noble and good one, and
"therefore a happy one, is, I am sure, the sincerest wish of
"all your friends in this College, and among them of none

COMMON THOUGHTS

"more truly than of myself, who remain, with all best wishes for ever,

"Yours sincerely,

"CHESTER MACNAGHTEN."

It is from such letters as this that those who did not know him can best realise the personal magnetism which made Macnaghten's work among these boys the success that it was. He laid his spirit upon them, and drew them with cords of love. But, though he had a large faith in human goodness, he was not blind to those other influences, against which he knew that he had to strive. This may be seen in his Addresses; and here is a letter, well worth quoting, to one for whom, though he did not despair, he feared, and to whom plain words were needed.

"I trust you will do very well at home, and lead a very happy as well as good and useful life. And, if you only be wise, your happiness is very much in your own hands. I should like to give you, at parting, the best advice I can. And I will put it in these few words. Be temperate and pure, and do not be idle. If you will but remember that short advice, and act upon it for your own good, I believe your life will be a very happy one, and (what is the greatest blessing of all) a blessing to all around you. You are a young man now, full of young health and fresh hope. The future looks bright before you; but really it will be bright or gloomy according as you make it one or the other. Take great care of your health. Never touch a drop of opium; never touch a drop of spirituous drink; and be temperate and pure in all other ways. You will know, my friend, what I mean. Also, that you may spend your time wisely, divide the day into parts; let each part have its appointed duty; and do that duty in its own time, regularly. Take plenty of outdoor exercise—riding, running, walking, cricket, lawn tennis, shooting, whatever you like—and begin the day with that. Your mind will be better

INTRODUCTION

"and fresher all day for early exercise in the morning, and
"your bodily health will thereby be maintained. Even in
"the hot times of the midday, when we cannot well go out
"in the sun—the hours from ten in the morning to four or
"five in the afternoon—appoint set hours for set occupa-
"tions, for reading and writing and business. Do not
"sleep in the daytime. Surely our lives are short enough
"without wasting large pieces of them in that way; and
"sleep in the daytime does no good, but rather does harm
"to our health. From ten to four or five is six or seven
"hours: out of these you might spend three hours daily
"with the Thanadar and the manager of your estates
"alternately, learning from them what will be henceforth
"the main business of your life. And in the other hours
"do what you can to improve and interest your mind. I
"hope you will continue your English studies. You can
"teach yourself, if you please, a great deal. But read and
"write Gujarāṭī too. Read whatever you like best, but
"have some book by you and read it, always. If you like
"cricket, if you like farming, if you like history—read
"about that. But read something, and regularly. Write
"also; write letters; and also write a diary—an account
"of what you do every day, an account of what you see
"and hear, of new plants and animals which you notice
"out of doors: and this will give your life a new interest,
"and help you to spend it properly. If at any time you
"want a good book to read, ask me, and I will tell you
"one. For the present, I think you cannot do better than
"continue the 'Heroes.' There is no book in the English
"language of better or easier English. . . . We should all,
"like the Heroes, try to lead high lives, because we are
"men, something more than mere animals. We all hope
"to live hereafter with God, and to be holy as He is holy.
"Shall we not strive to be holy here, and ask Him to help
"us in all our endeavours? That is the meaning of all
"our religions. So be good, my friend, and God will bless
"you."

COMMON THOUGHTS

The difficult questions of education, in India as elsewhere, are solved instinctively by the loving tact and sympathy of a born teacher like Macnaghten. On two points, which beset the theorist with difficulty, he knew at what he aimed, and all his dealings with his pupils were consistently adapted to the attainment of his end.

He was keenly alive to the danger of that foreign and artificial education which unsettles and demoralises by denationalising the natives of India. He desired that his pupils should not "cease to be Indians," but "become nobler and wiser Indians than before." That he did not neglect or ignore or condemn the native tongues and philosophies and literatures (but that of these, as well as of Persian, he was himself a student) these Addresses afford abundant testimony.¹ All negative processes of uprooting were indeed alien to his sympathetic and tactful habit of mind. He based his teaching of his pupils on the best of what they already believed and knew, and led them from that to better. So it was also with their physical training. No man was ever less capable of the absurdity of mistaking cricket and riding for virtue: but he loved cricket and riding himself, and taught his boys to value such manly exercises, not because they were English, but because they were conducive to manliness. Writing on this subject, Macnaghten says: "Is the English education, which we administer, of real benefit to India? Does not experience rather show that it has tended, while increasing knowledge, to increase the power of moral depravity? Has not our civilisation in this case been a failure? Would it not be better to let it alone? Such questions as these are often in the mouths of those who scoff at the unripe results of our Indian educational system. And the answer to them, though not very easy, still

¹ The Editor very heartily thanks Sir Mancherjee Bhownagjee, M.P., for having kindly translated into English many extracts from Indian literature which were in the vernacular when these Addresses were first printed.

INTRODUCTION

"appears to be, that education, in its largest sense, the full
"drawing out of man's best latent qualities, is not a thing
"to be at once manufactured from a raw material; its
"consummation is the work of time, of years, of generations,
"perhaps of ages. And this is especially true of education
"as affecting character. But the fact that our work is
"not yet complete, or even as good as it might be, is no
"argument for despair, much less a proof that our aim is
"unwise. . . . And, even though the first growth of mental
"activity may seem to be exuberant of those very vices—
"the vices of selfishness, pride, and deceit—which are
"furthest removed from moral rectitude; though the
"cultivated mind may appear for a while to be possessed
"merely by things rank and gross; yet even so (and so
"it may be) we are not to despair, but ever to push on,
"in the assurance that moral elevation is in the end as
"certainly attainable as mental development, though perhaps
"by a rarer and more difficult way, as example is more
"difficult than precept. . . . But this objection does not
"really apply to Rajkumar Colleges, which are rather
"places of general training than of mere intellectual
"instruction; and where, as we have said, the mental
"improvement has been rather less apparent than the
"moral. For the aim of these chiefs' colleges is to make
"their chiefs large-minded, humane and good. May that
"aim always be kept in view! It is quite distinct from
"mere knowledge of books. . . . That the deepest reverence
"is due to the boy is an old and well-worn truism; but
"in the whole world there is no class of boys that deserves
"to be treated with a more reverential care than the
"Indian aristocracy, Hindu and Musalmán, entrusted to
"the educating hands of Englishmen." Again: "A few
"of the wealthier natives now come to complete their
"education in England. Provided they come under proper
"supervision, I am not sure, under existing circumstances,
"that this is not the best thing they can do. If they live
"in a really good English home, they live in a higher and

COMMON THOUGHTS

"purer society than can as yet be found in India. But to that I must add, that some who now come, come under almost no safeguards; they see a low side of English society, and, though they must gain something in knowledge, they are rather lowered than raised in character. The subsequent influence of such men in India is anything but salutary. And, even for those who visit this country under the very best protection, a residence in England has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Much that is native has to be sacrificed, which had better be retained. No one can altogether admire an occidentalised Oriental; and English air has an unhappy tendency to detach Indian minds from all their old anchors, some good ones as well as some bad. I seriously submit that it would be best, both for England and for India, that natives of India, remaining in India, should retain their own customs, their own dress, and even in general their own religion; for I believe that their own religion is very much better than none at all. Only I should like to see them, while residing in their own country, have all the advantages of a high moral training to fit them for responsible duties in life."

And this brings us to the other question, of religious teaching. These Addresses show how Macnaghten dealt with this, and how essential he thought it. This is not the place to say much of Chester Macnaghten's own belief. It was rooted and grounded in love. He was the humblest and devoutest, he was also one of the largest-minded, of Christians. He could not speak to the boys of Christian doctrine, and from this he scrupulously abstained; but of Christian principles and motives he could. And, when he taught them these, he taught as only those can who live the things they teach. How most of our controversies about religious education would dwindle into insignificance if we could more often live and teach as he lived and taught! It is in such a life and such teaching as his that one realises the common ground, on which all may kneel

INTRODUCTION

and own the one Divine love embracing all. "Direct "religious teaching," he writes, "is impossible; but there "is a world-wide religion in sympathy, which bids us one "to another, and binds us to the good." And, just before beginning to deliver these Sunday Addresses, he wrote to a member of the College Committee as follows: "Ought "we not to make religious teaching a regular part of our "College training? And is not education without religious "teaching too apt to lead—I think, if we look about us, "we seem to see that it does lead—to a life apart from "those influences which most purify the character of man, "to a life apart from God, and the holiness which comes "from communion with Him? All men are not religious; "but to those who know the value of religion I need hardly "say that to take away a man's faith, or to exclude him "from having a faith, is to cut him adrift from the best of "all anchors, and drive him into the hopeless insufficiency "of self. But in himself he can find no rest; for the "hearts of all men are restless till they rest in God. So at "least I believe. I wish with all my heart that there were "one religion for all; and I naturally feel some difficulty "in speaking to you on this subject. But I have no "hesitation in saying that the natural religion of every "man is the religion of his home; for religion is naturally "a matter of the heart, and every man's heart is in his "home."

The Addresses were translated into Hindustani by the State of Junágadh for use in the native schools, and into Gujarati by the Maharaja of Idar. The Bishop of Bombay¹ encouraged Macnaghten to deliver, and to publish, the Addresses. "They all appear to me quite admirable," he said, when they were sent to him, "and I can only wonder "that you should succeed in saying so much without going "beyond the cramping limitations imposed on you by your "position." The Educational Inspector of the Northern Division, Mr. Giles, wished that they should be read by

¹ Dr. Mylne.

COMMON THOUGHTS

all teachers in High Schools. "The perusal," he said, "would show them what they are generally ignorant or careless of, namely, that there is much more in education than simply grinding a number of boys through a number of subjects for certain hours of every day. The great fault that I have always found in our High Schools is, that the teachers have no idea of any duty outside the course laid down in the Standards, and do not attempt to influence the lives of the boys, either in or out of school. Your book shows how the teacher may influence and lead his boys."

A letter of the boys to Maenaghten, and three brief quotations from words of his to them, may fitly close this imperfect memoir. The letter, written in 1876, only six years after the foundation of the College, will speak for itself.

"The College term is now about to close, and we feel that we cannot part on this occasion in the same manner as we have hitherto done at the close of every term. For we cannot meet again for some months; and this parting, though happily it is not for long, is still a parting, and therefore painful to us.

"Most of us have been with you since the time the College began—for over six years. Most of us recollect how the name of the College frightened us before we joined it. We did not like leaving our homes. But when we came and saw what the College actually was, and how uniformly kind you were to every one of us, our sorrow in leaving our homes was changed into joy at having found a new home. There is not any one of us in this hall who has not received some kindness or other at your hands. We have been sick and you have sat at our bedside speaking words of comfort, and given us medicine with your own hands. In the playground you have been a zealous playmate, and in the schoolroom, though we are

INTRODUCTION

"afraid we have often been very careless and inattentive,
"you have been with us extremely patient and persevering.
"In fact, we know you love us as your own. Can we do
"less in return?

"All this care of us has, we are grieved to see, told upon
"your constitution, and you are not so strong as you were
"when you first came. Hence this need of parting. You
"will now go back to your native country and meet your
"friends and relations, regain your health, and come back
"to us—our patient teacher, cherished playmate and loving
"friend.

"We feel much, but we can say little. Our words fail
"and we cannot express all that we feel. But you will
"understand us. Your absence from amongst us will leave
"a great gap in our hearts. The College without you will
"appear strange. But you will not be away for long, and
"we are thankful. We do not mean to be selfish in wish-
"ing you such short holidays, but we hope that you will
"have completely regained your health long before they
"end. . . . In that distant land where you go, remember
"us kindly and keep a little corner of your great heart for
"us always."

The three quotations illustrate three characteristics of Macnaghten's work : his hopefulnes, for which no aim was too high ; his practical conception of the necessary detail of moral training ; and lastly his deep feeling of devotion, and of indebtedness, to the College to which so much of his life was given. In a speech delivered on Speech-day, December 1886, he said : "We desire that our students may be something more than mere scholars. We wish that each of those leaving this College may have something of the ideal Rājput knight, without fear, because without reproach, combining old chivalry with modern refinement, and above all reverencing his conscience as his king. We do indeed wish that the strength of each one of them may be as the strength of ten, not because

COMMON THOUGHTS

"he has a surface veneering of English, but because his heart is pure." Once, before dispersing for the holidays, he printed and distributed to his boys, in English and Gujarati, these sentences: "Resolutions, on which we may meditate during our autumn vacation. Let us resolve--

"(1) To be modest, gentle, and kind to all. (2) To find out what we can do best, and to do *that*. (3) To enjoy fully all our enjoyment in a loving and thankful spirit. (4) To take great care of our health. (5) To spend our money unselfishly and wisely. (6) To use all opportunities for good—religious opportunities included."

Addressing the boys on one occasion, before leaving for England, he said—and the words were true still when he left them for the last time—"As a French historian has said of his history, I too may say of this College: "It has been my life, my *raison d'être*, my hope, my joy; and, if my endeavours have helped to make it, it also has made me." And then he added, "God bless it; God bless you; and all who have dwelt and shall dwell within its walls."¹

RUGBY,
August 1896.

¹ "Mr. Macnaghten was engaged at the time of his death with the preparation of a series of tablets to be placed in the hall, on which the names of all the students who had entered the College since its foundation are to be inscribed. This roll of one hundred and seventy names includes, not only chiefs from Kathiawar—some of whom, like his Highness the late Maharaja of Bhavnagar and their Highnesses the Thakor Sahibs of Gondal and Morvi, have deservedly acquired a European reputation--

INTRODUCTION

"but chiefs from other parts of the Bombay Presidency, among whom
"may be mentioned the Maharaja of Kolhápúr, and his brother
"chief of Kágál, the Maharaja of Idar, and the chiefs of Lunáwádá
"and Janjirá. A large majority of these one hundred and seventy
"high-born youths who were under Mr. Macnaghten's loving care
"have, by the benefits which their early training has enabled them
"to confer on their subjects and dependants, well repaid the
"debt which they owed to the College and to its distinguished
"Principal."—*Indian Magazine and Review*, May 1896.

COMMON THOUGHTS ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS

I

The Presence of God

*"There is only one God pervailing all created beings—all-present,
soul within the soul of all living things, presiding over fate, inhabiting
all, witness to all, and admonishing all."*

Shvetashvatara Upanishad.

*"There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere."*

Emerson.

*"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element."*

Tennyson.

13th February, 1887.

We see each other every day and talk of the things which are all around us—of the things of this beautiful visible world and of all that belongs to it—and we talk as if these things alone were all that concerned our lives. But all the while there are in reality other things far more important than these; spiritual things, not of this world, not visible, things which concern us beyond this world, which concern the life that knows no end.

I think it will be good for us sometimes to think of

COMMON THOUGHTS

these other things together. I think such thoughts ought to make us all better. And this is the special reason why we are all brought together here in this College,—in order that acting one on another we may make one another better: not only wiser in knowledge, but better also in heart and in life.

And what do we mean by being *better*? We mean something which we all understand, and which is one and the same for us all. Thank God, howsoever our religions may differ, we are all agreed concerning the meaning of what is good and what is bad: and, when we talk of being *better*, we mean that we shall approach more nearly to that ideal standard of the good which is the same for you and for me. So we will dwell upon those points which we have, thank God, in common, and not upon our differences.

In these our quiet conversations I wish, if I may, to bring each Sunday¹ one or two thoughts before your minds, to ask you to think over them in quiet and to try to act upon them, so that their effect may appear in the outward behaviour of your life.

And the thought which I have chosen for to-day—for the first of these conversations—is the realisation of God's Holy Presence. If we could realise, as we believe, that God is with us, and in us, always, I think we should all be much better than we are.

We all alike believe that God exists: I may say, we are sure of it. Whether His name be Parameshwar,² or whether His name be God, we all believe that there is one omnipotent holy Creator of all things, who is not only King over heaven and earth but also the Father and loving Protector of us and all whom He has created. We believe that whatever is good and pure, whatever is holy

¹ These addresses were all delivered on Sundays, but only because Sunday was our day of leisure. They are not intended for one day, but for all.—C. M.

² The first and supreme Lord.—*Sanskrit*.

I--THE PRESENCE OF GOD

and true, comes from Him, who alone is perfection ; and that all that is good in us He cherishes and loves, and all that is bad He hates and resists.

We believe, too, that there is something Divine in each one of ourselves, the "conscience or light within ourselves"; and this we may call the voice of God. This conscience or light within us exists, I believe, in every human being in every part of the world: it has been called the light which gives light to every mortal man; it is the light which sheds a glow on the path of duty, and prompts each man to follow *that* path. And would that each man would obey its prompting! But we know that, besides the voice of conscience, there is a sinful nature in man, which leads him to follow his own desires and the vanities of this transient world. And the pursuit of these worldly aims tends to deaden man's heart towards God, and to stifle the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God, within him.

Now I say, Let us do all we can to keep our consciences clear of stain, to keep them bright and pure and divine, so that the allurements of this passing world may not draw us aside from God, but that we may live near to Him, as ever in His holy sight.

If we could only feel God's Presence, I am sure we should not be so prone to sin. If we could only feel God's Presence! Think for a moment:—Feel God's Presence! Could anything be more wonderful, and more grand? For what does it mean? It means that the great and holy God, of infinite goodness and wisdom and might, is ever near us, to help and guide us, as a father helps and guides his child. In everything that we do, we may make Him a partner. In everything that we say, we may speak with His voice. In everything that we think, we may think with His mind and heart. I mean that in all our actions, in all our words, and in all our thoughts, we may have Him with us, and then we shall be kept from sin. It is when we forget that He is with us—and how sadly often

COMMON THOUGHTS

we forget! do you think we *ever* really remember Him?—that we are led into sin. Do you think, if you remembered that God was with you, standing by, hearing all you say, that you would ever dare to deceive? Do you think, if you felt that His eye was upon you, that you would ever waste your time? Would you ever say an angry or unkind word, if you felt He was listening? If you were conscious of His Holy Presence, could an impure thought ever enter your mind? I do not think we should ever do wrong if we realised how near to us all God is, and that, as a father loves his child, so He watches over and loves us, His children.

So the thought which I wish you to take away to-day is the thought—"God sees me: God is with me. Whatever I do or think or say, He knows all. And He sees me, not only as the Highest and Holiest, but also as my Father and Friend. Let me therefore live close to Him, though unseen; and ask Him to help me in *all* my difficulties. Nothing is too small for Him, as nothing is too great. And with Him I shall be strong and good, while without Him I can do nothing good, but only stumble and fall." If you so think of Him, He will help you: of that I am quite sure.

So, will you try to think of His Presence? And every morning this week, as you rise, will you say to yourself, "Thou, God, art with me"? And again at night, when you go to bed, have the same thought in your mind? And will you also try to think of Him sometimes during the day? Perhaps you might get yourself into the habit of thinking of Him whenever the bell rings. Such simple helps are often very useful, acting through the senses on that which is spiritual; and, though they may seem to belong to this world, yet they lead towards heaven and that which is holy. Even so the commonest things of the world, the ordinary round of our daily duties, may become to us divine, if we make them so.

II

Faith

*"Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."*

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

20th February, 1887.

I SPOKE last Sunday of God's Presence, and of the blessing which we should derive from a consciousness of His nearness to us always. I said we should try to think of Him not only as one whom we fear to offend, but also as a loving guardian and friend, ever ready to hear and to help. And I said that the thought of that holy companionship, if it might really possess our souls, would keep us from sin, and would raise our humanity in a way in which nothing else can.

I said, too, last Sunday that we believe, that we are assured, that God exists. I think I may even add of us all that we *know* that God exists. To us the fact has become so certain, so much a part of our daily lives, that we never doubt it, that we never wait to prove it. Could we prove it, if we tried, in the way in which ordinary facts are proved, either by appealing to common reason or to our bodily senses? No, we certainly could not do so: because the nature of God is infinitely higher than the reason of man, and because God is for us invisible, not to be seen by mortal eyes or touched by mortal hands. Nevertheless, as I said last Sunday,

COMMON THOUGHTS

there is something within which does in nearly every case seem to tell us what is our duty, what is right and what is wrong ; and this is what I called our conscience, the voice of God within us, a voice which the more we listen to it seems to grow louder and clearer and diviner ; a voice which to me more than anything else is a reasonable proof that God exists. I do not say that this is proof of the same kind as that of Euclid's propositions ; but I say that it is proof that satisfies me, that it is supported by the notion of a God which has been inherent in human nature from the beginning of time, and that it is strengthened by the reasonable presumption that the wonderful order and system of the universe can hardly be a combination of self-developed forces, but that the vast system of law around us must be due to the operation of a Divine Lawgiver, who reigns over all.

And there is another consideration, closely allied to this of conscience. I mean the consideration of our will. Is our will free, or is it not free ? Can we choose to do what is right or wrong, or are we the blind victims of fate ? Does each act as he does, because he so chooses ; or does he so act, because he *must*, in accordance with the natural laws of a Universe of Cause and Effect ?¹ If everything be mere cause and effect—if there be no God, no conscience, no will—there can be no such thing as moral responsibility or moral guilt. If we must, we must ; and there is an end of right or wrong. We are no longer men, but puppets, pulled by the irresponsible fingers of fate. My friends, I do not believe it, and I strongly advise you not to believe it. The common sense of the world does not believe it, for everywhere the common sense of the world has held men responsible for their actions, has treated them as beings whose wills are free.

¹ I do not know if you can quite understand me. But I am speaking as simply as I can. And, if you do not understand me now, I hope you will understand when you are older.—C. M.

II—FAITH

And our wills *are* free: we know it: bound only by conscience; and, so bound, they are freest.

But, if our wills are free, and if, being morally independent, they impress their force, as we know they do, on surrounding matter, may we not reasonably believe—for we must believe where we cannot prove—that there is one Moral Will over all, a Will which governs all matter, of which our wills are part? Men may call it the First Cause, or what they please; but let us be reverent, and call it God. If there is no will, no morality, no sin, are we not reduced to a practical absurdity?

Yes, let us believe in cause and effect and the wonderful order of the natural world. But let us believe in them as proceeding from God, who is their centre and source. They are "but broken lights" of Him.

This belief in God, though we cannot see Him, though we cannot sensibly *prove* that He exists, is what we call Faith. Faith enables us to accept as certain something outside the range of our vision, and beyond the experience of our bodily senses. And true faith implies not belief alone, but the conduct which naturally ensues from belief. Therefore, if our faith in God be true, we shall act in accordance with that faith; we shall delight to keep Him in mind; we shall delight to do His service. Have we, my friends, faith of this kind? We say that we all believe in God: do we *act* as though we believed in Him? Is not our faith sadly cold and weak? Do we not often, for days and days, forget altogether that God is near us? Do we not take the good things of this life as if they were the outcome of our own efforts, and not the gifts of His goodness and love? Are we *not*, in the illusion of this world, prone to forget that He exists, and to think that the things which we see around us are all that we need to labour and live for? I am afraid that this has been the experience of most of us; and, if so, I say that, while we profess to have faith in God, we are living without God: we are living not by faith, but by sight.

COMMON THOUGHTS

We may exercise faith in common matters—and we often do so—as well as in this greatest matter of all. We constantly believe, and act on our belief, in things which we have not seen. We accept things credible in themselves, even though we have not *proved* them, on testimony which we deem to be credible. You believe, for instance, in the existence of England. You have seen it marked on the map; you have heard and read of it; you have talked with people who have come from England. And these things assure you that England exists, although you have never seen England yourselves. The more, too, that England remains in your mind, the more you read and think about England, the more conscious will you be of England's existence, the more will that existence exercise an influence on the converse and acts of your everyday life.

It is even so with faith in God. For faith, like other things, is strengthened by use; and the more we think of God, the stronger will our faith become. If we really *desire* to think of Him, the habit will come easily. But, alas, our desires turn so naturally from the things which are unseen to those which are seen, from the thought of God to the thought of the world, that we find that without some special helps we are almost sure to fail. Of such helps one kind is almost mechanical—the recalling of ourselves to a sense of God's presence by some mechanical or formal act—and of this I spoke last Sunday. And this formal act leads us to a higher and spiritual act—the act of prayer—of which I hope to speak more particularly on Sunday next.

III

Prayer

*"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."*

Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur."

27th February, 1887.

LAST week I spoke of Faith, and I said that Faith is the assurance which we have of the existence of unseen things of which we have had no visible experience. I said, too, that we practise such faith in ordinary matters of life. We are sure, for instance, that England exists; we are sure that the earth is round; we are sure, if we go in a certain direction, that we shall see the Himalayas. We believe these things, though we cannot prove them, because we have very good reason to believe them: so, I said, because we have very good reason, we believe in the existence of an unseen God.

I wish to-day to speak about Prayer. And this naturally follows close on our consideration of Faith, of Faith in God. For what is Prayer? It is nothing else than talking or holding conversation with God. And if we truly believe in God, we shall surely feel it a glorious

COMMON THOUGHTS

We may exercise faith in common matters—and we often do so—as well as in this greatest matter of all. We constantly believe, and act on our belief, in things which we have not seen. We accept things credible in themselves, even though we have not *proved* them, on testimony which we deem to be credible. You believe, for instance, in the existence of England. You have seen it marked on the map; you have heard and read of it; you have talked with people who have come from England. And these things assure you that England exists, although you have never seen England yourselves. The more, too, that England remains in your mind, the more you read and think about England, the more conscious will you be of England's existence, the more will that existence exercise an influence on the converse and acts of your everyday life.

It is even so with faith in God. For faith, like other things, is strengthened by use; and the more we think of God, the stronger will our faith become. If we really *desire* to think of Him, the habit will come easily. But, alas, our desires turn so naturally from the things which are unseen to those which are seen, from the thought of God to the thought of the world, that we find that without some special helps we are almost sure to fail. Of such helps one kind is almost mechanical—the recalling of ourselves to a sense of God's presence by some mechanical or formal act—and of this I spoke last Sunday. And this formal act leads us to a higher and spiritual act—the act of prayer—of which I hope to speak more particularly on Sunday next.

III

Prayer

*"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."*

Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur."

27th February, 1887.

LAST week I spoke of Faith, and I said that Faith is the assurance which we have of the existence of unseen things of which we have had no visible experience. I said, too, that we practise such faith in ordinary matters of life. We are sure, for instance, that England exists; we are sure that the earth is round; we are sure, if we go in a certain direction, that we shall see the Himalayas. We believe these things, though we cannot prove them, because we have very good reason to believe them: so, I said, because we have very good reason, we believe in the existence of an unseen God.

I wish to-day to speak about Prayer. And this naturally follows close on our consideration of Faith, of Faith in God. For what is Prayer? It is nothing else than talking or holding conversation with God. And if we truly believe in God, we shall surely feel it a glorious

COMMON THOUGHTS

privilege to be constantly (as it were) asking His counsel, relying (as it were) on the help of His hand, watching (as it were) for His approving smile. We shall feel that to have such companionship with us is to have Heaven here upon earth.

So, also, what I said in my first lecture concerning the realisation of God's Presence is closely connected with what I say now: for so to feel God's Presence is, in the highest sense, to pray. And when I said we might lead ourselves by an act of habit to the thought of God, that we might make out of the ringing of a bell a divine voice calling us into His Presence, by that too I meant an act of prayer. To be thus constantly mindful of God in our daily lives is indeed to pray.

But we may be reminded of God's Presence—and many of us are reminded often—without ever praying at all. We may even neglect the common means in the way of us all to remind us of Him. We often use God's Holy Name, and say "God knows," "God prosper you," "By God's mercy," "Good-bye" (which means, you know, "God be with you"), and yet we do not think about God, even while we utter His Name. When we say, "I am, thank God, very well," do we really thank Him in our hearts? And often and often we see plain signs reminding us of the uncertainty of life, of the thinness of the veil between time and eternity, of the veil which hides His Presence from us; and yet we go on as though these great events made little or no impression on our minds. Yet, as surely as I am speaking to you now, these events are messages from God, messages whereby He calls us to Himself. I may speak of one such message which has come to us in this past week. Last Wednesday, you know, an Arab servant¹ was suddenly summoned away from the

¹ Jemadīr Amar, an Arab guard in the service of Kumar Bhāṭṭasinhji, of Bhaunagar, fell suddenly dead (of heart disease) while conversing with a friend in the College on February 23rd.—*G. M.*

III—PRAYER

midst of us. He seemed in his ordinary health and strength, when suddenly he fainted and fell, and five minutes later a lifeless body was all that was left of the strong man we knew. His body was left; but where was his soul? We believe that in that sudden change his soul had gone from this world to God. Gone to God, and gone for eternity! This is a wonderful thought, if we think of it. Gone for ever to be with God! The same might have happened to each one of us. It might have happened on Wednesday. It may happen to-day, or at any time. If it happened, should we be ready? The death of this Arab should indeed warn us all of the great uncertainty of life, of the certainty, sooner or later, of death, of the nearness of God in whom alone we can live the life which is never destroyed. Have these thoughts been brought to your minds? If so, have they brought forth any fruit—any resolutions to live hereafter as in His pure and holy sight, so that you may be ready to meet Him when He is pleased to call you away? If you have made resolutions of this kind, then you have learnt from this event the lesson which God has meant it to teach, the lesson that we should live nearer to Him, that we should live a life of prayer.

To live a life of prayer is to live in submission to God's will, to take whatever comes as from Him, to take our blessings as His good gifts, our sorrows as part of His training, and to feel that, whatever happens, He is still over all, our Father and Friend.

We may tell God anything, we may ask Him for anything: all our secrets, all our desires, all our hopes and fears, we may confide them all to His all-wise and tender heart. But in disclosing to Him our wants we must not expect that He will grant us what is not according to His Holy Will. If we selfishly ask Him to gratify some evil passion or earthly desire—to give us, it may be, wealth or fame or other worldly advancement—we must expect that He will refuse. To ask for such things is not really to

COMMON THOUGHTS

pray, or to unite our minds with God; but rather to separate ourselves from God and to unite our minds with the world. In all our prayers to God—and I said we may ask Him for whatever we please—we must couple with the prayer, "Not my will but Thy Will be done." We must feel that what we wish is not good unless He wishes it too. So to pray will give a wonderful calm, a wonderful comfort to our life—a feeling that, whatever be our lot, we are in the highest and holiest guardianship; and a brightness and joy in the assurance, "I have told God all: He knows and He loves: this is His will; and His will is best."

There are some things (1) which we may pray for doubtfully, and (2) which we may pray for with certainty. In the former class are included all those operations of nature which are under God, but in general under a system of law, which is, we believe, the expression of His will. The law of cause and effect is observable in all nature, and it seems to be the will of God: therefore, though we are sure that He, if He so wills, may alter that law of His own, yet we cannot suppose that He will change it at the blind desire of one of us mortals. And what if in such a case one mortal prays one thing and another the very opposite? Suppose that one farmer, having a certain kind of crop, is anxious for moisture, and prays for rain; and another farmer, having a different crop, for which rain would be bad, prays for fair weather. Both may be equally good men, and both may be equally earnest in prayer; but can the prayers of both be answered? Or suppose, in the case of a war, both sides pray for victory: one side must be victorious, and the other side must be beaten; but are we therefore to conclude that God has heard the prayer of the victorious side, and granted it victory because its cause was right? I do not say that God does not give victory to the better cause. But I say that God is a God of order, and that what he does He does in accordance with His own will for the good of all; and that, therefore, we are not to suppose that He can

III—PRAYER

ever be swayed from that will by one-sided selfish petitions like these. We may make such petitions, if we please; but such petitions are not true prayer, nor can we expect them to have direct answers.

What things, then, may we pray for with certainty that we shall receive them? We may pray for everything that is holy, that is divine, that is like God. These are not the things of this world. They are not money, or land, or honours, or worldly fame; they are not even knowledge or wisdom. But they are all that we mean by goodness in man or woman or child: they are all the qualities which make man good, and worthy to live with the highest and holiest, as we hope after death to live with God. These are the qualities of the heart and mind which, in the richest and fullest sense, God alone can give, for He is their centre and source. Purity, holiness, truth, gentleness, the love of our fellow-men, self-sacrifice—these, and all other similar qualities, are the gifts of God; and these are the gifts which we know He will give us if we ask Him for them.

Now I hope in our future conversations to talk to you about some of these qualities, which are indeed of inestimable importance, and to consider them separately. But in these opening conversations it has been my wish to establish a basis on which I may rest what I say hereafter; and therefore in these first three discourses I have spoken of faith in the Presence of God, and of prayer which must naturally result from that faith, because I am persuaded that morality without God must at the best be a poor feeble light, like sickly moonbeams compared with the sun, and that man by himself can do little or nothing, but strengthened by the Holy Spirit of God he may do higher and nobler actions, even in these degenerate days, than any which are recorded among the achievements of the greatest heroes of old.

IV

Duty

"Religion is the prop of all beings, everything is embraced in Religion, therefore Religion is said to be excellent over everything else."

Taittiriya-ranyak.

"That attribute which all Aryas exalt is Religion, and that which all condemn is said to be irreligion."

Apstambh Dharmasūtra.

6th March, 1887.

WE are all agreed that there is such a thing as duty. We all believe that there is a course of action which is our duty, which is due from us, because it is right. If at any time we ask what our duty is, honestly seeking to do it, we shall find an answer, the best of all answers, in that voice of conscience within us all, to which in my first lecture I referred as a something divine, as a voice from God.

Duty, then, for each one of us means what we ought to do. It does not mean exactly the same for us all: for of course the duty of a parent is different from that of a child; the duty of a Thakor Sahib¹ is different from that of a Rajkumar;² the duty of a teacher is different from that of a learner; the duty of a soldier

¹ A Rājput ruling chief.

² A son of a ruler, a prince. When used as a prefix: Kumar Shri.

IV—DUTY

is different from that of a cultivator. Still there are duties for us all, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, men, women, and children; every one of us has a duty, and the duty of each one of us is of two kinds—(1) a duty to God, and (2) a duty to man.

I may say that these twofold duties of us all resemble, in a higher sense, the twofold duties which a child owes firstly to his parents and secondly to his brothers and sisters. For we are all as the children of a vast and universal family, of which we all alike are members, and of which the great Head is God. And just as the child, as in duty bound, should love and obey his earthly father, so we should love and obey, in the highest sense, Him who is the Father of all. And just as the child loves his brothers and sisters, so we should love our fellow-men.

Now what is our duty to God? We cannot see Him like an earthly parent, but we can believe in Him by faith. We can love Him with all our hearts, because of His loving care for us. And we can strive to please Him in all things, in all that we do bearing Him in mind, just as a child is ever striving to please the parent whom he loves. This, then, is our duty to God: to believe in Him, to love Him, and to serve Him with all our might and with all our mind. Of this duty to God I have spoken already in the three former addresses. It cannot be said to be an easy duty, for it requires a vivid faith. And faith, in this world of sense and sight, demands on our part great watchfulness and care. But, as I have said, we may train ourselves by practical means to grow stronger in faith, and the best of these means is prayer. And of this much I am sure: if we once have real faith in God and His Presence (and this I have put as the first part of our duty towards Him), then the other two parts of that duty will follow. If we truly believe, we shall easily love; if we love, we shall thankfully serve.

I turn now to the second part of our duty—and this part comes close home to us all—our duty towards our

COMMON THOUGHTS

fellow-man. This may be summed up in the short sentence: We should love our neighbours as we love ourselves. We should act towards our fellow-men as we should wish them to act towards us. We should seek not for our own pleasure but for the pleasure of others. It should be our greatest happiness to make others happy. This duty, too, is not easy; but nothing is easy which is noble and good, and we must not be daunted by difficulties: there is nothing which we cannot overcome with God's help. This duty to our fellow-man is not easy, because our sinful natures are prone to selfishness, and blinded by selfish aims and desires we are all too much disposed to forget our fellows and to think only of ourselves. And often in the pursuit of our own unholy advancement and worldly ends we not only do no good to our neighbours but even do them harm.

But now, I say, let us henceforward try—and let us ask God to help us—to think more of others and less of ourselves. Resolve to act kindly towards all around you. Resolve to *think* kindly of them also. Perhaps in this College we are specially prone to neglect our duty in this last respect. Yet, my friends, in such a society as ours kind and charitable thoughts are our special duty: each one of us should feel that the honour of his companion is more important than his own. Your duty here to one another is to be affectionate, unselfish, and kind, giving up what you would enjoy in order that your friend may enjoy it, finding your happiness in the happiness of others, looking on the best side and not on the worst, believing the best and forgiving the worst. My friends, if you so behave in this College, then each one of you may even here—here, as a boy, in his daily life—be like an angel on earth, and a messenger from God among men.

Have you so behaved? Have you, when you heard unkind stories, refused to believe them? Have you tried to prevent their circulation? Or have you rather liked to believe them and to repeat them to others? Have you

IV—DUTY

rejoiced when others are praised? Have you found more pleasure in pleasing them than in pleasing yourselves? Have you always been fair and honest in games? kind in word and deed to those younger than yourselves, dutiful and obedient to those who are older? Have you, in short, tried to act towards all as you would wish them to act towards you, in a spirit of generous sympathy and love? I leave you to answer these questions, which I likewise must answer myself. Would that we could answer them in the affirmative! They are questions which all should put to themselves, wherever they may be placed; but I think they are specially applicable to such as are placed as we are in this College.

Another question specially applicable for you who are here to be under training is, Do I do my duty towards my superiors, to those who are placed in authority over me? Am I obedient to them, and respectful? Do I do as well as I possibly can all that they tell me to do, all that they give me to learn? It is clearly your duty here to make the utmost possible use of the advantages set before you, set before you by those who wish only for your good, and whom you are in duty bound to obey. It is not only neglect of duty, but it is great ingratitude and folly to refuse to take advantage of these opportunities; and, believe me, I only speak the truth when I say that all who in early life have wasted the opportunities of school have always in after-years come to regret the unwisdom of such behaviour.

So I ask you to-day to take these two thoughts, and to think of them often during the week. (1) It is my duty to be kind to all, especially to my College companions; not to repeat or listen to stories which may do them harm or discredit; not to tease or to laugh at them; but to love them and seek to win their love, and, if they have wronged me, to forgive them. And (2) it is my duty to do my tasks, my daily College tasks, as well as I can, and to please those who are set over me by my diligence and good

COMMON THOUGHTS

behaviour. For they are placed in authority over me as the servants of God for my good, and in pleasing them, and in doing my duty, I am in truth serving God.

Thus we are led to a perception of the fact that the twofold duty of which I spoke at the beginning of this address—duty to God and duty to man—is but one and the same duty after all, and may be comprehended in the one word Love. Love to God and love to man is the whole duty of us all. If we have love, all else will follow. He who has God's love in his heart will surely be kind to his fellow-men; but love of God can hardly exist unless we have love of our neighbours first. It is through the love of our human brethren that we must learn to love the divine Father: for, if a man love not his brother whom he has seen, how shall he love God whom he has not seen? This indeed is the meaning of the beautiful poem "Abou Ben Adhem"—perhaps you know it—with which I conclude.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel: Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Leigh Hunt.

V

Truth: in Word

"By truth the winds of heaven blow, and the sun shines. Truth is excellent, on it depends everything, wherefore truth is said to be most exalted."

Tailarya-ranyak.

20th March, 1887.

We may consider truth in three aspects, truth in our words, truth in our deeds, truth in our thoughts; and to consider the first of these aspects—speaking the truth, or truth in our words—will be enough for us to-day.

Do we always say what is strictly true? I am afraid that some of us, when we find it convenient for some petty purpose to substitute falsehood for truth, do so without much consideration of the great harm thereby done to our souls. For every departure from the truth is like a festering wound, turning that which was wholesome into disease, that which was righteous into sin. Every such wound tends to make us more and more the children of evil, less and less the children of God. Why is this?

"Surely," you may argue—for so I have heard an Indian boy argue, but I think he must have argued against his own conscience—"surely, if by telling a lie I benefit myself while I do harm to no one, I shall be right to tell the lie which does no harm but only good. If I do no harm to others, may I not rightly tell a lie to save myself from disgrace?" My friends, if you have reasoned in this way, you have reasoned to your own destruction. For such a lie,

COMMON THOUGHTS

more than anything else, tends to the destruction of your noblest self ; and, while you may outwardly seem to flourish, you are inwardly perishing, dying away ; living for this world, dying from God. For, as I said, every lie which is spoken is as a wound to the soul, a wound which tends to kill it. And what do I mean by killing the soul ? I mean that that part of us which is divine, and which keeps us in holy communion with God, is so scarred and marred that it loses God's image ; and so we are severed—we sever ourselves—from Him who is the Health and the Life of our souls. For truth is of the very essence of God ; and, if we depart from the truth in anything, we depart from God ; and in departing from Him we depart from all that is really worth having, from all that is really precious and good. You see, then, what a poor thing it is to tell a lie, and what a wretched exchange we make when, for the sake of some small worldly gain, such as gaining money or avoiding punishment, we wilfully sever ourselves from God. I have wished to set Truth on this foundation, believing, as I sincerely do, that this is its surest and truest foundation ; that Truth is divine, and that God is truth, and that, therefore, to whatsoever extent we sever ourselves from the truth, we to that extent sever ourselves from God, and dim His light in our hearts.

Therefore, as we have the high privilege of calling ourselves the children of God, we must hold it our duty, our highest duty, to speak the truth. For only by strict regard to the truth can we keep close to Him, who is all Truth Himself, and with whom no shadow of falsehood can live. This is what I may call the divine side of Truth, and in my opinion it gives us the reason why we should reverence the truth above all things. He who loves the truth loves God, and lives in God, and God in him. He who tells lies cannot love God.

Truth has also a human and social side ; a side which concerns our neighbours. And all philosophers and moralists declare that without truth the world cannot go

V—TRUTH: IN WORD

on; that, at any rate, in all social relationships and all business contracts, unless we keep our word one with another, society cannot be held together. And, therefore, in every civilised country, the government has had to make laws which bind people to keep their promises and to be faithful to their engagements: the marriage laws are laws of this kind, and so are all laws concerning contract and trade. If any one wilfully breaks the promises publicly given he is publicly punished.

But can it *ever* be good for society that we should on exceptional occasions act exceptionally, and, for a good object, say what is not true? In such a case would not the good intention make the false word a good, though not a true, one? To that I can give only one answer. That which is untrue can never be good, because that which is untrue can never be God's will. At every time, in every circumstance, to speak the truth is best. Though to us the consequences may *seem* to be unfortunate, we may safely leave them in God's hands. This I believe to be the true teaching: "Let us speak the truth always, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"; and in so doing we shall keep near to God, and benefit our fellow-men. This indeed is the path which leads to honour even in this our transitory world, as the Persian poet signified when he said he never saw a person lose himself on the straight road.

"Truth is a cause for the pleasure of God.
I have seen no one who has been lost on the straight road."

Háfiz.

This is also the path which leads us above the concerns of this world to the gate of Heaven, for, though all else in this world may perish, the truth will abide eternally.

VI

Truth: in Deed

"By truth the winds of heaven blow, and the sun shines. Truth is excellent, on it depends everything, wherefore truth is said to be most exalted."

Taitarya-ranyak.

27th March, 1887.

EVERY judge who placed in authority gives a wrong judgment for the sake of a bribe is guilty of a lie in deed, and a lie of the basest kind. Every officer who trusted by the State uses his power for his own private ends, to gain something for himself or to hurt his neighbour, to favour the rich or oppress the poor, this man, though he says nothing at all, and though outwardly he *seems* to be doing his duty, is nevertheless a liar and traitor—a traitor who wittingly poisons the well which he is appointed to guard. Professing to be the minister of justice, he promotes injustice; professing to be the servant of God, he does what God most hates.

And why do I call a public officer the professed servant of God? Because every government and every power established in this world is established by God, and is responsible to God for the people over whom it is set. And this is why we all are bound to obey those rulers who are set over us: because they are set over us by God. This, too, is what Mant means when he says that a king

VI—TRUTH: IN DEED

is a "particle of God";¹ there is something in a king which is more divine than in common men. He means that the king's power is to be respected, because it is given to him by God. In the same way, all officers under the king are appointed to do God's work among men, the work of order and justice and peace; and if, when appointed to do this work, they make themselves parties to injustice and wrong, do they not turn God's work into a lie, the highest and holiest duty into sin? Therefore, those placed in high public trust who do not do the will of God—I speak of kings and all in authority—are traitors to God and their fellow-men: they are traitors, too, to their own nobility; and God will not long allow them to stand. Therefore it is that old Manu also proclaims as the first qualification of a king that he "must invariably speak the truth"; "and justice," he adds, "uproots a king who swerves from his duty, with all his race."² As the king must be honest, so must his ministers, and all who under him own his authority. For they all own authority under God, who will hold them responsible. So you see, my friends, in public affairs an acted lie, a public dishonesty, is a sin of double blackness, both because every lie is a sin, and because this particular kind of sin degrades a man from the high place of God's minister to the shameful position of a traitor and foe. A lie is bad in any one; but what shall we say of the commander who, having held a high rank in God's army, goes over to the enemy? We should call him a traitor of the darkest dye; we should say that as a traitor he deserves to be shot. Such a traitor is every king, and every officer in high authority, who in his conduct is not true to the commission which he holds from God.

I have wished to say something of this public duty of truth in positions of public trust, because perhaps it is

¹ Manu's Code of Laws (probably drawn up in the ninth century before Christ), chap. vii. 3-8.

² Chap. vii. 26; vii. 28.

COMMON THOUGHTS

sometimes considered that high office held in native States (of which we see many around us) is a good opportunity of making money and advancing the worldly wealth of one's family. My friends, any one who so thinks is very far from the mind of God. And if only, as I said in my first lecture, we could constantly realise God's Holy Presence, and feel what our duty in this world is, we should never descend to such ignoble thoughts as to wish for selfish or worldly advancement, but only with a deep sense of God's goodness, and a grateful enthusiasm to do His will, we should strive to diffuse the rich knowledge of His love and the image of His mercy and justice among men. If all public officers were of this mind, if all kings and rulers so regarded their duty, might not the "particles of God" on this earth make even this world like the kingdom of Heaven?

These thoughts may not be without meaning for us, for some of you here may be called on to rule, and others to serve, in high places of authority. But, whatever the future of each may be, there are duties of truth for us, one and all, here, and to-day, in this College. In all that we do let us be true to one another but especially to God. For if we be true to God, we must be true to one another. But we cannot be true, unless we do right: for, if we do wrong, we shall certainly try to conceal the evil which we have done—in other words, we shall be untrue. And we cannot do right without God's help. And so we come back to the same old truth, which I cannot repeat too often: we cannot act truly unless we feel that we have His Presence with us.

He who before the face of his master makes an outside show of doing his duty, and, as soon as his master's back is turned, does what he knows would grieve him; who keeps one kind of behaviour for College and another for home; who behaves respectfully towards his masters, but rudely and unkindly towards his companions, this boy's life is an acted lie, a life which is untrue before men and God. Of

VI—TRUTH: IN DEED

course in your dealings with your boy friends you will not behave in exactly the same way as you behave in your dealings with your masters. I do not mean that, or anything like that. You will of course naturally behave among your equals with an ease and familiarity which you could not assume in the presence of your elders in authority; and such difference of behaviour will be perfectly true as well as perfectly natural and right. But if you do in the presence of your companions an act which you know to be wrong in itself, and which, because you know it to be wrong, you would fear to do in the presence of your master; if you do in secret a wicked thing which you would be ashamed to do openly, and then appear before the world as though you had not done it; then this, I say, is to act a lie. If you take leave from me to go out riding, and having such leave go into the bazaar, to a place which you know I have forbidden, then, I say, you have betrayed my confidence, and you have acted a lie.

It is easy, my friends, to deceive men; but we can never deceive God. Do we think we shall really gain anything by our acted or spoken lies? If we think so, that is a lie: we are lying to ourselves. We may gain perhaps a little worldly something: as he who takes bribes gains a little wretched money, or something of temporal profit or place. But he loses what is far more precious; he loses what alone is eternally precious: he loses the love of God; he loses the life of his soul.

VII

Truth: in Thought

"By truth the winds of heaven blow, and the sun shines. Truth is excellent, on it depends everything, wherefore truth is said to be most exalted."

Taitarya-ranyak.

3rd April, 1887.

IN connection with our two former addresses, we think to-day about truth in our thoughts. Of course the connection is natural. If our thought be perfectly just and true, we shall be true also in word and in act, which are the natural outcome of thought. A man who is perfectly true in his thoughts will be perfectly true in his life: he will be a man more divine than any (save One) who ever has lived in this world—a man as perfect as God. It is on account of this connection between our thoughts and our words and acts—the latter being the natural issue of the former—that the law does not hold an act to be criminal unless it be done *intentionally*, unless it be done with the mind and will as well as with the tongue or the hand. If a man is out of his mind, he cannot be guilty of libel or blasphemy; if in a state of unconscious delirium, or if in ignorance, and by mistake, he puts a fellow-man to death, he is not held to be guilty of murder, or of any moral offence at all. So you see it is from the mind and heart that all truth must proceed: he who would be true in word and in act must first be true in thought.

VII--TRUTH: IN THOUGHT

Let me now speak of some untrue thoughts which take no direct shape in words or acts, but yet torture our minds with unreal shadows, the fanciful creations of ungenerous suspicion. Such thoughts come often from too much concentration upon ourselves and those immediately about us; they are therefore selfish, and worldly, and separate from God.

I will explain now what I mean. Have you not sometimes attributed to your neighbours evil intentions against yourselves which you afterwards found had no existence except in your imaginations? Or have not selfish suspicions of your neighbour led you to judge him unfairly? Suppose, for instance, that some boy in your class has done better than was to be expected, and has perhaps beaten you when you made sure you would have beaten him. Have you jealously sought to diminish his credit by attributing his success to unfair means? I am afraid that we often allow jealous thoughts of others to lurk in our hearts, thoughts which we afterwards find to be as untrue as they are unkind. Would it not be better, in all such cases, to think the best of our neighbour and give him full credit for all his successes? Would it not be better for our peace, as well as for our truth, of mind? Let us make it a rule to think well of others and never to judge them harshly, and very often we shall find that our kindest judgments are also the truest. This indeed is part of our duty, of our duty of love. And of love it has been truly said that it "hides the evil, believes the good, hopes the best, bears the worst."

It is the same with other suspicions. You think, perhaps, that your class-master has not dealt with you fairly, that he owes you a grudge because you are conscious of not having done your best. And this thought grows and swells in your mind, and causes you great anxiety. But probably it has no truth in it. Probably your master has acted quite justly; probably he has only thought of

COMMON THOUGHTS

his duty and not of you at all. Probably he has been just as fair to you as to others in your class, and your false suspicions are only due to an unreasonable and jealous desire for your own advancement. Perhaps, too, they may be partly due to a consciousness of your own shortcomings; for suspicion is the natural consequence of neglect of duty.

We are all too full of good thoughts of ourselves and of bad thoughts of our neighbours. It is best to think only good of our neighbours, and not to think of ourselves at all. For ourselves, let us seek to rest in God's keeping, and He will take care of us. We need not take thought for ourselves, if we only take thought for Him.

This leads me to another point. It is from these untrue suspicions of our minds that there arise those common rumours, very often of a damaging kind, which we know in this country so well as *gup*. You all know what I mean. Here in Rajkot, and here in our College, we hear such rumours, generally unkind ones, about nearly everybody we know. If a person whom we know dies, how commonly we hear it suspected that he died of poison! Or some one appears to be rich, and we are told that he must have amassed such a fortune by unscrupulous means! Or a house is burnt down, and we are told that some enemy of the owner of the house (the name of the enemy is probably mentioned) has maliciously set it on fire! Yet very likely in every case the occurrence has happened in the ordinary course: the death has been a natural one; the fortune has been honestly gained; the house has been accidentally burnt. These false reports—for experience convinces us that, in general, they are false—proceed from false and ungenerous thoughts, from a restless and suspicious state of mind, which, I fear, is very common in Kathiawar. Have we ever ourselves kept such thoughts in our minds? Have we ever listened to such unkind rumours; and have we ever spread them? If so, we have been untrue in thought; and also in word and deed.

VII—TRUTH: IN THOUGHT

So I say let us think no evil. Let us think only of our own duty, and our duty only of to-day. If we think only of *to-day*, this will keep us from those restless anticipations which unsettle our minds from the truth and from God. Let us keep our ears open for the voice of God and closed to the voice of the world. And what does the voice of God say to us? It says through our consciences, to you, and to me, and to every one in the world, "Love Me and love your neighbours, and your life will be like a blessed calm in the midst of this world's storms." This is the true "abandonment of the world":—to be in this world, yet not of it in thought. He who thinks no evil of any one will keep his hands clean and his heart pure, and, amidst all the changes and chances of life, will have a true judgment in all things. He will think with the mind of God.

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."
Keble's Christian Year, "St. Matthew."

VIII

Our College

"I believe the realisation of this idea" (that we are all members of one common body) "to be the glory of a public school; and I believe the redeeming point in public schools as they are, with all their imperfections, defects, and faults, to be this, that they do to a certain extent inspire those who belong to them with a feeling of membership in a body."

Dr. Vaughan's "Memorials of Harrow Sundays."

12th June,¹ 1887.

It is not good for men to live alone, for man is a creature born for society. And it is from the social enjoyments of life, from the friendships of those we love, from the company of those we honour and respect, that the principal happiness of our lives is derived. This is so common a happiness that we hardly notice it, or appreciate what a dreary thing our daily life would be without it. Perhaps only those who have led a life of solitude can fully understand the blessings of society.

There are many kinds of human societies; by which I mean combinations of people leading a common life. There is the society of home, where the members of a family all live together; and we all know what a happy thing *that* is. Then there is the society of school or college, the society of university life, the society of a regiment, the society of a literary or scientific body, the society of a State service,

¹ First Sunday of term.—C. M.

VIII—OUR COLLEGE

the society of a village, or the society of a town. In each and all of these different societies human beings are associated together for their mutual help and happiness, and I say that the blessings which we derive, in a greater or a less degree, from each of these societies are among the best of all human privileges, without which life would be hardly worth living.

Now, privileges have corresponding duties. What do I mean by that? I mean, in this case, that, in every society which exists for the good of its members, each member must attend to the good of each other member, and must live for his society rather than for himself. And in so doing he will certainly find—so much do we depend upon others—that he is living for his own happiness.

To-day I wish to speak in particular of this society to which we belong, of the society of our College, and of the advantages we may derive from living together in this institution. Also I would speak of the special duties which in such a society we owe to one another. And I hope these thoughts will be useful to us at the beginning of this new term, when we may very well resolve to do our utmost in the future to repair our errors of the past, to make better use of our opportunities, to make this College (of which we are so fond) a pattern of what such Colleges should be, to make it fruitful of all good things, both for our companions and for ourselves.

Firstly, what are the benefits which we may derive, in a College such as this, from being associated all together? My friends, these benefits are, of course, very much what we ourselves make them. But I do not say too much if I add that, if we were all to behave aright, and do each one his duty to his neighbour and to God, I really believe that a College such as this might be one of the best and happiest societies in the world. For here, just think, what are our opportunities—what are the conditions of our life. You are here at that period of mortal existence which is most free from trouble and care, when you feel

COMMON THOUGHTS

the joyous flush of young life strong within your veins, when the sense of health is a sense of pleasure and every action and movement a joy. Especially you elder inmates of the College are just at that youthful prime of existence when the flower of life blooms fairest and freshest, and you can realise in yourselves the truth of the poet Browning's words:—

“Oh our manhood's prime vigour! no spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew un-
braced.

Oh the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up
to rock,

The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool
silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the
bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his
lair.

* * * * *

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to
employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in
joy!”

This perfect freedom from worldly care, and this perfect enjoyment of bodily vigour, are facts which make your present age the brightest, if not the best, of life. Be thankful, my friends, for these great blessings, and value them as the best gifts of God. And especially, when you feel strong in the consciousness of the ardour which comes with the budding of manhood, then remember that this wonderful elation of spirit which comes through the body may be lost through the body, and that as the health and the strength of our bodies are among God's best gifts, so they may be lost by man's folly or sin. My friends, be very careful of your young health, be very

VIII—OUR COLLEGE

careful of your bodies; remember that these are holy things given you by God for His holy service, and guard them, I beseech you, with jealous solicitude, from all those selfish and sinful appetites which disease and defile not only the body but also the everlasting soul.

Then, my friends, see how happily you are placed here in having the society of your equals, with whom you can converse on every topic with the utmost freedom and the widest sympathy. You can share and enjoy every action and thought with those who can think and feel just as you do—with those in whose thoughts you find your thoughts reflected, as in a mirror face answers to face. The friendships which arise from the simple communion of fresh and pure young hearts, in such a society as this College, are, I think, the very sweetest friendships of all. They are friendships formed from the purest motives of personal love and respect, between "souls without reproach or blot," who simply love what deserves to be loved, apart from those selfish considerations of worldly wealth, or worldly position, which, alas! too often have considerable force in making, or breaking, our later friendships. So we find—and we cannot be too thankful for this—that in a school or college a boy is estimated nearly always at his proper value; no one honours him because he is rich, or because he is a Suryavanshi,¹ or because he is a Sayyad;² but he is loved because he is lovable, or, because he is despicable, he is despised. That which is really good and true is always, we find, respected at College. You, who know College life as well as I do, will, I know, confirm my words. And I say that this honest respect for the good which we find among boys at school is a blessed fact, for which we, who are here, can hardly be too thankful. Let us prize it now as it deserves

¹ A descendant of the Sun.

² A descendant of Hussain, who was the grandson of the prophet Muhammad.

COMMON THOUGHTS

to be prized. We shall not, I fear, find so much of it hereafter in the larger school of the world.

And then, too, consider, besides these advantages of free association with your equals, what immense advantages you may gain from association with your superiors, with those who are older and better educated and more experienced than yourselves, and whose whole aim is to live for your good. Some boys, I believe, imagine that school is a prison where they are condemned to hard labour, where discipline and punishment embitter existence. But surely, my friends, this is not your experience. You know very well that those here set over you have but one thought in their minds—your improvement: that they are devoted to that one object in affection not less than in duty; that they grieve with your griefs, and sorrow for your shortcomings, as they rejoice in your welfare and happiness. And whatever is done in this College is done with this one object—your welfare. We strive to help you, all alike, as far as we can, to be good, and thereby to be happy. We know that wisdom contributes more than anything else to make men good and happy; and we know, too, that those who are born in high station cannot get on without knowledge. Therefore we try to teach wisdom and knowledge, knowing that these are the things which most surely will make you better and fit you for authority. And because we know that nothing can be taught without system and regularity, we divide our daily duties into separate portions, giving attention to the training of the body as well as of the mind.

Now, these things, if they seem to you irksome, are not so in reality. They are the best things that we can give you; and, because we desire your good, we give them. I do not say they are all pure pleasure; I admit that they demand labour and trouble. But I say that there is no such thing as pure pleasure to be found in this world; and that without labour and trouble we can have no real pleasure at all, nor can we live a life that is worthy of the name.

VIII—OUR COLLEGE

Believe me, my friends, the only good life for any man, be he ploughman or prince, is a life of laborious service; and only in such a life can happiness be found. For we are all the servants of God, who has given to each of us, boys or men, women or girls, our appointed task. And *your* task, now, here in the College, is a very happy one, because you are shielded from the dangers of the outside world, and are free to pursue the path of duty with a quiet mind, amid the friendship of worthy equals, and the help and regard of devoted superiors. Therefore, my friends, be very thankful that God has placed you in this College; and be careful to take as much advantage as you can of its great opportunities. I am quite sure, if you do so now, you will be glad that you did so hereafter.

To say something now of the duties which correspond with these privileges. Remember that you are yourselves concerned in the honour of this society to which you belong. In order that this College may be good, in order that you may enjoy its friendships, in order that all may be happy and wholesome both in school and on the playground, each one of you must be good himself. Each one must endeavour so to live that, when he comes to leave the College, he will never regret that he wasted his time, or did an evil act, or spoke an impure or unkind word, or thought an unholy thought. Each one must seek, by doing his duty, to make life more happy to his equals and to those set over him.

There is one word which will help us all more than anything else, and that is Love. It is love which gives its brightness to home, the first and the best society of all; it is love that more than anything else can give to this College all that it needs. So let us, my friends, resolve to-day—now, at the beginning of this new term—to work altogether in love. Be loving and kind towards your companions. Be respectful and dutiful towards your superiors. We are all members of God's Holy Family: therefore let us love one another, even as He loves us all.

COMMON THOUGHTS

It is, as I have said, by loving our neighbour that we learn to love God. And if we could love Him as He loves us, and keep Him ever in the thoughts of our hearts, then this College of ours might indeed be like a little heaven on earth : for, where He is, there is Heaven.

IX

Gentle

*"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins, the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."*

Thackeray.

26th June, 1887.

THE special application of the meaning of words will often give us a pleasing insight into the estimate which men in general have formed of their own race. We find, for instance, the word "human" still retaining its original sense, and meaning, in a general way, "whatever belongs to the race of man." But "humane," which originally meant the same, and is of course the same word as "human," has come to be used in a special sense as "merciful," "tender," "kind": because the people who use this word have come to the conclusion that men and women, those who belong to the race of man, ought to be, and commonly are, "merciful," "tender," and "kind." So the word "inhuman" is likewise used to mean the opposite of "humane," to mean "cruel," "unkind," "harsh."

I say it is pleasant to find in such words that men have

COMMON THOUGHTS

formed so favourable an estimate of one another's character. For this is an estimate which we can trust. Words are not accepted in a hurry, without reason, or without patience and thought; on the contrary, they are the reasoned results of the thoughts of many generations of men, and of the best minds of each generation. For you know words are nothing but uttered thoughts; and the words which we use now are a legacy—in English they are a very rich legacy—of the thoughts of the best of our ancestors, once human like us, and (we trust) humane, but long ago buried and forgotten in their graves.

"Generous" and "gentle" are two other words which are similarly used, in a special sense, to describe special qualities of men. Both these words originally meant "well-born," "belonging to *genus* or *gens*"; and so "of good birth," "of good quality." But now the common experience of men has determined that those of good family are generally of large and liberal minds; and so the word "generous" has come to mean "noble-minded," "open-handed," "liberal in bestowing on others." Similarly, as experience has also shown that those of good family, as compared with others, are commonly kind and tender of heart as well as open of hand, "gentle" has come to be used in a sense somewhat different from "generous," and to mean "tender," "merciful," "inoffensive," "considerate of others." We may not always be able to trace the steps by which words of common origin have arrived at meanings distinct and separate; but the track, if we find it, is full of interest, the path of human history, experience, and thought.

I am going to-day to speak of "gentle" in a use still more restricted, though in a sense a good deal wider, than that which it usually has: I mean in the use which it has in English only in conjunction with the word "~~man~~"; in which use it does not mean merely "tender," "merciful," "inoffensive," but means "a gentleman." I ask you to-day to consider with me what we really mean

IX—GENTLE

by a "gentleman." We all know a gentleman when we see one; but I am not sure that we all have clear notions what a gentleman consists of. Perhaps the thing is so good in itself, so simple and yet so complex, so natural and yet so refined, that we have not cared to examine it closely.

We all know a gentleman, I have said, when we see one. But, nevertheless, I think we may sometimes have given the name when it was not deserved; and similarly we may perhaps have withheld it at other times when it *was* deserved. So let us consider when it *is* deserved, and also when it is not.

It is not, in the first place, exclusively deserved by all of high rank, or wealth, or authority. A poor man, as well as a rich, may be a gentleman; a slave as well as a king. "How very much," says Dean Stanley, "may be done by a kind answer at a railway station by a railway porter! How very much pleasure, and even happiness, may be given by the policeman at the corner of the streets! How fully the duties of life are transformed into graces and pleasures by such gentle acts!" A porter, or a policeman, may be a gentleman, and so may any servant of the humblest degree. This is what the poet Burns means, when he says:—

"The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

A gentleman, then, may be high or low, rich or poor:—how shall we define him?

He who thinks for the good of others: who does not think of himself: who, desiring to make life pleasant to all, is genial, bright, and kind: courteous in manner and in speech: self-denying: self-devoting: willing to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-men. The perfect gentleman must be unselfish, refined in feeling, noble in thought. And *any* man who forgets himself, and lives a life of regard for others, is sure, by the very fact of that life, to have

COMMON THOUGHTS

some refinement and some nobility. Thus the simple husbandman in a village, who gives up his leisure and personal comfort for the comfort and improvement of his fellows, who listens with enthusiastic devotion to the sacred call of duty in his heart—this man, howsoever poor and uneducated, is at heart a gentleman. He raises to a new dignity himself and his village home.

And, if this is true of a village life, it is still more true of those higher homes, where ease and independence, education and softness, add their graces to the strength of human character. A gentleman may, as I have said, be born in any sphere of life; but it is more likely that he will be found in the cultivated grades of higher society. For it is here that refinement is commonly to be found—refinement that shows itself in every motion, every look, every tone of the voice, even in the expression of the face, even perhaps in the character of the dress. All is harmonious, all is graceful, all is pleasant, all is gentle.

The labourer who must work hard in the fields can hardly find leisure for the acquirement of many graces of manner or mind. Nor will a man who must every day renew the hard struggle to win his bread be likely, as a rule, to think so much of his neighbour as of his own poor self. A Roman satirist has said of poverty that its bitterness is that it makes men ridiculous, but I think its bitterness rather consists in the fact that it gives men so little opportunity to think beyond themselves.

In a high and respectable family, on the other hand, the conditions are different. There the family affections have full play; the heart's best feelings may be evoked; no selfish struggle for life is required; there is time for the study of noble thoughts, for the companionship of noble minds; human nature is seen on its brightest side, and human nature is elevated. "There are those," says a very eloquent writer, "whose lot it has been from earliest childhood to see the fair side of humanity, who have been surrounded with clear and candid countenances, in the

IX.—GENTLE

changes of which might be traced the working of passions strong and simple, the impress of a firm and tender nature, wearing, when it looked abroad, the glow of sympathy, and, when it looked within, the bloom of modesty. They have seen, and not once or twice, a man forget himself; they have witnessed devotion, unselfish sorrow, unaffected delicacy, spontaneous charity, ingenuous self-reproach; and it may be that, on seeing a human being surrender for another's good not something but his uttermost all, they have dimly suspected in human nature a glory connecting it with the divine. In these the passion of humanity is warm and ready to become on occasion a burning flame; their whole minds are elevated, because they are possessed with the dignity of that nature they share, and of the society in the midst of which they move."¹

This, my friends, is a picture of the home in which the true gentleman will generally be found. He who has not been forced to push for himself is less likely to wish to push for himself, is more likely to stand aside for others. Having seen the beauty of self-sacrifice in others, he sacrifices himself. He is ready to do what in him lies to make life pleasant to all about him.

My friends, should not *your* homes be something of this kind? Have you been mindful of those great benefits which God has placed in your way? Are you careful to show yourselves *gentlemen*, worthy of the high vocation to which you have been called? Are you careful to take thought for the happiness of others, to be courteous and considerate, kind and pleasant, in your dealings with all? Do you keep down mean and selfish desires, and is it your ambition to show yourselves—as you very well may, even in common acts—worthy to tread in the footsteps of those who have been the greatest *gentlemen*? I may say, of history? Would you, in the hour of distress and poverty, be able to act with that noble dignity which characterised

¹ "Ecce Homo," p. 163.—C. M

COMMON THOUGHTS

the great Pratáp of Mowár,' who, as even his adversary tells us, "lost wealth and land, but bowed not the head," who stooped to poverty, but never to disgrace, who showed himself, under the hardest of tests, to be the true knight, the true gentleman? Think of Alexander, distressed with thirst in the desert of Gedrosia, yet pouring on the ground the water which was brought him, because it was not sufficient to quench his comrades' thirst as well as his. Think of the noble Sir Philip Sidney who, in like manner, when water was brought to him mortally wounded before the walls of Zutphen, gave it to a dying soldier near him, saying, "Your need is greater than mine." These were true gentlemen: were they not?

There is a very beautiful story, which I hope you will read, called "Jackanapes," by Mrs. Ewing. And it is an easy story, so I think you can all read it well. It tells of a noble young soldier, "Jackanapes," who, in the thick of a terrible fire, rescued a wounded friend out of battle, and was killed in the heroic act. He, too, was a gentleman: as we see in the first simple part of his story as much as in the last. Yes, to live for others, and, if need be, to die for them, *this*, in all ages, is to be "a gentleman."

To live for others means to love others; and only those can rightly do this—so I believe—who dwell near to God. It is the divine light, the divine love, the divine gentleness, which makes men true gentlemen. If we love Him, if He lives in our hearts, we shall love our brethren too. This is the noblest life of a man, though it is not (as Mrs. Ewing tells us) mentioned in books on political economy; it is "not reckoned in the wealth of nations." "But there are things 'the good of' which and 'the use of' which are beyond calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses: things such as Love and Honour and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price and which do not die with death." And we, who hope to live beyond this world,

IX.—GENTLE

must "not leave these things out of the lessons of our lives."

We cannot always be happy. There are troubles in life which come to us all. But we can always be noble and good. We can make life happier for those about us. We can always, God helping us, be "gentle."

X

The Dignity of Little Duties

*"The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God."*

3rd July, 1887.

THE above lines, by the English poet Keble, tell us of the dignity of little duties. By "the trivial round, the common task" is meant, of course, the routine of little duties which make up the daily sum of our lives : and these little duties, the poet tells us, can "lead us daily nearer God." I referred to these words at the end of my first lecture, now some weeks ago ; and again in what I said on Sunday last : to-day we will consider them more in detail.

Our daily duties : we all have them. Though they may not all be of the same kind, yet they come alike to us all ; and they come with great regularity. For us especially, here in this College, their regularity is very marked. From early morning till night, throughout the working hours of the day, each one of us lives, day by day, a life which is made up of little duties, generally only hour-long duties, succeeding one another in a constant and seldom-interrupted series. Each hour of every day so spent, or rather I may say each moment, whether it be spent in converse with your friends, or in work, or in play, or in any other manner, is really, though it seems so trivial, a very im-

X—THE DIGNITY OF LITTLE DUTIES

portant matter ; for of these small parts your whole life is made up, as the ocean is of drops. And as is the part so will be the whole. "Drop by drop you fill a lake." It is the right use of small opportunities, the proper performance of life's common duties, which, constantly repeated, will in the end give a noble character to our whole life. It is the neglect of such little duties, the misuse or abuse of such opportunities, which will gradually sap the strength of our nature, and in the end make our life mean and base.

And it is not only here in the College that these little duties exist. It is the same in your homes ; it is the same everywhere. Wherever you are, each moment must be lived, and your duty is to live each moment rightly. Perhaps it is easier for you here in this College, where your duties are made plain before you, to lead a right life than it is in your homes. But remember, wherever you are, each moment lived rightly takes you nearer to God, each moment lived wrongly tends to sunder you from Him. In proportion as these little parts of our lives have been lived near, or apart from, God, so will our whole lives be good or bad.

The performance of these little duties is not easy : and indeed in them, as in other matters, the greatness is to be measured by the difficulty. It is not easy to be always on guard : and yet we *must* be always on guard, if in every act of every moment we desire to act as we ought. It is not easy to be always kind, always considerate of others, always doing what should be done, always studious in the hours of school, always good-tempered in the hours of play. These things require great firmness of will, great watchfulness, great self-control ; indeed, they require more of these qualities—because they require a *habit* of them—than is required by a sudden call to perform some great act of heroism. Depend upon it, he who is best in the ordinary routine of daily life will also be best in the hour of need, in the time of sudden danger and trial. He is the real hero who conquers himself in everyday life ; and this is why

COMMON THOUGHTS

wise King Solomon said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And I think we all know this by personal experience, even though our experience may have been small. Do we not know that many a soldier, who has never been in a fight, may yet be known to be a good soldier by his resolute bearing in time of peace? So that we who know his character are sure that, if ever he goes into battle, he will be brave and unflinching still. It is the steady will in a good cause, the character accumulated little by little, the oft-repeated efforts to do what is right, which enable us to acquire real strength, and at the last to prevail.

My friends, does your daily life here sometimes seem to you tame and dull? Does the monotony of your work appear to you inglorious, or possibly a waste of time? Do you imagine that you would, perhaps, be better employed in other pursuits than in bending your wills to discipline, and in acquiring knowledge? Or do you—perhaps one or two more than others—complain that there is no use in these efforts,—that, if God had granted you greater ability, or more bodily strength and agility, you might have found life more successful and pleasant both on the playground and in the class-room: but now, as you are, what is the use in carrying on the hopeless struggle? Can you be expected to do anything good? What is the use of trying?

My friends, the whole use is in the *trying*. And God gives you these trials for your good. We cannot all be strong or clever, but we can all do our best to please God, to do our duty in that state, and under those circumstances, in which He has placed us. And we are all alike in this—the strongest, the weakest, the dullest, the cleverest—that each one of us has his own special trial, and his own special battle to fight. And, whatever this trial may be, it is known to God: and, as it is given to us by God, so in His strength and in His wisdom we may find wisdom and

X—THE DIGNITY OF LITTLE DUTIES

strength to overcome it. But without a struggle there can be no success; without a fight there can be no victory. Those doubts and misgivings to which I have alluded are the enemies which you have to subdue; and, trusting in God, you *can* subdue them. This is the way, and the only way, in which we can conquer our difficulties and doubts, and turn our weakness into strength:—to take *every* duty of the day as from God, and to do it through God: to feel assured that our Heavenly Father gives each of us what we have to do, and that we *can* do it relying on His grace, looking to Him, as it were, for counsel, clinging to Him, as it were, for support. Therefore, whatever be your special difficulty,—you yourself know it as no one else can know,—resolve from to-day to make a struggle against it, and keep up the struggle manfully, persistently, every day, every hour. Are you inclined to be fretful and peevish, or irritable towards your companions? Try to think especially of these failings, and watch especially at such hours as you feel that they are likely to arise. Watch especially at such times as you are suffering from bodily fatigue, for these weaknesses of temper often arise from bodily weakness, and may be controlled. Or are you inclined to be selfish, or lazy and indolent in school? Resolve to be so no more, and make self-restrictive rules for yourself—you easily can if you will—by which you know that your natural selfishness, or natural indolence, will be kept in check. Or are you prone to evil thoughts of anger, or impure desire, or pride? Try to remember that God is near, and that such thoughts are hateful in His holy sight. If the thought of Him enter into your mind, all evil thoughts will at once flee away. So, whatever we do, let us do heartily as unto God and not to men; and then whatever we do will be well done, and nothing will be small, for all will be good.

I have spoken of little duties as great—great in the difficulty and great in the consequence. But, after all, who is to decide about the greatness or smallness of things?

COMMON THOUGHTS

If we are to judge by experience, if we are to estimate things by their consequences, I think we shall very often find that that which at one time seemed trivial and common has afterwards acquired an extraordinary importance. Consider, for instance, the use of steam. Steam had long been known in the world, before the common sight of a saucepan, boiling over the fire, suggested to the Marquis of Worcester, not two hundred and fifty years ago, an invention which led to the modern steam-engine. You would say that a boiling saucepan was a homely and unimportant thing; yet see what amazing results came from it! And what is thus true of physical forces is equally true of that strange moral power with which commonplace acts, we hardly know how, impress themselves on our minds. Much will, no doubt, depend on the mood and the circumstances under which we receive these impressions: but is it not true that little everyday scenes, the common sights and the ordinary sounds, often fix themselves deep in our hearts, and so take effect in our characters and lives, in a way in which so-called great things do not? I will give you an instance of what I mean. You have been for the first time, let us suppose, on a visit to Bombay; and in that great and remarkable city you have seen many things that filled you with wonder. You have seen the wide and well-ordered streets, the splendid buildings of the Fort, the Empress's statue and the Prince of Wales's, the beautiful Clock Tower, the University Library, the Elphinstone College, the Crawford Market, the Victoria Station, the Prince's Dock, the Mint, the Secretariat, the Lighthouse at Colaba, the Governor's residence at Malabar Point, and the glorious view from Malabar Hill. All these things have filled you, no doubt, with astonishment and admiration. But, on your way, as you stopped at Baroda, you saw a sight, and a commonplace sight, which has had a more lasting effect on your mind than all these great sights of Bombay. You saw on the platform of the station, just after the

X—THE DIGNITY OF LITTLE DUTIES

shades of night had set in, a young man taking leave of his mother; and there was something in that young man's face so beautiful yet so unspeakably sad that it made your whole heart go out towards him. You felt that that severance of mother from son was a severance of inexpressible anguish which you would do anything to remove. Yet what could you do? The train moved on. Baroda was left far behind in the darkness. Next morning you awoke in Bombay, amid new scenes, other faces. Yet the remembrance of that sad young face has never faded from your mind, and you know that it will remain impressed on it till your dying day.

Of course I don't mean that this actually happened to any of you here present; but I think you will agree with me that something like this has happened at some time in the experience of us all. It is such little things rather than great things (as the world counts little and great) which impress the great lessons of life indelibly on our hearts. The poet Wordsworth—whom I hope you will read, for you can well understand him—often refers to these everyday circumstances as having a permanent effect on his mind. The sight of a mass of golden flowers waving by a lake, the song of a maiden reaping in a field, the beauty of mountains or woods or streams,—these are things he can never forget. To him "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

We cannot all have the deep feeling of Wordsworth; but we all have human hearts. And, as we receive impressions from outside, so we create impressions on others. Nothing that we can do is so small—an act, a word, even a look—but it may have a lasting effect, for good or for evil, on those who are about us. Let us try to bear this in mind in all that we do or say. Not a moment of our lives ever goes for nothing; every moment has an influence on ourselves or others, not only for time but even for eternity. Looked at in this light each trivial duty will indeed seem not little, but infinitely great.

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X—THE DIGNITY OF LITTLE DUTIES

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XI

friendship

"A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Proverbs of Solomon, xviii. 24.

10th July, 1887.

CONSIDERING what we human beings are, how dependent we are on one another, and considering how much better and happier we should be if the world were less cold and more kind, it may well seem to us a sad and strange thing that real friendships are so few. Why should not men open their hearts to one another, spontaneously and at first sight, freely giving and freely receiving a mutual tribute of confidence and love? Does it speak well for our human nature that the ordinary formation of human friendships is, as it were, a gradual thawing of the ice of mistrust which encrusts our hearts? Why must we know first, before we dare trust? Would it not be nobler and higher, and would it not, in general, be equally safe, to trust before we know—to advance to our neighbours, at sight, as it were, a loan of affection and good-will?

Yes, I think we must admit, in reply to these questions, that the want of such guileless simplicity and trust is one of the saddest and plainest consequences of the existence of sin in the world. Certainly, if there were no sin, we should have nothing to fear or avoid. As it is, we cannot behave in this world as if all men were equally worthy

XI.—FRIENDSHIP

of trust : nor indeed, if we were so to behave, would the world, as it is, understand our behaviour. Shakespeare, with his wonderful knowledge of life, is true, as ever, to human experience in the counsel which Polonius gives to Laertes :

“Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel :
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.”¹

Now, first of all, what do we mean by Friendship ? An old Roman writer, in an essay on this subject, has defined it to be “a perfect accord upon all questions, religious and social, together with mutual good-will and affection.” He considers, also, that “true friendship can exist only amongst the good,”—that “the greatest attraction, and the truest friendship, will always be of the good towards the good.” We shall, I think, demur to the opinion that “perfect accord upon all questions” is a condition essential to friendship, but otherwise we shall, I think, be willing to accept Cicero’s definition.²

Now, as goodness is a necessary condition of friendship, and as all men are not good, all men cannot be friends. And the world, as I said, has found this out, and acts in accordance with its discovery.

But friendship, when it is found, what a delightful thing it is ! Can anything be more delightful ? “Nothing in this world,” to quote Cicero again, “is more valuable than friendship.” Think of the brightness, think of the comfort, think of the sympathy in sorrow and in joy, think of the counsel and encouragement, which those welded together by mutual regard can give to each other’s lives. He who has a friend need never feel lonely, need never feel at a loss. He knows that there is a something

¹ *Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 3.—*C. M.*

² Cicero (“Ancient Classics for English Readers”), p. 150.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

in the world,—and that thing the best that the world has to offer,—which will not fail him in time of need : a human heart ever ready to sympathise, a human hand ever ready to help.

And perhaps of all friendships the freshest and purest are those which are formed in our earlier years, in the years when hope is bright and strong, before we have plunged into life's stern conflict, with all its disappointments and trials and tears. In the ardent simplicity of early youth, we, who till then have been shielded from evil, and have seen, for the most part, the best side of life, give our hearts away with a freshness and candour which in general are wanting to later experience. At that early stage, we have nothing to fear, nothing to suspect ; everything around us has a tendency to sweeten rather than to sour our aspirations. It is not so always in later years, as we who have reached them know. Then there come sorrows, disappointments, emulations ; perhaps broken friendships, perhaps broken hearts : and these things tend very greatly to soften—I do not say to deaden—our youthful enthusiasm. Nevertheless, in later, as in earlier years, most blessed is he who is happy in his friendships ; who can feel that, in spite of disappointments and trials, in spite of unkindness and selfishness and sin, the glory for him has not passed from the earth ; for the glory of life is the love of old friends, which grows steadier, if calmer, towards life's close. Most men, as the evening shades lengthen over them, have known blessings of this kind ; and they may thank God for them.

And still more should *you*, my friends, thank God now for your opportunities, here in this College, of forming youthful friendships. You who are here, and especially you to whom I am now addressing myself, are equals in age, in social positions, of similar attainments, and of similar expectations. Many of you are also related by the ties of kinship. You have opportunities every hour, under the very happiest circumstances, of helping one

XI—FRIENDSHIP

another, of advising one another, of sharing one another's thoughts and feelings, of lightening one another's sorrows, of heightening one another's joys. I say you have these opportunities under the very happiest circumstances, for while, on the one hand, your hearts are warm, as we hope and believe, with the ardour of simplicity, you are shielded, on the other hand, from such worldly influences as might tend to excite in you unworthy jealousies, or mean and selfish suspicions.

I hope and I think that, with these advantages, many of you have formed, and will form, lasting friendships here in this College. But remember that no friendships can be true unless they be founded in virtue. There can be no friendship unless mutual respect be combined with mutual affection: and no one, not even the lowest and wickedest, can respect that which is not good. I do not say that friends must be alike, in ability, or in character, or even in tastes. On the contrary, we often admire in our friends that which we are conscious that we ourselves lack, each supplying, as it were, what is wanting to the other. But I say that in each there must be good qualities which the other can honestly admire, and that mutual encouragement and mutual help can only arise from such mutual esteem. For there are other kinds of companionship, which, to casual observers, have the semblance of friendship, but which, in reality, are not friendship at all, but rather deserve the name of enmity. I mean the association of boys together for purposes which they know to be evil, for the secret accomplishment of some secret sin which they know will not bear the light, for secret conversation of an impure kind, or for the infringement of some College rule, or of some known duty. My friends, whoever forms friendships of this kind, stains his own soul and that of his associate, and is therefore guilty of a double sin; he is wilfully sinning against the light, and drawing another into the darkness. You know very well that the rules of this College are made with the one object of your

COMMON THOUGHTS

good, and that in conforming to them you are but befriending yourself. And the best way you can befriend a companion is to help him to conform also. First, you see, you must conform yourself. Once more let me quote from Polonius's words in the passage of Hamlet already referred to:

"This above all: To thine own self be true:
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

To that I should like to add another quotation from a book which some of you have read, "Tom Brown's School-days." When Tom Brown's father first leaves him at school he gives him this good advice: "Tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother or your sister hear." I should like to give that same advice to you all. If you will act in accordance with it, I am sure you will never want for friends.

There is no reason why each one in this College should not, in the best sense, be the friend of each other. I see no reason why we all together, masters and boys, old and young, clever and dull, weak and strong, should not be allied in one happy friendship, each one working for each other, and all for the common good. And I see no reason why the foundation of such friendships, established here in this College, should not endure in after life, when our connection with the College has ceased. Then, not only here, but all our lives through, what sympathy and help we might give to one another! If this could be so, what a blessed institution this College of ours would be! And I do not see, God helping us, why it should not be so. Only, to make it so, one condition is necessary: *each one of us must be good.*

XII

On Charitable Judgments regarding our Neighbours

"Let no one, even though in pain, speak words which hurt others to the quick; let him not injure another in thought or in deed; let him not utter a word which may cause others to fear, since that will prevent him from gaining swarga (heaven)."

Manu ("Studentship"), chap. ii. 161.

17th July, 1887.

SOMETHING of the character and mind of a man is, no doubt, displayed in his outward bearing. And this is a fact which we cannot lose sight of in our dealings with one another. It is indeed so important a fact that proposals have been made to give it significance in examinations for the public service,—to assign to each candidate certain marks in proportion to the impression, favourable or unfavourable, which his outward demeanour makes on his examiners. Certainly the manner and appearance of a man, and the expression of his face, are in ordinary life a powerful factor in affecting his influence over those with whom he is brought in contact. This we shall all be ready to admit. But I am afraid we must also admit that there is no point in which we are all more liable to make mistakes than in judging of people, at first sight, merely by their outward manner and appearance. How very often at a first interview have we received an unfavourable impression, which subsequent acquaintance has

COMMON THOUGHTS

compelled us to modify, or altogether to reverse! I say an *unfavourable* impression; for, when our first impressions are favourable, they often prove in the end to be just, and, in any case, we need not regret them; it is when they are unfavourable, as they too often are, that they commonly prove to have been unjust. And then, if we have given these false impressions utterance, either by communicating them to others, or by letting them influence our own behaviour, we have done our fellow-man a wrong which no subsequent regard will be able to efface.

Therefore, I say, let us be careful not to rely on first impressions. The impressions themselves we cannot help; but they are not safe guides, and we need not be led by them. On the contrary, we should be inclined to suspect them,—to suspect that it is the wrong side of ourselves which sees the wrong side of our neighbour, and that, if we saw truly, we should see that the fault is not so much in him as in our own blindness and conceit.

You may perhaps have heard from Harbhamji¹ that the Society of Lincoln's Inn requires, among other qualifications, that, before its members are called to the Bar, they must be introduced, in three different terms, to the barristers at table after dinner. As the students pass down the table, any barrister present may object to any one of them whom he considers unworthy, and he may notify his objection either by plucking the student's gown or by tearing up his introduction certificate. I suppose this old custom of filing past the table, "to be looked at by those of the barristers who are curiously inclined," is based on the belief that those who are admitted to the

¹ Kumar Shri Harbhamji of Morvi (younger brother of H.H. the Thakor Sahib of Morvi), formerly a student of the Rajkumar College, and afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated both in Arts and Law, and became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. At present he is serving as Dewan (Prime Minister) of Bhartpur.

XII—ON CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS

honourable profession of the Law (which above all other professions demands the strictest integrity and honour) must be respectable in outward appearance as well as in other respects: but nevertheless no candidate is ever rejected on account of his appearance alone. And this, of course, is quite just and right. Otherwise, some of England's greatest lawyers might have had no legal career at all, so liable is mere outward appearance, human beings being what they are, to deceive!

Human beings being what they are. For how difficult we find it to understand even our own moods thoroughly! How much more difficult is it for us to understand the moods of others! In temper, in training, in habits, in tastes, we differ widely one from another: and we ourselves differ from our own selves at different times, under different circumstances. It is common to say that he who makes voyages changes his sky but not his mind; his nature cannot be changed by mere change of climate or of place. And that, of course, is so far true. But the overwrought man who crosses the sea to obtain rest from work and quiet of mind may become, though his nature of course is the same, quite a new man by the rest and change. When overdone with worry and work, he may have been sullen, discontented, disagreeable; now, under new influences and relaxation, his temper may be genial, and sprightly, and kind. Those who have met him under the different circumstances will probably have different impressions of his character; yet the man was the same, and the difference in his mood was due to surroundings which he could not control.

And it is the same with us all from day to day and from hour to hour. Some are naturally better than others; some are naturally brighter and kinder; some are naturally more unselfish; some are naturally cleverer. But in this we are all alike—we are all affected by outward circumstances, and outward circumstances change. We have all in this world our temptations and

COMMON THOUGHTS

trials, though of each the temptations and trials may be different. Therefore, as we cannot in every case know what the special temptations of our neighbour are, we ought to be willing in every case to make allowances for him. Some people, whose physical constitution is delicate, are very disagreeable when the wind is in the east. Yet these people cannot help the east wind, or the effect it produces on their tempers. If we meet such a person for the first time, we should probably be impressed with a wrong estimate of his real disposition, which may very likely be good and kind. And even, perhaps, his apparent ill-humour does not go deeper than a thin crust of manner. Similarly, all ill-health, all fatigue, acts on the temper through the body; and the effects are and must be apparent in a man's manner. So, too, the sorrows and trials of life—the loss of fortune, and the loss of friends—may waste and wear the vigour of the best of us, tending to unnerve the strongest arm and to sour the sweetest spirit. And often these things have happened, when we know nothing of them. The strong man is bleeding under his armour, and we see the expression of pain on his face, but we see not the wounds whence his sufferings come. So I say, let us not judge hastily that a man is not good because he is not happy.

And, likewise, in matters generally: let us never attribute motives to any one unless we are *sure* that those motives are true. Let us be very cautious in forming, and still more cautious in uttering, any opinion concerning those whom we do not know very well. Even after a lifetime of knowledge we are liable to make mistakes in our own motives; how much more in the motives which actuate our neighbours! We can never look into their private hearts; and can seldom know their private concerns.

Above all, let us *think* of all men in a spirit of charity and of love. And let us act towards them in that spirit. I am convinced that what seems to be ill-nature proceeds in nine

XII—ON CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS

cases out of ten rather from physical weakness than from any vice of the heart; and such ill-nature will often be corrected,—the false man will give place to the real one,—by a kind look or a gentle word. Here in Kathiawar we often hear very unkind stories.¹ I do not know why people should find pleasure in circulating such cruel fictions: I imagine they are circulated in mere idle thoughtlessness; for I should be very sorry to suppose that human nature, in Kathiawar or elsewhere, is wilfully unkind. But many such stories I have known to be untrue; and in all, or nearly all, there is, I am sure, some unkind exaggeration. Let us be careful not to believe them; and never, in any case, to repeat them. If in any case, from personal knowledge, we have reason to think or fear they may be true, still let us be careful not to repeat them. The repetition can do no good; it may very likely do much harm. Remember that a slander once out of your lips, even an unwilling slander, has gone from your power, and become public property,—a cruel contribution which you have added to the sum of ill-natured gossip.

We, who dare to think so meanly of others—and to think at random, without reason or proof—what shall we be able to answer, when arraigned for these libels, before the throne of God? Love is the great thing; and loving work, which will keep our thoughts occupied with their own business: love to God and love to man. We may think as badly of ourselves as we please—the worse we think of ourselves the better—but let us think as kindly as we can of our neighbours. If we *cannot* think kindly, let us be silent.

¹ I have referred to these stories before, p. 28.—C. M.

XIII

Our Most Gracious Empress

*"Thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."*

Tennyson.

24th July, 1887.

Of late all our minds have been full of the Jubilee. The illustrated newspapers have abounded in pictures of our Queen-Empress, her life and her reign; and these you all have seen. There have been written descriptions, too; but these you may not perhaps all have read. But, at any rate, you know enough to know that the festival of this memorable year—which here too, in Rajkot, has been loyally celebrated—has not been without a great meaning for India as well as for all other parts of the Empire.

First, what does this word "Jubilee" mean? It is derived from the Hebrew Yôbél, which means "a ram's horn" or "a ram's horn trumpet." Thence it comes to mean "the blast of a trumpet," and especially "that happy trumpet blast" which, among the Jews, proclaimed the commencement of the glad fiftieth year, when all the bondsmen were set at liberty, all the debts were cancelled, all the lands which had been estranged from their former owners were restored. Hence, among the Jews, the word meant especially, The Happy Fiftieth Year of Liberation.

XIII—OUR MOST GRACIOUS EMPRESS

Among other nations, besides the Jews, it has come to mean any "festivity," whether associated with the idea of a term of fifty years or not. To us, in our Jubilee, the idea of fifty has of course a marked significance: and this year is a year of thanksgiving and joy, because it completes the fiftieth year of our great Queen-Empress's reign.

Now, what do we *really* mean by that? Do we mean that a fifty-years' reign is as happy as it is long, and therefore we rejoice? Do we mean that mere length of years is synonymous with happiness—that a long reign must of necessity be happy, whether it be good or not? Has not experience, in general, shown that a long reign is not often happy, and that a long reign, if it be not a good reign, has been a long misery to all who are concerned in it? And is it not true, in this special case, that our Empress's reign, though a good and great one, has not been an unbroken happiness to herself?

Then why all this thanksgiving?

Our Empress herself has answered these questions in her letter lately written to her Home Secretary. "My enthusiastic reception," she says, "has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness shared and cheered by my beloved Husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials borne without his sheltering care and wise help, have been appreciated by my people."

You see it has been the long life of labour and anxiety, the sorrows and trials as well as the happiness, the royal solitude, the heroic unselfishness, which during the lapse of fifty years have so wrought on millions of hearts that from the uttermost ends of the world the subjects of Her Majesty, and other peoples also, have been thankful to have this Jubilee occasion of giving expression to their long-pent admiration. In spite of that solitude, those sorrows, those trials, "no Sovereign has ever maintained better the dignity of her Throne, or ever made a deeper

COMMON THOUGHTS

impression upon the whole population of our planet."¹
This is what our Jubilee means.

The whole British Empire is proud of its Empress, for it feels that in her it has a representative of all that is womanly, high, and refined, of that which most ennobles and purifies humanity. Her subjects feel, too, that, high as she is, she is still one with themselves; that her royal heart is linked with theirs by the bonds of mutual affection and sympathy. They know that she has loved them from the beginning, that she loves them still, that she will love them to the end; and they have given their love to her. *This* is what we mean by our Jubilee.

I should like to lay before you a few brief incidents of our Empress's life, beginning with a story of her early youth, as told by her governess, the Baroness Lehzen. It tells us how she learnt for the first time, at the age of twelve, that she was the heiress presumptive to the throne. At that time, you know, her uncle was reigning, King William IV., who died childless, and whom she afterwards succeeded in June, 1837. The Baroness had put a genealogical table of the Royal Family in the Princess's history book, and the Princess Victoria on opening the history, remarked that she had not seen that table before. "It was not thought necessary that you should see it," the Baroness answered. "I see," said the Princess, "I am nearer to the throne than I thought." "So it is, madam," replied the governess. After a short pause, the Princess answered, "Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much of splendour; but there is more of responsibility." As she spoke, she had lifted up her finger in an emphatic manner, and now she gave her hand to the governess, saying, "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never learnt it; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and

¹ *Spectator*, 18th June.—C. M.

XIII—OUR MOST GRACIOUS EMPRESS

I learned it as you wished it ; but I understand all better now." And then she repeated, "I will be good." The Baroness then said, "But your Aunt Adelaide" (Queen of King William IV.) "is still young, and may have children, and of course they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV., and not you, Princess." "And, if it was so," she answered, "I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me how fond she is of children."

There you see her gentleness of heart combined with a dignified sense of the duties attaching to her exalted position. "*I will be good.*" Would that every young chief in this College who, in lower degree, will have to discharge responsible and difficult duties in life, would remember this example of his Empress, and strive to prepare himself in the best manner by mastering the studies here set before him, and by striving to be good !

So she passed the days of her girlhood, trained in a simple but excellent manner, and under the wise care and constant companionship of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. She had just attained her legal majority—the age of eighteen—when she came to the throne.

She had not wasted her time. And when, soon after she had become Queen, her prime minister apologised for troubling her with a mass of State papers, she said that the attention required for such matters was to her but a change of occupation ; she had not before had a life of leisure, since it was not long since she had left off her lessons.

She was crowned, with great splendour, in the following year, on the 28th of June, in that same Abbey in which her Jubilee has just been so magnificently solemnised, and in February, 1840, she was married to her cousin Prince Albert, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. From that time her life was a very happy one—you may read some account of it in her own book, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," which

COMMON THOUGHTS

Mr. Bhownaggee¹ has translated into Gujarati—till the sad event of the Prince Consort's death in December, 1861. The shadow of that great sorrow has clouded all her subsequent life, and, ever since she lost her husband, our Empress has lived in comparative seclusion from the scenes of public life. She has shrunk from participating in royal exhibitions which can no longer be shared with him whose life was half her own. But not the less, while mourning for her husband, she has sympathised with the sorrows and the wants of her people. They and their troubles have ever been uppermost in her royal heart. When, soon after the Prince Consort's death, an accident took place in a coal-mine by which a great number of miners were killed, she sent a message of "tenderest sympathy to the poor widows and mothers," saying that "her own misery only made her feel the more for them." If, because of the loneliness of her heart, she has not lived openly among her subjects, she has not the less lived for them. She has ever been wise and considerate and just, ever sympathetic and kind, as well to the poor and lowly as to the noble and great. Indeed, the remembrance of her husband may be said to have consecrated her later life not only to him but also to her subjects. And the words of the great English statesman, Mr. Bright, were not less true than tender when he said that a Queen who could so keep alive the memory of her husband in her heart would not be likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with her people.

Nor has she been wanting in sympathy with her people of India. Whenever a trouble occurs in this land, a message of sympathy comes from her. She delights to honour her Indian visitors; and we know how graciously she has just received those who have been deputed to offer the congratulations of Kathiawar. Both she and all the members of her family have ever shown the warmest

¹ Sir M. M. Bhownaggee, K.C.I.E., M.P. for Bethnal Green

XIII—OUR MOST GRACIOUS EMPRESS

interest in all that concerns the welfare and progress of her Indian people. We know what an interest she has taken in Lady Dufferin's noble efforts to introduce skilled medical treatment into the zenanas; and indeed what an interest she has taken, generally, in all that concerns our Empire's good. And, as for the policy of her Indian government, we have only to read the Great Proclamation of 1859 to see how benevolent and just have been her intentions and those of her ministers, not only towards those under her rule but also towards all native States which, having a separate jurisdiction of their own, yet enjoy the great blessings of British protection and of British peace.

But it is not to our Empress in her public policy that I wish so particularly to draw your attention. It is rather to her private character, which has given to her public policy the power of a high and honoured name, which has enshrined the fame of Queen Victoria deep in the hearts of her loving subjects. And it is to this universal admiration and reverence of her personal attributes that last month's great Jubilee gave expression. "From the furthest isles of the ocean, from Australia and Japan, from Chili and the Canadian cities, from every capital of Europe and most of the large cities of America, telegrams have come streaming in to congratulate Her Majesty, or to record festivals held in her honour. The President of the United States, the Emperor of China, and all European crowned heads have expressed their pleasure at the continuance of her reign, and their sympathy with her character." I have taken these last two sentences from a recent number of the *Spectator*.¹ You see the respect and admiration have rather been paid to the Empress herself than to the character of her government. No doubt her government has been very good, and good beyond all precedent. The progress of the last fifty years,

¹ 25th June.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

both in England and in India, has been immense. There have been wonderful improvements in the Post Office, in the power and the use of steam, in telegraphs and telephones, and in the Suez Canal. The discoveries of science have done great things for the wealth and the comfort of mankind. And these things will be recorded in history ; will be recorded, no doubt, as the wonders of the great Victorian reign. But such things as these might happen in any reign, under any ruler. They are matters of civilisation and government ; they are not matters of a ruler's personality. They do not impress human hearts. What impresses us is the personal example, and the personal goodness, of our Empress ; and it is this which the world will remember ; it is this to which all nations do homage now.

There is a Kingdom above earthly kingdoms, the Kingdom of Holiness and Love. It is the Kingdom of God, of which we all, governors and governed, are members. And he who in this world is placed in authority—whether in imperial authority like our Empress, or in lower authority such as some of you may exercise—must remember that he has a duty to God, the great King over all. Only in this way will he rightly be able to do his duty to man. Only in this way can he win for himself an honour which will endure. For the world and its pageants pass away ; but the ruler who does the will of God abides for ever in the love of God and in the hearts of a grateful people.

XIV

Kindness to Animals

*"The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves."
Wordsworth's "Hart-Leap Well."*

31st July, 1887.

Of the many invaders who without reason have deluged poor India's plains with blood, the bloodiest probably was Mahmūd of Ghaznī. And yet it is of *his* father, Sabuktagin,¹ that the following touching story is told. Sabuktagin, though of royal descent, was at first the slave of Alptagin, the first king of Ghaznī; but he must have been something more than a mere slave, for he married Alptagin's daughter, and succeeded him on the throne. However, in his youth he was poor, so poor that he had only one horse, and on this horse he spent much time in hunting on the plains round Nishāpūr, the town where he then lived. It chanced one day that he saw a doe feeding, fearless of danger, with a fawn at her side; and spurring his horse he soon caught the fawn, and binding its legs, carefully laid it on the saddle before him. Then he went back towards the city. But, as he went, the poor doe followed, gazing after him in a piteous manner; and Sabuktagin's heart was so moved with compassion that he

¹ King of Ghaznī from A.D. 977 to 997

COMMON THOUGHTS

let the fawn go free. Then the motifer, overjoyed, returned with her young one to their glad free life in the fields; but still she kept glancing back at Sabuktagin, her great eyes brimming with gratitude and love. And that very night Sabuktagin beheld in a dream the glorious Prophet, who said, "O Amīr¹ Nasir'uddin Sabuktagin, the tender mercy which thou hast shown towards a defenceless and unhappy creature has been accepted before God's throne, and in the council-chamber of the One God thy name is inscribed on the roll of kings. Wherefore, thou must always behave in this same manner to all thy people, nor ever give up this quality of mercy; for kindness and compassion are a well-spring of blessedness both in this world and in the next."

That is an old story, but I should be very sorry to think that it is wholly a fiction. It shows us, at any rate, in a truthful manner, the tender side of the Mahomedan creed, which lives, and must live, not by fire and force, but rather by deeds of compassion and love.

It has seemed to me a suitable story with which to preface to-day's address; for I wish to speak to you to-day about kindness to the lower animals. This subject has been brought to our minds because it has been proposed to establish a Kathiawar branch of the Bombay Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The proposal was made by our friend Kumar Harbhamji,² and it was worthy of his gentle character. The thing which appeared most to have struck him on his return from England was the lamentable want of consideration for the sufferings of the poor beasts of draught, which serve us so well on the public roads. And, beyond all doubt, he was right. There is certainly a terrible amount of cruelty, and, according to the religions of us all, of irreligious

¹ You see the Prophet called him "Amīr" in anticipation.—C. M.

² See note, p. 56.

XIV—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

and culpable cruelty, in the way in which such animals are commonly treated in India. To me I must say it has always appeared an amazing inconsistency that, in a land where the life of the cow-kind is regarded with peculiar reverence, so little attention should be given to the sufferings of the miserable bullocks which are used for burden or draught. Have you not often seen these poor creatures—creatures of your specially sacred breed—with tails almost wrenched off by cruel drivers, or rendered useless on account of galled backs, or necks so chafed that they cannot bear the yoke? I think it is only true to say, though I am very sorry to say it, that, in the case of cows and bullocks, negligence, culpable, cruel negligence, very often causes death where violence would be thought deadly sin. Yet surely a sudden death by violence would be far the more merciful of the two. If we must be careful to spare the cow's life, let us also be careful to spare her live sufferings. The same remark applies, with perhaps greater force, to the other and less sacred beasts of burden, to camels and horses and asses, and even to goats and sheep. How often do we see horses and asses, after a half-starved life of labour, left alone to shift for themselves, so lank and weak that they hardly can stand, the helpless spectators of their own diseased skeletons! I say that we have a duty to these animals who so faithfully discharge their duty to us—a duty of humane consideration and care; and if Harbhamji's effort should help us to realise that duty in the future more than in the past, gratitude will be due to him from us as well as from these dumb, patient clients whose advocate he has become.

I wish also to-day to speak of our duty to all the other animals, wild and tame, which here in India are so closely connected with our daily lives. It is wonderful to think how much we are with them, and yet how little we know of them! Some of them are our hourly companions, and more than companions,—our friends and our comforters.

COMMON THOUGHTS

For there is in them a power of sympathy—a power of selfless, if voiceless, communion—which is hardly to be equalled in our human friendships. We cannot here in India make too much of these dumb companions. We can hardly tell how much they do for us. Every living creature about us, whether the lizards which haunt our walls, or the squirrels which make every tree a home, or the birds, or the bats, or even the insects—perhaps I can hardly include the snakes, though many of them, too, are perfectly harmless—let us have kindly feelings towards them all. But to those animals of which we make pets, which share more particularly our personal regard, let us be particularly kind. Every day let us think of them, and attend to their comfort. If we do, they will repay us, I am quite sure, with more faithful attachment; but, without that, our kindness to them will repay itself. For kindness to them is one of those “little nameless unremembered acts” which, as the poet Wordsworth says, are “the best portion of a good man’s life.” Kindness to them will keep our hearts warm, and will help us to be better and kinder to our fellow-men. *Above all things keep your heart warm: if I had nothing else to love I should make a pet of a cockroach!* That advice was given to me, when I first came out to India, by one of the gentlest and wisest of judges that ever adorned the Indian Bench.¹ Let me give the same advice to you; let me say to you also, Keep your hearts warm. Be, like Sapuktagin, compassionate and kind. Never wittingly or needlessly cause any pain to these creatures, who are so much in your power, yet of whom you really know so little. Such tender behaviour would seem to be especially the duty of every good Hindu, who believes that all animals are inhabited by souls not different in kind from the souls of men. At any rate, we may certainly say that they, like us, are God’s creatures; they, like us, are created by Him, and are part of His

¹ Sir Laurence Peel, Chief Justice of Calcutta.—*C. M.*

XIV—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

world and His work. And whether *we* regard them or not, be sure *He* regards them with love and compassion, and holds us responsible for the way in which we treat them, His servants and ours.

Now, what are we to say about sport? Do not we, when we go hunting or shooting, wittingly and needlessly cause pain to animals without any justifying cause? Originally, no doubt, hunting was practised as a lawful means of obtaining food. I say *lawful*, for it is a part of God's law that life should be supported by life, from the lion which lives on the deer of the forest¹ to the lizard which preys on the moth of the wall. "Life is the means of life"; that is a natural law, which applies to man as to other creatures; and man, the head of created beings, may lawfully take other creatures' lives, if necessity arise, to use them as food.² Some tame animals must be so used, and some wild animals also; and if their death be instantaneous, if there be no deliberate cruelty, man is justified in taking their lives, whether they be shot or otherwise sacrificed.

But all sport is not undertaken for food: what shall we say of hog-hunting, or the coursing of foxes and jackals? I think we shall find it impossible to argue that such sport is *not* cruel. I think we shall find it impossible to prove that such sport is often necessary. Sometimes, of course, these animals, as vermin, may have to be destroyed for man's comfort, but this is not always, not often, the case. In general, they are pursued for man's pleasure, and man's pleasure certainly means pain for them. Put yourself in the place of the hunted fox, or the wild boar surrounded by spears, and think what their feelings must be! Very much, I imagine, what yours would be, if pursued by a herd of infuriated elephants. Such sport must, I fear, be

¹ I am thinking here of our Gujarát lion which is found in the Gir Forest of Junágadh.—*C. M.*

² See Dr. Bühler's "Manu" ("Sacred Books of the East" Series), v. 28-30, p. 173.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

admitted to be cruel. But is it *justifiable* cruelty?¹ This is a question which each one of us must answer for himself. There are many manly and excellent qualities—health and strength, perseverance and courage, quickness and dexterity of eye and limb—which are developed by means of sport; and some may think, and perhaps with reason, that, for the acquirement of such qualities, man may be allowed to give some pain to the inferior animals. Others may think, with the Jains and Buddhists, and with the Vaishnavas² among the Hindus, that nothing can justify the infliction of such pain. Each must decide for himself. Only, if we decide that sport is allowable, let us be careful not to pursue it in a cruel spirit; let us be careful to spare the life of the hunted creature whenever we can; and, like Sabuktagin, let us be kind.

There is another kind of so-called sport, which certainly does not deserve the name, and which has no ground of justification. I mean those cruel fights of the arena between elephants, and buffaloes, and rams; and the contests between fighting partridges and cocks; which are as debasing to those who behold them as they are cruel to the animals themselves. I hope you will one and all set your faces against such unmitigated cruelty as that.

“He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

God and man alike must have loved the noble Indian elephant “Hero,” who, with his *mahout*, went into battle,

¹ As, for instance, war, which is certainly cruel, is justifiable under certain conditions.—*C. M.*

² The followers of Vishnu, the Preserver, as distinct from the devotees of Shiva, the Destroyer.

XIV—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

bearing the standard of their king. When the *mahout* was killed by a shot, which also grievously wounded the elephant, the noble beast refused to move without his master's order. How could he know that that master was dead? The troops on his side began to waver, and then fell back as the enemy advanced: they seemed to be stricken with panic. But still the noble beast stood firm: he could not move till his master bade him. Resolutely he kept his ground, the banner still waving over his head; and, seeing it, the disheartened soldiers rallied and charged again with such spirit that nothing could resist them. Thus retreat was turned into victory. The battle was won; the struggle was over. But the dauntless elephant stood there still. The voice which had bidden him march and halt—that voice alone could bid him retire. For three long days and three long nights no one could move him from his post. Then the soldiers remembered the dead *mahout's* son, a little child nine years of age, who had often sat on Hero's back, and whom the gentle creature had loved. When the boy was brought from his home—a distance of a hundred miles—Hero recognised him at once, and bowed his head at his voice. Then he looked wistfully round for his master, but, not seeing him, he obeyed the child and began his homeward march. His back was still draped with the trappings which he had worn on the day of battle; but they were stained and torn: they hid a ghastly wound in his side.

At last the encampment was reached, and Hero began a patient search in every tent for his missing master. Not finding him, he trumpeted forth his bitter disappointment. Then, exhausted with his wound, he tenderly wound his trunk round the orphan boy, and died. His brave obedience had won the battle: his duty was done, and now he might rest.¹

Before I conclude, let me add a few words in special

¹ This story is taken from *Our Weekly*.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

commendation of the dog, who, from the very earliest times, has been the companion and friend of man. You will find some true anecdotes about dogs in Mr. Wood's "Petland Revisited," which, unless your hearts be made of stone, will certainly move them to tears. The book is in our Library. Especially read the touching story of the little Scotch terrier called Médore, on page 156.

No one, I am sure, who has kept a dog has ever been other than better for his company. The horse and the elephant may, perhaps, be his equal in sagacity; but the size of the dog has made him fitter for domestic association, and he claims a pre-eminence in the favour of man which dates from the dawn of history. Dr. Welldon, in speaking on this same subject to the boys of Harrow School, has alluded to "the faithful hound" of Odysseus, with whose story "the poetry of the world begins." And surely there is no less meaning in the fact that in the Mahābhārata, an epic poem probably quite as old as the Odyssey,¹ the story similarly ends with a dog, the faithful companion of the Five Pāndus. You remember how, after their sorrowful victory over their Kuru cousins, when Krishna was dead, and Balarāma, and the iron age had now begun, Yudhishthira and his brothers resolved to spend the rest of their days in retirement from the world. So they left their city with Draupadi and one faithful dog, and went towards the land of sunrise and through many countries; and then they journeyed southwards; and then towards the west, till they came to "the ancient city of Krishna, now washed over by the ocean tide." And then they turned towards the north, and still held on their way, till

¹ The Mahābhārata relates the story of the war between the five Pāndu princes (see p. 87) and their cousins the hundred Kuru princes who dwelt at Indraprasthā or Delhi. All the princes of India took part with one side or the other. The chief friends of the brothers were Krishna and Balarāma, incarnations of Vishnu, who reigned in Dwārakā on the coast of Gujarāt. Draupadi was the wife of the brothers.

XIV—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

they reached the mighty Himálaya and the purity of the eternal snows. And there they died, one after the other; but Yudhisthira outlived his brothers and Draupadi, and the faithful dog alone was his companion to the end. And there, among the eternal hills, where peace and purity reign for ever, the faithful dog was admitted with his master into the joys of *svarga* (heaven).¹

¹ This dog is supposed to have been an incarnation of Dharma rájā, the divine judge. But what dignity it gives to the nature of the dog that such an idea should have been conceived!—C. M.

XV

The Flowers of the Field

*"I know I am grass of the lowly soil;
I know I am worthless and small;
But am I not grass in the garden of God,
And is He not Lord of all?"*

*"Not only the nightingale singing on the rose-bush telleth his
beads to God, but even every thorn of the bush is a tongue to declare
His praise."*

Translated from Saadi's "Gulistan."

7th August, 1887.

I SPOKE last week of the animal world, by which we are so closely surrounded; and to-day I should like to invite your attention to the manifold beauties of the vegetable kingdom. And the consideration of such a subject seems especially suited to this monsoon season, when all nature is arrayed in her fresh green livery, and happy fields, flourishing with millet and cotton, seem suddenly, as if by magic, to take the place of the burnt barren plains which have wearied our eyes in the hot summer's glare. All nature appears as if it had suddenly awaked from the dead to new life and new joy: what a wonderful and beautiful transformation it is!

You may perhaps remember the passage in the "Vishnu Bhagwata" where the burst of the rains is poetically described as the blessing of Indra¹ poured out upon

¹ Indra—the Sky God. Prithivi—the Earth Goddess.

XV—THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

Prithivī in gladness and fertility. Grishma, the hot season, has, we are told, too long held tyranny over the earth, over beasts and birds and creeping things; so Indra comes forth to wage war with the tyrant. The thundering clouds are his kettle-drums, the lightning the flash of his sword, the long lines of white herons his glistening banners; the cries of the peacocks and frogs are his battle-bards, sounding the warriors' praise; the drops of rain are his arrows. Grishma discomfited flies from the field: and, after eight months of separation, Prithivī rejoices in the presence of her Rain-lord, who brings all fulness to the thirsty earth.

And, indeed, whether we speak in poetry or in prose, we can hardly exaggerate the blessing of the monsoon. For we know, from our Political Economies, that all the wealth which the world possesses is derived from the vegetable products of the ground. Gold and silver, too, come from the ground; but what use or what value have gold and silver, if we have nothing to eat? Man's life depends on the annual crops; if there are no crops, men die of starvation. And the crops depend on the annual rain. Therefore we bless the monsoon.

But the rainfall does more than give us food; it clothes the earth with beauty and shade, from the smallest flower which lurks in the grass, from the tiniest lichen on the wall, to the mighty banyan, which is indeed the emperor of the vegetable world, and attains its greatest size here in India. The banyan is the grandest of the trees of the world, and not far from here we have, I believe, the largest banyan which the world has produced—I mean the famous Kabir Wad, about twelve miles up the Nerbudda from Broach. Mr. Forbes, writing more than a hundred years ago, describes this tree as "extending over a circumference of 2,000 feet," and it must be even larger now. It took me more than a quarter of an hour to walk round its outer stems ten years ago. And it must have an age of vast antiquity in proportion to its size. There is a tradition,

COMMON THOUGHTS

mentioned by many writers, that the admiral of Alexander the Great encamped with his men under its shade ; and, indeed, if Alexander's fleet ever sailed to Broach at all (which is very doubtful), there is nothing impossible in the story, so far as the age of the tree is concerned. What a noble monument it is, and what wonderful stories it would have to tell us, if only it could speak ! No wonder that men revere it as sacred, and regard it as one of Nature's cathedrals.

But it is not only on account of its size that the banyan is interesting. Every leaf, every branch, every *Vulvaz* (aerial rootlet) of it is a wonder and mystery, so that it is not too much to say that, if we thoroughly understood the banyan in all its parts, we should understand the whole mystery of life, we should know "what God and man is." I will only ask you one question. You know that generally trees bear flowers ; first the flowers and then the fruits. The banyan tree bears fruits which we call *Tetã* ; but where are the flowers ? Have you ever seen a banyan, or peepul, or any kind of fig-tree, in flower ? I think you will answer that you have not. The reason is that the *Tetã* themselves are a mass of flowers, clustered together on an enlarged flower-stand, like an umbrella turned outside in. So the flowers, which in other plants are outside, are in the fig-order inside their supports, and that is why we cannot see them. But if you open a *Tetã*, and look for them, you will see them easily. Is not this very interesting ? There is much more to be said about these flowers, which I will tell you at some other time.

I want you now to look at some other plants. Shall we take a stroll towards the Camp, and talk, as we walk, of what we see ? I don't wish to give you a lecture on botany, but only to kindle your interest in the exquisite objects which lie all around us. You know, I daresay, that flowers in general have four distinct parts : first a cup which is generally green, then a circle of leaves which are generally of a colour other than green, then some threadlike stems

XV—THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

with heads which shed dust, and lastly a central seed-vessel, something like a pestle, tapering into a head which is often split or divided. All flowers do not correspond with this description; but this will do in general. These flowers which I hold in my hand (*Rondeletia* and *Jasmine*) will explain to you what I mean. Look now at this *thor* hedge on our left! The whole hedge is covered with a gaunt leafless creeper, with jointed angular stems, ending in a beautiful knob of white starlike flowers. If we break it at any one of its joints, a thick milky juice exudes. This is a very famous plant of great religious and historic antiquity; for it is no other than the Soma Plant (*Sarcostemma intermedium*), so praised, and indeed deified, in the Veda.¹ And yet in these degenerate days few Hindus even know it by sight. It is very common here in Rajkot, and in all the *thor* bushes in our neighbourhood. This *Soma*, like other plants of its family, has winged seeds. The wings consist of soft downy tufts which, attached to the seeds, bear them along, like little balloons, through the air. And here is the *Ankdo* (*Calotropis procera*), a plant which grows wild all over India, from Cape Comorin to the Himālayas, which belongs to the same Asclepiad family; and it, too, has the same winged seeds. This is a plant which for us must always have a peculiar interest, for under its shade, as the story goes, the mighty Akbar was born. You remember how, when his father Humāyūn was wandering forlorn in the deserts of Amarkot, his beautiful young wife bore him a son under the shade of this shrub of the desert, the only shrub (as the proverb tells us) which the camel of the desert refuses to eat. The word *Ankdo* comes from the Sanskrit *Arka*, which means "the sun." No doubt this plant received its name from its five raylike petals. And see here, close beside us, in this same hedge, is the

¹ The Vedas are collections of hymns, prayers, and religious precepts and arguments, which are supposed to have been reduced to their present form in the fourteenth century before Christ.

COMMON THOUGHTS

Surajet (*Pentatropis microphylla*), "sun-creeper," which is to be found entwined in all hedges in the months of July and August. It belongs to the same order as the *Ankdo*, and has flowers, very small ones, of the same five-rayed shape. The flowers are so small, and so inconspicuous, of a greenish-yellow colour, that I doubt if any of you have seen them, common as they are. You will not see them unless you look for them. The *Raktpipi* (*Cryptostegia grandiflora*), with its long whiplike shoots, and beautiful bell-shaped flowers, is also very common in this hedge, and the pretty *Chamar-dudheli* (*Dæmia extensa*), with its heart-shaped leaves, and the *Khar-khodi* (*Leptadenia reticulata*), with its thick clusters of pendent green flowers. All these plants are of the same order, and are called *Asclepiads*, after *Æsculapius*, the Greek god of medicine. And they all have winged seeds, like the *Soma*; so that, when they are released from the ripe follicles, they fly away like little balloons and alight at a distance from the parent plant. So now perhaps you can guess the use of these feathered seeds. Nothing which Nature has contrived but has some use, whether we know it or not. And the use of these balloons attached to the seeds is this—that they help to scatter the seeds, so that they may not all fall in one place and spring up together and choke one another. Other plants accomplish the same end by different means: some have hooks, or roughnesses or spines, which fasten themselves on passing objects, and so are carried to different places. You know the curious seed (*Vinchi*) of *Vinchodio* (*Martynia diandra*), which, no doubt, has assumed that shape with a view to fastening itself in the hair or wool of passing animals, or even perhaps in men's clothes. Similarly, the rough burrs of *Aghedo* (*Achyranthes aspera*) and of *Jhipto* (*Triumfetta rotundifolia*) catch hold, as we know, very easily of any passing body, and so are transferred to "fresh woods and pastures new." Similarly, by the colour and the sweetness of their fruits other plants attract birds to use them as food, and thus, when the birds have eaten

XV—THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

the fruits, the seeds are scattered, some here, some there. Is not this wonderful and very interesting? If men in a town are overcrowded, they can have recourse to emigration, because men have the power of locomotion. But plants, which have not such locomotive power, are obliged to resort to other contrivances; and you see how ingeniously they do so.

Yet plants, though rooted in one situation from which they cannot move, have still a very remarkable power of moving their limbs almost as if they had wills corresponding with the wills of men. For instance, touch this beautiful little feather-leaved plant, *Risamno* (*Eschynomene Indica*), very sensitive, spread out at your feet. You see all the leaflets shrink up at your touch, as if you had hurt the poor little thing's feelings. This plant belongs to the great Pea tribe. And there is another plant, *Biophytum sensitivum*—I am not sure of its Gujaráti name,—of the Geranium tribe, which does the same thing. It is a very pretty little plant, with yellow flowers, blossoming now, and I can show you it, if you please. The "telegraph plant," *Desmodium gyrans*, also a Pea, has the habit of jerking its leaves to and fro, in a nervous manner, when exposed to the sun. This plant is not, I think, to be found here; but I saw it the other day in Ceylon, and very curious it is to see. So, too, if you touch the stamens of a cactus, they shrink up suddenly, as if ashamed. And what shall we think of the pretty little Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), a native of the Indian as well as English hills, which has slender and sticky threads on the upper sides of its leaves; and when a fly happens to alight on these threads, they suddenly curl up, and clasp it tight, until it dies and part of its body is absorbed into the plant for nourishment? And so this pretty and delicate plant is really a gay and cruel deceiver—an animal-eating vegetable.

These remarkable facts appear to indicate that plants have nerves like those of animals. I say *appear*, for this

COMMON THOUGHTS

motion of plants has not yet been thoroughly explained. At any rate, plants have organs similar to nerves, which can also be similarly soothed as well as irritated. If opium be sprinkled on a sensitive plant, it is no longer sensitive: it appears to be paralysed.¹ Is not this very strange?

And there are a hundred other things which are equally strange in the vegetable world, if only we have eyes to see them. For instance, it is known to all who have eyes that all flowers are not open all day; each flower has its own time of opening, one early in the day, another late; some, like "the moon-creeper," only at night, and not in the day at all. And so the botanists of some countries have arranged flower-clocks, by which each hour can be known by the flower which blossoms in it. Every hour has its flower. So, perhaps, if clocks had not been invented, we might have paid more attention to gardens as means of indicating the time. In this way, as in a thousand other ways, plants might be made useful as well as ornamental.

The uses of plants are indeed numerous, beyond all our powers of admiration. You know that, besides our food, nearly all our medicines, including quinine, are derived from plants: and how useful they are for timber and cordage, and for the supply of a thousand other articles of our daily need! Take, for example, the cocoanut, and think what that palm-tree alone does for man. It gives milk and wine to those who dwell near it; its kernel supplies them with food; the walls of their huts are made of its stem, the roof of its leaves. Its leaves supply also umbrellas and hats for shelter from the sun. Its fibre makes cloths, and mats, and sails, and excellent ropes which do not rot in water. And its delicate oil is as useful for lamps as for purposes of food!

I have been carried away by this subject till I hardly know where to stop, and I could go on with my gossip for hours, for the subject is infinite. But our time has limits.

¹ Pouchet's "Universe."—C. M.

XV.—THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

Before I conclude, I should like you to wander with me a few steps further on, to admire these beautiful creepers of the Vine order—the *Khat-Khatumbdo* (*Gissus carnosus*), which grows everywhere, and the *Dhanvel* (*Vitis Indica*), with its magnificent leaves and grapelike clusters of rich round berries. And see, at a little distance from the hedge, that lovely little lily, the *Kadali* (*Phalangium tuberosum*)—as Roxburgh says, very like an English “snowdrop,”—which has its “bunch of grapes” underground in the thickly clustered bulbs of its root. And, above all, towering up through the hedge, admire the glory of the *Shingadio Vachnāy* (*Gloriosa superba*), with its splendid flowers and clasping leaves, which possesses the power of changing its colour, from yellow at first to orange, and then from orange to red. The changeable rose (*Hibiscus mutabilis*) and the *Lāl chameli* (*Quisqualis Indica*) similarly blush from white to pink, and from pink to red. Here, too, are some fine convolvuluses—the rich white *Fād* (*Rivea ornata*) covering trees with its large showy flowers, and the *Nasotar* (*Ipomœa turpethum*), much used in medicine, and so called because its stems are triangular, with three nerves or wings. There is also the huge *Samudra-vel* convolvulus (*Argyreia speciosa*), called in English “the elephant creeper,” with its fine light purple flowers and gigantic climbing stems which botanists name “lianas.” Here it is vulgarly known as the *Samularsul*. It, too, is used in medicine.

Now, to descend from the huge and the high to the lowly and small but equally lovely: look at this little plant at your feet with bright blue stars glistening shyly from their cradle of feathering leaves; is it not very beautiful? It was mentioned the other day in a speech by Sir Elphinstone Grant-Duff, late Governor of Madras, who spoke of it with much admiration, and compared it with the English “Speedwell.” It is the *Rukhadi*, or hairy one, because of its hairy leaves; and botanists call it *Evolvulus hirsutus*—*Evolvulus*, not *Convolvulus*, because

COMMON THOUGHTS

it rolls out upon the ground, and does not twine up and round other plants, as the rest of its family do. There is another little herb, very common in our garden-plots in the cold weather, and very common in England also, whose Gujarati name I cannot discover. In England we call it the Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*). It rejoices my heart when I see it here in flower every year, in January and February. The only difference between our pimpernel and the English one is that the latter is commonly red, while ours is always blue.¹ It is a little cosmopolitan of the vegetable world, as the sparrow is among birds. You may know it by its flower-stalks curving inwards and downwards as soon as its flowers wither. But I must not run on any further.

Now, why have I given you to-day this long rambling discourse on the subject of plants? Because I am anxious, if I can, to interest you in these and other of the beautiful works of Nature. I believe you will find in such objects of pursuit an immense addition to the pleasures of life, and a means of innocent and charming recreation, which will lift you above paltry thoughts of yourselves, and raise you to Nature, and Nature's God. For of Nature, says Wordsworth :

“’Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all that we behold
Is full of blessings.”

The English *anagallis* is sometimes blue also.—C. M.

XV.—THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

Thus Wordsworth has beautifully written of Nature; and his words are not less true than beautiful. "Nature," as he also tells us, "never did betray the heart that loved her"; and when your thoughts are near to Nature, they will not, I believe, be far from God.

XVI

Play

"Archery, cricket, gun and fishing-rod, horse and boat, are all educators, liberalisers; and—provided only the boy has resources, and is of a noble and ingenuous strain—these will not serve him less than the books. . . . Provided always the boy is teachable, football, cricket, archery, swimming, skating, climbing, fencing, riding, are lessons in the art of power, which it is his main business to learn;—riding, specially, of which Lord Herbert of Chertbury said, 'A good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him.'"

Emerson's "Conduct of Life."

14th August, 1887.

At the time when this College of ours was first opened there was nothing, I think, in our system which evoked more adverse criticism than our encouragement of games. There appeared to be a dominant idea in the public mind that a college, being a place of study, should be a place of study only, and that any time given to vigorous play must be so much time wasted or misapplied. I am not sure that a suspicion of that sort is not still lurking in some people's minds; but, in general, I am glad to see, both in our schools and colleges, that far more attention is given than formerly to open-air sports and physical exercises. The last fifteen years have witnessed a marked change in this respect throughout India; and it is a change, I am sure, which is for the public good.

XVI—PLAY

For none of us supposes that a man is all he can be, and should be, through his intellect alone. No one even supposes that the training of mind is all that is needed in the training of man. But, even if it were so, the energy of the intellect is so closely connected with the health of the body that the development of our muscular powers—not excessively, but to a reasonable extent—is a necessary aid to the proper development of our mental faculties.

For man is a compound of many ingredients, of which the intellect is indeed an important one. But it is the combination of all these ingredients—not the intellect alone by itself—which makes what we call a man's character. And it is the perfect character which makes the perfect man. Therefore the object of all our training—which is to make you good as well as learned—should be to develop every part so that the whole may be harmonious and complete. And we believe that towards this object games of prowess and strength and skill contribute very considerably. For while they strengthen the muscles they strengthen also the mind and character.

And indeed in the earliest ages of the world this fact appears to have been well recognised. The demi-gods and heroes of the oldest religions are not only types of moral excellence, but also of perfection of athletic development and of beauty of form. Ráma is not only the great and the good; he is also the archer whose shafts never miss. The five Pándus,¹ though distinguished each by special attributes—Yudhisthira for piety, Arjuna for bravery, Bhíma for strength, Sahadeva for astrology, Nakula for mastery in cattle and horse breeding—were all alike famous for feats of prowess and athletic skill. The old Persians, we are told, summed up the main objects of their education in these three points: (1) Shooting with the Bow, (2) Riding, and (3) Speaking the Truth; and, similarly, you will find in your old religious books many

¹ See above, p. 74.

COMMON THOUGHTS

precepts exhorting to bodily exercise "as giving strength, courage and endurance, and as warding off indigestion and other ailments to which the unexercised flesh is heir."¹

The practice of archery as a salutary exercise, so frequent in the days of old, as we see from the ancient Aryan epics as well as from those of the Persians and Greeks, has generally fallen into disuse since the bow has ceased to be a weapon of war; but riding, as it was practised of old, continues to be practised to this day, as, let us hope, it will continue to be practised to the end of time. If men were to give up equestrian exercise, and take to riding bicycles and tricycles only, I am afraid that much moral nerve and strength would be lost by the change. Perhaps of all solitary exercises riding is the best. And, in one sense, it is not a solitary exercise, for the horse is a sort of companion: a sympathy arises between horse and rider which must, I think, be wholesome for both. In addition to the advantage of rapid locomotion, no exercise gives such elation to the spirit, at the cost of so little fatigue to the body, as a good gallop over the fields. And a student, who has enjoyed such exercise, will certainly study the better for it. Our mounted drill has more in it than that; for it teaches us to act together, each in his own proper place, and shows us, in a manner well suited to the special genius of this province, the value of orderly movement and rhythmic combination. And of course our games of tilting and tent-pegging tend to increase our courage and nerve, and to develop manual dexterity and accurate judgment of eye. These are exercises native to India of old; as also is Polo, an excellent sport, demanding in the highest degree the promptitude of a fearless horseman combined with a calm and practised judgment. In India of old, too, much attention was paid to the feats of the gymnasium: to wrestling, boxing, and the dexterous use of *mugdals*, or Indian clubs. You remember, for

¹ The Ayurveda: from the Shukla Yajurveda.—C. M.

XVI—PLAY

instance, how the Pándus and Kurus were all trained together in the feats of the gymnasium, and how the former excelled the latter in these as well as in mental accomplishments. And these gymnastic exercises, also, are excellent of their kind; and perhaps they are the very best kind, if mere hardening of our muscles be the object in view. On the whole, I must say that, if modern India had maintained the practice of ancient India, and especially the practice of the ancient Rájputs, in the matter of outdoor sports of prowess, she would not have had much to learn in these days from the nations of the West. But the Aryan prowess is not what it was, and some of the old Aryan sports have gone with it.

I have only said this to show that in our English encouragement of outdoor sports there is nothing which conflicts with the national ideas or usage of India at her best. The spirit which animates English games is the spirit which animated the Aryans of old.

A great authority on education has told us that "the exchange of study for sport has the twofold advantage of muscular exercise and agreeable play. To pass from anything that is simply laborious to the indulgence of a taste or liking, is the fruition of life. To emerge from constraint to liberty, from the dark to the light, from monotony to variety, from giving to receiving—is the exchanging of pain for pleasure. This, which is the substantial reward of labour, is also the condition of renovating the powers for further labour and endurance."¹

Now, games and sports, besides being agreeable as relaxations from mental effort, also teach us many things which cannot be acquired by mere labour of the mind. I have spoken already of the generalship, the cool head as well as the firm hand and eye, which are required for Polo. And to that we may add the quality of fairness, which games teach us better than anything else. We cannot

¹ Bain's "Education as a Science," p. 46.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

cheat in games of prowess. The whole meaning of the game goes, if we do. Absolute fairness, the necessity of impartial justice to both sides alike, is a condition without which games cannot be played at all. This is the reason why at cricket no one is allowed to dispute with the umpire : and, whatever we may think of the hardness of our luck, it is often very good for us to have to subordinate our own opinion to that of another. And this, I think, is often the reason why little boys require more superintendence in their games than older youths who have more sense and more force of character : little boys often cannot resist the temptation to cheat, or to lose their temper, when the game is going against them ; and then they begin to wrangle and quarrel, and thus the game is spoilt.

So one of the chief merits of games is that they teach us to keep our tempers. For if we lose our temper, we are much more likely to lose the game. That we know from our experience of cricket. The best way always, under adverse circumstances, is to work hard, and to hope, and keep cool ; never to relax in effort, never to be angry, never to despair. There is a capital description of a cricket match in an English book, about Rugby School life, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," from which I will read you an extract. It sets vividly before us a scene with the like of which we have all been familiar. The Eleven, of which Tom Brown is the captain, are out in the field, and a powerful opponent has just come in, so that they all find they "have got their work to do now." "The new-comer's off-hitting is tremendous, and his running like a flash of lightning. He is never in his ground except when his wicket is down. Nothing in the whole game so trying to boys : he has stolen three byes in the first ten minutes, and Jack Raggles (the longstop) is furious, and begins throwing over savagely to the further wicket, until he is sternly stopped by the Captain. It is all that young gentleman can do to keep his team steady, but he knows that everything depends on it, and he faces his work bravely.

XVI—PLAY

The score creeps up to fifty, the boys begin to look blank, and the spectators, who are now mustering strong, are very silent. The ball flies off the batsman's bat to all parts of the field, and he gives no rest and no catches to any one. But cricket is full of glorious chances, and the goddess who presides over it loves to bring down the most skilful players. Johnson, the young bowler, is getting wild, and bowls a ball almost wide to the off; the batter steps out and cuts it beautifully to where cover-point is standing very deep—in fact, almost outside the ground. The ball comes skimming and twisting along about three feet from the ground; he rushes at it, and it sticks somehow or other in the fingers of his left hand, to the utter astonishment of himself and the whole field. Such a catch has not been seen in the close for years, and the cheering is maddening. 'Pretty cricket,' says the Captain, throwing himself on the ground by the deserted wicket with a long breath; he feels that a crisis has passed."

How often we have felt the same, when some one has luckily been caught, or bowled, just when we feared we could never get rid of him. And how well we can all enter into that scene; for human nature is much the same in Rajkot as in Rugby.

"What a noble game cricket is!" exclaims one of the Rugby masters to Tom Brown afterwards, when the School Eleven are batting,—“the discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable, I think; and it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the Eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may.” “That's very true,” said Tom, “and that's why football and cricket, now one comes to think of it, are such much better games than fives or hare-and-hounds or any others where the object is to come in first or to win for oneself, and not that one's side may win!” “And then the Captain of the Eleven!” said the master, “what a post is his in our School-world! almost as hard as the Headmaster's; requiring skill and

COMMON THOUGHTS

gentleness and firmness, and I know not what other rare qualities."

I do not think that is an exaggeration of the moral advantages of cricket. Cricket is, perhaps, the king of all games; and we shall do well to practise it. And I am very glad to find that it is becoming as popular as it deserves to be in Kathiawar. But there are other good outdoor games also, and we shall do well to practise them all. He who has learnt self-command at school, "to keep his team steady" and "to face his work bravely," will surely be fitted in after life to hold a position of command among men. Whatever develops skill, gentleness, firmness, unselfishness, patience, and self-control, in addition to the health and activity of the body, must surely be well worthy of our attention. If you work hard during the hours of school, and during the hours of preparation, no one, I am sure, can reasonably grudge you the hours which you spend in that kind of play. Indeed, it would be hard to say how you could spend your leisure hours better. For in hours so spent you will learn lessons such as no school instruction can give—the lessons of self-reliance, calmness and courage, and of many other excellent qualities, which will better fit you to discharge the duties, and to face the difficulties, which the future must bring.

XVII

Home

"Heaven's Light our Guide."

21st August,¹ 1887.

I SPOKE to you at the beginning of this term of your privileges and duties here in this College. Now the term is about to close, and before another week commences you will have gone to your homes. So I wish to speak to you to-day of the privileges and duties of Home: and may God help me to speak as I wish on this very important subject!

Your hearts are all over-brimming with joy in the thought of meeting with your friends and returning to those happy haunts of your childhood which you love so well. And this joy is most natural and right. It is a very blessed thing. Family love, and the love of home, is one of the purest and noblest feelings which stir the human heart. And perhaps it is not the least of the benefits which you derive from this College that the temporary separation from your loved ones helps you to realise their love the more deeply, and to value the more those inestimable blessings which the one word "Home" implies. A father's goodness, a mother's tenderness, the unselfish devotion of brothers and sisters—what is there, my friends, in all the world that we can value more? These are the blessings of

¹ Last Sunday of term.—*G. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

home; of the humblest home as well as of the highest; and for these we may, one and all, thank God.

And you especially, my friends, have reason to thank our Heavenly Father because the homes which He has given you are, or should be, of the highest kind—homes of comfort and prosperity, homes of honour and respect, homes of high duty and wide opportunity, centres from which your light may shine forth to give happiness and help to all who dwell round you. Each Darbar¹ is, as it were, *the* Home of all the other homes which surround it.

Your return to such a home after a term of work and discipline here in the College must indeed be delightful not only to you, but equally so to those who love you. I have known myself what such delights are: I know that they are very great. I want you to enjoy them to the full; and therefore I want you to consider with me, for a few quiet minutes on this our last Sunday, how the vacation may best be enjoyed, or, in other words, how it may best be employed.

Vacation, as you know, means the vacant time, or the time of leisure. It means that you have rest from work. Such rest is good, and even necessary, both for the body and the mind: we cannot keep up the strain of work, especially mental work, without cessation. If we have spent the term in an honest and earnest endeavour to do our duty, we shall all be the better for the rest and relaxation of the holidays.

But remember that rest and relaxation will not be found in wasting your time: much less will they be found in evil indulgence, or in selfishly seeking to please yourselves, while you give pain or annoyance to others. Many of you, I fear, when you go home, must be in great danger of being spoilt; those from whom you have long been absent are naturally pleased to welcome you back, and perhaps their loving desire to humour

¹ Court, or Ruler's home.

XVII—HOME

you may lead you to treat them with less consideration, or less respect, than they deserve. This is the danger of home-life after a life at school; the danger is probably very much greater than if you had always remained at home, and not been at school at all. Your sense of release from the discipline of school may easily lead you to tyrannise at home, where all, from the highest to the lowest, are zealous to make your holidays pleasant. And so, perhaps, you abuse their kindness; perhaps you are rude or disobedient to your parents, or quarrelsome with your brothers and sisters, or harsh and ill-tempered towards the servants who are so ready to do your bidding. And, perhaps, you may do worse even than that: perhaps you may use the freedom of home to follow low and evil counsellors, forsaking the advice of your parents, forsaking the lessons you have learnt in this place, forsaking the path of virtue and duty, and forsaking God. And so, perhaps, you may be entangled even in the short space of a few weeks—for progress in sin, I am sorry to say, is down a very easy incline—in the filthy meshes of intemperance and debasing sensuality. Such a course as that is certain—as certain as that I am speaking to you now—to make your holidays not a time of happiness, but a remembrance of bitterness and shame. I do not say that it *has been* so; but I think I am right to caution you that it *may be* so, unless you take care.

Therefore I caution you, Do not be idle. Rest and relaxation, I have said, will not be found in wasting your time. Here, in the College, you live under rule, and you live in comparative safety: in your homes, that you may enjoy them aright, I advise you to make rules for yourselves. Resolve to spend a certain part of every day in a certain manner; and resolve never to associate with any but those who are worthy and good. I think you will find that three or four hours of regular reading every day—and there are many amusing books in Gujarati

COMMON THOUGHTS

which you may read with great profit—will help the days to pass very pleasantly, much more pleasantly than if you read nothing. I do not ask you to study in the vacation—as you study in College, but to read those things which especially interest you—they may be natural history, or sport, or science, or poetry, or romance,—and for which, when here, you have less opportunity. Some of you who heard me a fortnight ago have promised, during this vacation, to make a collection of the plants which grow wild about your homes. And of this I am very glad. For, in so doing, you will be reading the best of all books, the book of Nature, which, the more we read it, the more excites our interest and love: and yet we can never read it all through! I think you may also wisely give a good part of each day, morning and evening, to the enjoyment of outdoor exercise; and I hope you will encourage in your homes the practice of those healthy sports and pastimes which you have learnt here in the College. In this way, between pleasant reading and exercise, a good part of each day will be passed, and you will, no doubt, spend the remainder in the society of your relations and friends. Now in such society, and at all times, be humble and gentle and kind; and think of others before yourselves. Do not, because you have seen some things here which may not be seen in your homes, behave, in your ignorance, as though you had acquired some superior sort of knowledge; but show that you are a real Rajkumar, and worthy of a Rajkumar College, by being submissive and gentle and modest, by denying yourselves for the sake of others, and by living to make all about you happy. Then your holidays will indeed be a blessing, and blessed to yourselves: you will be loved and honoured of all: and so, when you return to College, your fame (as Humáyún¹ wished for Akbar) will linger like the sweet odour of musk round

¹ Humáyún, Emperor of Delhi, died 1556, succeeded by his son Akbar.

XVII—HOME

the precincts of your home. Happy indeed would it be for this College, if each of its Kumars should be like that!

Make, then, these three home-rules for yourselves: (1) To divide your time carefully; (2) To associate only with those who are good and worthy companions; (3) To be unselfish and gentle and modest, alike to your superiors, inferiors and equals.

And how are you to do this? That question brings me to the more serious side of my subject. For its answer is, By communion with God. And I think that vacation time more than any other should be to you a time of prayerful meditation. I should be very sorry to think that you have no time for such things in College; but home for each one of us is the centre, the source and the cradle, of religion; it is the connection of religion with our homes which gives it, as a rule, so much hold on our minds. Every one naturally clings to his religion, as he clings to his mother, as he clings to his home. So, at least, it seems to me. Only let me add this. Let us, each one, be careful that we cling only to that which is holy, to that which is divine; for then only, whatever faith we profess, can we be true to ourselves and to God.

This brings me face to face with a great difficulty, and a great mystery, which I cannot explain. I can only find comfort in the knowledge that the difficulty is known to God, to your God and mine, and that He knows all. I mean, of course, the difficulty of speaking on the subject of religion, when you belong to one religion, and I to another. I would, God knows, that we all were one, that you were as I am in this matter. Nevertheless, I cannot but believe that He, whose sun shines on all out of heaven, whose voice is the light and the guide of all hearts, is not one for you and another for me, but one and the same for all men. His Love is sufficient for us all, so long as we serve Him heartily, and strive to lead pure and holy lives as in His pure and holy sight. And so, in accordance with

COMMON THOUGHTS

this conviction, I ask you to try to live near to God, and to ask Him to help you to do what is right, all through these holidays.

In conclusion, I should like to give you, for a holiday meditation, a few beautiful words from an old Christian writer, which I think you will admire as much as I do. I think, too, that they are not less applicable to your case than to mine. Please consider them well.

"Without love the exterior work profiteth nothing; but whatsoever is done of love, be it never so little or contemptible in the sight of the world, becomes wholly fruitful.

"For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

"He doeth much that doeth a thing well.

"He doeth well that rather serveth the community than his own will.

"He that hath true and perfect love, seeketh himself in nothing: but only desireth in all things that the glory of God should be exalted.

"He also envieth none: because he affecteth no private good; neither will he rejoice in himself; but wisheth above all things to be made happy in the enjoyment of God."¹

¹ Thomas à Kempis. First Book, chap. xv.—C.M.

XVIII

Zeal

13th November, 1887.

'LET us always do our best.' In that short sentence is summed up all that is needed for the best life of all men; all that conduces, within our own powers, to our health and happiness, to our goodness and welfare, to the honourable fulfilment of our duty to our neighbour and to God.

"To do our best" means, of course, to do good things in the best possible manner: for bad things can never be "our best." And to do good things in the best manner is to do them with all our mind and strength, with energy, zeal and perseverance; to do them with untiring devotion, with that enthusiasm which comes of love; to do them as in God's sight, and to Him. This is what is meant in the beautiful passage which I gave you at the end of last term's last address, where it is said "He doeth much that loveth much. He doeth much that doeth a thing well."

In other words, briefly, to do a thing well, we must do it with love. Without love, as that same passage begins, our work can be of no profit. But this love, by which a thing is done well, may proceed from one of two different causes: (1) either from a love of the thing itself, or (2) from a love of God. It may proceed also, and so it is noblest, from both these causes combined.

COMMON THOUGHTS

The love by which we do a thing well, because we enjoy the doing of it, is called taste. We all know what this means. It is a sort of natural liking, partly inherited and partly developed by surrounding influences, which inclines one man to one sort of pursuit, to one sort of pastime, to one sort of study; and another man to another. We see this everywhere in the world, among people of every nation and of every age and condition in life. Of nearly all of us it is true that there are some things, which we naturally like, which we do with much energy and do well; while, I am afraid, it is equally true that most of us neglect many things that are good, many things that our duty prompts us to do, because we have no innate taste for them; that is to say, our natural propensities are often much stronger than our zeal for duty. It is easy for us to do what we like; and because it is easy we do it, and because we like it we do it well; and as we do it increasingly well, we apply ourselves to it with increasing zeal. Thus some who have a taste for natural history are able to learn, perhaps in a few weeks, what others do not learn in a whole lifetime—the names of birds and their eggs, and of plants or of shells; others, whose memory and imagination are good, have a taste and affection for literary studies; others, whose reasoning powers are stronger, have a natural preference for mathematics; others have a natural desire for music, amounting almost to a passion; others for drawing or sculpture; others for pursuits more physical than mental, for outdoor sports and manly exercise, for feats of agility, strength and grace. All these tastes are good, each of its kind, but no one has all of them in perfection; he who has one of them in high degree is said to be, in that line, a genius; but no one has all of them altogether, nor many of them conspicuously. And the power of a genius has been described as nothing more than concentrated attention, a habit of constantly taking pains with anything in which we are specially interested.

Happy is he whose natural tastes incline him to that

XVIII—ZEAL

work which is also his duty. But this, at any rate in its fullest sense, is very seldom the case; and especially it is seldom the case in the experience of boys and young men. For we commonly find—and this is natural—that the tendency of boyish and youthful tastes is rather towards some physical exercise, or at any rate some exercise which is partly physical, than towards those higher and spiritual exercises which are nevertheless the highest duty of us all. And this, as I say, is natural. It is the natural consequence of the conditions under which we are placed in this world. It is the natural consequence of the conditions of the body; and, especially in those who are young, the bodily impulses are very strong. The tendency of these bodily impulses, and of the material world in which our bodies play each its part, is to shut out from our thoughts that which is spiritual, and to hide from our eyes our highest duty. Therefore it is that we need to be reminded, and especially we who are young, that all our duty is not of this world; that it is not wholly in play or games or sport, good though these things may be in themselves; much less is it in the selfish indulgence of our bodily appetites; nor even is it wholly in the pursuit of knowledge, though this is a noble part of it; but rather is it in all these things together, consecrated and made into one perfect whole by that love of duty which means enthusiasm, by that love of God which includes love of man and all that is good in this human world.

And therefore, my young friends, I want to remind you of this holy spirit of enthusiasm, which will make all troubles seem light, all difficulties easy: the spirit of zealous devotion to duty. If only once your soul be enkindled with the ardent desire to do God's will, nothing will be difficult or distasteful, because all will be done for the love of Him. And that which is done for the love of Him is certain to be done well. "Laid at *His* feet, that which was weak shall be strong, that which was cold shall take fire, that which was bitter be sweet."

COMMON THOUGHTS

Therefore, I say, in all that you do, think of God, and thinking of Him, be zealous, be earnest, be single-minded ; do your best to do as well as you can the duty which lies before you.

If you have not striven to do this already, then I say *Begin to-day.* Of course the doing of it is not easy ; and zeal and enthusiasm, like other things, cannot come to their full growth and strength all at once. But nevertheless I say, do your best ; be earnest in endeavour ; begin to-day. And, before you begin, ask God's help. Without Him we can do very little. But with Him nothing is impossible. So ask Him, and He will help you ; and perhaps, if you are really in earnest, you will be astonished by the help you have got, and under the force of that astonishment your zeal and enthusiasm will grow very fast, and will soon become as a burning flame reflected—may I say so ?—from His Most Holy Face.

And then all else will follow. All the little details of life will be illumined by this light of love. And every duty so illumined and sweetened will be done zealously, and therefore done well. It is wonderful to see how well men succeed in pursuits of business or science or art under the mere desire of self-interest, or self-gratification, or mere worldly profit. How much better do you think most men succeed, even in this world's pursuits and engagements, when they are impelled by this holy enthusiasm, which does everything not as for self, but for God ? In so serving God, as I have said before, you will, in the divinest way, be serving yourself and your fellow-men.

So I say, think of God, and do your best. Begin at once ; begin to-day. Do your duty, whatever it be, and do it with all your mind and strength. Your own mind and strength may perhaps seem too weak to enable you to overcome your natural unwillingness, your human disinclination ; but ask God's help, and, if you are in earnest, with Him to help you, you are sure to succeed.

Do your duty whatever it be. Ask God's help and

XV:III—ZEAL

do your best. To help you, I will add a few practical rules, which I trust may be of use. Do not be careless or lazy, but be active, smart and quick. As soon as you hear the bell ring in the morning rise at once, and do not lose time. Dress yourself carefully and neatly. Whatever is worth doing at all, even to the matter of dress, is worth doing well. Then be ready to attend the games or parade punctually when the second bell rings. Be bright and alert in your exercise, doing this too as well as you can. For it is a good thing, and it too is worthy to be done well. Try to get as much good as you can out of it for yourself, for it is an advantage you can have here and now, but which you will not enjoy elsewhere hereafter. Then again in the hours of leisure, be orderly, gentle, making the most of opportunities given you to help your companions; be zealous for their good; live as in God's sight. And when you come into school, here you have a higher kind of duty and of training than that of the body; higher because the mind is higher than the body. For the body is of this world, while the mind, we believe, is part of the immortal soul. Therefore the training of the mind is a matter diviner than the training of the body. Remember this. Study as well as you can, and ask God to give you His all-wise help. It is wonderful how well an acquired zeal—that laborious habit of taking pains which the dullest amongst us can acquire—can take the place of natural ability. Therefore, if you are not clever, do not despair; but trust in God, ask His help, and do your best. It is true that God helps those who help themselves.

And this is true of the things of the spirit as well as of those of the body and mind. And spiritual things, those thoughts and acts which concern the undying life of our souls, are of course the most important of all. For these are the things which concern us at all times, underlying all other things of the mind or body; which concern us not only in this world, but for all eternity. Therefore surely, my friends, if in any matter we are

COMMON THOUGHTS

to be earnest, we should be earnest in these spiritual matters, which are of such supreme, such eternal importance. The wonder is that we so easily lose sight of this tremendous truth, blinded by the glare of worldly vanities, by the worldly occupations and interests by which we are surrounded.

Therefore let our chief zeal be in this, to keep God in mind in all that we do. And then whatever we do will be done well, and zealously done, for His Holy Sake. We can help ourselves too, as I said, to obtain His help. And we can help ourselves mainly in this way: by doing one thing at a time, and by devoting our whole attention, our whole heart and soul, to *that*. Our human natures are so constituted that we cannot do several things at once; therefore whatever work we have in hand, whatever duty may for the time be before us, let us do that, and that only, with all our might, as unto God. So I say, let us do one thing at a time; the thing which is immediately before us; the thing which for the time is our *present* duty. Some persons are too prone to look back or to look forward, and so to avert their mind's attention from the business in hand. Some are too much inclined to say, "What is the use of my trying to do this? I have failed so often: I failed only yesterday: I am sure I shall fail again to-day: I may as well give it up as hopeless." Or they think of their sorrows and sins in the past, and dwell on their failures and disappointments, and so lose heart for the present, and, losing heart, lose energy. All such retrospects are unprofitable and wrong; they cool our ardour, and weaken our zeal. Others, again, look forward to to-morrow—the to-morrow which may never come—and say, "There will be time for this to-morrow; and probably a better time. I do not feel inclined to do it now; perhaps I shall feel more inclined then." The morrow comes, and the same thing is said, and every moment brings less inclination, less zeal, less work achieved. And so the time passes, months and years; nothing is done, but everything is

XVIII—ZEAL

to be done ; until at last the night of death comes and the short day of life's work is over for ever. Think of the retrospect then : a life wasted and lost, because lived without zeal.

Therefore I say, live in the present. Be bright and hopeful. Trust God. And work hard. Think not of the past, with its dead opportunities ; think not of the future, with its unknown possibilities. But think only of the present ; think only of what is before you *now* ; of your duty of to-day : and do it with all your heart and will. This is zeal ; this is the secret of all good and holy work in this world. For nothing can be done well unless it be done zealously. And, I believe, nothing can be done truly well unless it be done with God's blessing. So let us ask Him to be with us and bless us. So our work here on earth will be nobly done, and when it is finished we shall be with Him still in a fuller sense that He can be with us now. We shall be with Him still ; we shall have the blessed memory of a life well spent in His earthly service. You know the old saying, the Latin saying, *Laborare est orare* ; to labour is to pray. A life of labour is like a short prayer ending in an eternity of praise. For

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not written of the soul.

XIX

Coming and Going

"Days end with (the Sun's) setting; the night ends with (the Sun's) rising; the end of pleasure is ever grief; the end of grief ever pleasure. All accumulations end in exhaustion; all ascents end in falls; all associations end in dissociations; and life ends in death. . . . There is no end for knowledge."

"Anugītā" (Telang's translation), chap. xxix.

"The wise, full of love, worship me, believing that I am the origin of all, and that all moves on through me. Placing their minds on me, offering their lives to me, instructing each other, and speaking about me, they are always contented and happy. To these, who are constantly devoted and who worship with love, I give that knowledge by which they attain to me."

"Bhagavadgītā" (Telang's translation), chap. x.

9th December, 1888.¹

ALL things come and go, change and alternation are the law of Nature, and the law of life. Nothing which is human, nothing in this world, remains always the same, unchangeable. From day to day, from hour to hour, we are in the midst of comings and goings, of partings and meetings, of loss or gain; and these comings and goings, these losses or gains, affect us mortals in every way; for they affect our bodily senses, they affect our minds, they affect our hearts.

¹ First address, at beginning of term, after my return from furlough.—C.M.

XIX—COMING AND GOING

Think for a minute what I mean. Nothing on earth abides continually,—everywhere, as I say, there are goings and comings. The night goes, the day comes, to be again succeeded by night. The winter cold gives way to hot summer; the summer heats to the rains of monsoon; and then again, with the returning year, each season in turn resumes its sway. And the changing seasons bring changes of climate, cold and heat and moisture; and these, too, come and go; and these, too, as they come and go, affect all things which come under their influence, bringing comfort or destruction, bringing fresh life or decay. The flowers which bloom so gladly at one time droop and die at another: the young leaves which in the early summer cover the peepul with living verdure lie dead and dry on the ground in autumn, but new leaves return with returning spring to clothe once more the naked branches.

And these comings and goings in external nature—these successions of heat and cold, of day and night, of sunshine and storm,—have, I may say, some correspondence with that which concerns our inner moods, with the experience of similar changes which affect the personal life of each one of us, which bring and take from us, will we or no, at one time joy, at another time sorrow, at one time sickness, at another time health, at one time friends, at another time foes, at one time death, at another time life. It is these alternations and changes in life which we are apt to call our destiny; and, as these changes do not wholly depend upon our wills, we call a man fortunate or unfortunate according as the changes of life may have brought to him more of joy, health and prosperity, or more of grief, trouble and sickness.

This, then, I say, is the law of our life,—the law of humanity, the law of the universe: the law of transition and change. Men and all things come and go. We cannot remain the same continually. The very particles which make our bodies are constantly flying off from us, and new particles are formed within us, so that our very flesh does

COMMON THOUGHTS

not remain the same. Our very bodies come and go. And we ourselves come and go likewise. This is the lot of man. He cannot abide in one stay.

This is the lot of man. Is this lot a happy one? That, my friends, is a question which I cannot answer once for all; for the happiness of each man's lot, in spite of all changes, depends on himself. In spite of all comings and goings, of every change of time or place, of every experience of sorrow or joy, each man's happiness rests with himself, let him only be true to himself and to God. By "being true to himself and to God" I mean "doing what he knows to be right"; "obeying the voice of his conscience, which is the voice of God, within him." For, amid all the changes and chances of life, there abides over all one unchangeable God, and if we be just and kind and pure, as He is just and kind and pure, then our lot in life is sure to be happy, because it is sure to be good. By happiness I do not mean material wealth, or physical health, or worldly success; these things are part of life's comings and goings; they are changeable; they are not true happiness. Goodness is the only true happiness, for goodness alone is unchangeable and endures eternally. Therefore, I say, if we be good, our mortal life will be happy; for, in spite of all changes, we have that with us which can never change; and, in spite of all trouble and misery and sin, we may have the joy of helping our neighbours, and, as the servants of God, of doing His will among men.

This, then, is the one great unchangeable in this changeable world; the spirit of goodness, the spirit of God. If we have that with us, we shall be safe; and, in spite of all earthly unhappiness, happy. Very often we hear people talk as if our good or bad fortune were matter of destiny which we cannot control. They say, This misfortune has happened to me; I am helpless—*láchár*; what can I do? It is God's will that I should be ruined, and I must submit. I answer, You need not be ruined; you can do a great

XIX—COMING AND GOING

deal—you can be brave and good. I do not say you can control your fortune, for fortune is one of the comings and goings, the ups and downs, the changes and chances, of this mortal world ; but I say you can control *yourselves*. And good and bad are adjectives which do not belong to our fortunes, but to ourselves. Our fortunes, good or bad, are what we make them, or, rather, what we make ourselves. And so the great poet Tennyson sings, addressing Fortune and her wheel, which brings so many changes—

“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;
Turn thy wild wheel thro’ sunshine, storm, and cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

“Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man and master of his fate.”

Yes, the man who trusts in God is strong, for goodness is stronger than worldly circumstance ; therefore true happiness is in our hands, and each man, being a man, not a puppet, is lord of his fate and himself.

“And still he ‘knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call.
For the blue sky bends over all.’”¹

That means—we have only to trust in God, for the Eternal Love is above us, and no temporal troubles, no earthly changes, can separate us from that.

I have chosen this subject for this Sunday’s conversation—the first since my return from England—because we have just been reunited after a period of separation—you

¹ Coleridge’s “Christabel.”—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

all from one another for the short period of the autumn vacation, and I from you all for the longer period during which I have been absent on furlough. I have wished to suggest to you that these separations and meetings are one of the conditions of life—and, I think, on the whole a happy condition. The sorrow of parting is compensated by the joy of meeting. The night of gloom is followed by the dawn of gladness. If life were all one unbroken sameness—even were it (what it never can be) a series of uninterrupted successes—I am not sure that we should like it. *Mortal things touch mortal minds*; and for man there is nobleness and satisfaction even in labour, disappointment and pain—even in sorrow, if there be no sin. And very often we find it happens that the bitterness of one thing adds sweetness to another thing, that sorrow in going means joy in returning, that labour in sowing means comfort in reaping, that even the separation from home friends while you are attending College gives a new sweetness and zest to home-life when you go home for the holidays. In this way, going and coming, absence from friends and reunion with them, may often be for our good, and often have in them more profit than pain. Not only does one compensate for the other, but such changes from one sort of life to another often afford us a good opportunity to think over what we have done in the past, and what we may do in the future. We are apt, when we are at a distance from a thing, to see its real character truly; and so, when removed from a course of life to which after a while we expect to return, we may well in the interval examine ourselves, consider what opportunities we have missed, what mistakes we have made, and resolve to repair on future occasions the errors we may have made in the past. It should be so with us now in this College. Our going away from this College to our homes gives to each of us a good opportunity to consider at leisure our College life:—Have we lived it as we ought to have lived it? Our now coming back to this College enables us to

XIX—COMING AND GOING

put in practice any resolutions which we have made in our absence—and I trust we have all made such resolutions—to make better use of our College opportunities, to do our duty better than hitherto both to the masters and our College companions, to be gentle towards others, strict with ourselves, to strive this term to lead nobler lives than we have led previously.

So now we are once more met together to open another chapter in our College life. Home is not College, and College is not Home, but each, I hope you will think, is good and pleasant in its way. To me I must say it has been a great pleasure—and I may say the same of Mrs. Macnaghten—to come back from our English home to Rajkot, and to see you, our College friends, again. The welcome which you have so kindly given us makes us think of this too as a Home, makes us feel that the feeling which prevails in this College is something like that which prevails in a family. We thank you very heartily, and we are the more thankful because we trust that your good-will towards us is a sign that you too feel affection for our College, and that, though you cannot think of it as home, you can still regard it as a place where attention is paid to your welfare and improvement. That you *should* so think of this College is the dearest wish of my heart; it is my most earnest desire and wish that you should all labour together with me to make our society a noble and pure one, to raise the tone of our College aspirations to a far higher pitch than they have yet attained, to that virtue and nobility which becomes a Kumar who hopes to be a leader of men. He who hopes to lead must learn to follow; to follow the advice of his guardians and masters, as your duty is in this College. My friends, will you, each, resolve to-day, at the beginning of this term, each so to do throughout this term your duty in this College? And will you not only do this yourselves, but will you, each one, resolve from to-day, to help your companions to do the same also? Will you, each one, do his own duty and help others to do

COMMON THOUGHTS

it ? Will you, at the beginning of each day, resolve to live throughout the day in obedience to those in authority over you, to be gentle and kind and unselfish towards all, doing all that you do with all your might, whether you are in school or not, as the servants of God, doing His will ? Let us try to live always remembering that this world—I am speaking not only to you, but to myself—is, as it were, our College, our training-ground, for Heaven ; and that if we are to be fit hereafter to dwell with a pure and holy God we must ourselves lead holy and pure lives now. So strive to think often of God's Holy Presence, and to live ever as in His sight. And help others to do the same. The great thing for us all is so to live that when the days of our life are ended—when the changes and chances of this life are over—when that last going away has befallen us from which there can be no coming again—we shall be able to think of our life, our life spent here in the College and elsewhere, without one pang or regret. God help us so to live through this term. God help us so to live always.

XX

The End of the Year

*"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true."*

Tennyson.

16th December, 1888.

I SPOKE last Sunday of "going and coming," of the changes and chances of mortal life. I desire to-day to speak on the same subject, or, rather, on half of it—on "a going." I shall speak to-day on "the going of the year."

This is the last Sunday in this year on which we shall be assembled together. When we next meet for a Sunday conversation, after the short Christmas holidays, 1888 will have gone, 1889 will have begun. So to-day I think we may well let our minds dwell for a time on those solemn thoughts which the end of a year must always bring with it.

The life of man is a journey, a pilgrimage. Each year, as it closes, is like a milestone which marks our progress along life's road. As each year, each milestone of life, is passed, so much more is behind us, so much less is before. Of course this is not less true of the close of each day than of each year. Of course at the end of each day we may say, and of course we ought to consider and say, So much more of our life has been lived, so

COMMON THOUGHTS

much less is before. But there is something especially solemn in the meeting-point of the Past with the Future which we touch at the close of each year ; something at that time which more than at other times fills our minds with serious thoughts, which leads us to ask ourselves, gazing on this milestone, What are we doing? Whither are we going? Is our earthly pilgrimage a holy and good one, as it ought to be? Has it been holy and good in the year now passing away?

It is good for us to make these inquiries, for it is by such retrospection of the past that we shall be able to live better hereafter. If we go on, never halting or thinking, we are likely to go from bad to worse, blindly following those earthly desires which lead us from duty and from God. And so let us halt to-day for a few minutes, and let us, you and me, meditate together on what the past year has brought us and taught us—on what lessons we may derive from it which will be profitable in the year that is coming.

(1) First, I think we shall be reminded, and usefully reminded, of *the shortness of life*. How quickly the past year has gone! How rapidly life flies past us! The last 16th of December—a day which must ever be remembered in this College—seems to have been but yesterday; to some of us, indeed, it seems but a short time since this College was first opened on the 16th of December, now eighteen years ago! The past year has gone like a vision, like a dream; it hardly seems to us to have existed; and yet it is of such fleeting visions, such passing dreams, that life is made up, and the longest life of the oldest of us can only be for a few more such years, and then the journey of life will be over and done for ever.

My friends, life is short, but, short as it is, it is given to us by God for His service. And the shortest life, if rightly employed, is sufficient for the proper fulfilment of our duty. God places us here to do His will: and

XX—THE END OF THE YEAR

our life in time is a training for eternity. Have we in the year which is past borne this fact in mind? Have we striven to do God's will by unselfishly denying ourselves, and living a life of love and benevolence towards our fellow-men? If so, if we can honestly say so, we have nothing to regret: and the past year, quickly though it has faded, has produced good fruit which will live for ever; it has not been lived in vain.

(2) Secondly, looking back, we are reminded, not only that life is short, but also that it is *uncertain*. So much more is behind us, so much less is before; but, while we know how much is behind us, we cannot know how much is before. In this respect the journey of life is different from an earthly pilgrimage. If you go from here to Dwārakā, you will find the whole road marked out with milestones and convenient landmarks; you know with certainty the exact distance; and can foretell, if God spares your life, the exact date on which your journey will end. But with the journey of life it is different. We know not the point of its termination. That is known only to God. All we can do is to walk straight on, in the simple path of duty, asking Him to be our guide, asking Him to strengthen our weakness, and to support our stumbling feet. And then, when He sees that our journey is ended, He bids us halt, and our life here is done. We cannot tell when He will give that signal to each one of us who is sitting here now. If He gave the signal to-day, should we be ready?

This is a very serious question. It is also a very practical one. For each one of us knows very well—though we do not always act according to our knowledge—that at any time he may be suddenly summoned, that he cannot be certain of his life for one hour. To-day, to-morrow, or next day, no one can tell how soon he may die. We ought to be more mindful of this truth, for we have all had experience of it, and each year brings us new warnings, new instances. We all remember one signal instance

COMMON THOUGHTS

which happened just a year ago, when a friend, in the prime and vigour of life, was suddenly killed at Polo.

And this year, too, has brought us experiences—experiences which touch us even more closely—of a similar kind. You all remember—better than I do, for I was not then here—the thrill of horror which ran through our College when it awoke one morning to the fact that one of our watchmen had been murdered in the night—that his lifeless body was even then lying on our playground. Think of that poor watchman, so suddenly called from his duty here to the presence of God! Think of him, and think of yourself; for what happened to him might happen to us, to each one of us, at any time. I do not say that we might be murdered, as he was, by a jealous enemy—God guard us from that!—but I mean that each one of us might be summoned as suddenly as he was to die.

Similarly, too, you remember the circumstances under which, in the month of April last, our respected Kotwal, Mr. Bawamia, met with a tragic and violent death,—cut down, one afternoon, in the bazaar by the sword of a desperate assassin. Think what might perhaps have happened to you, had you been at that time in the bazaar, where you have been so often before and since!

And, even among those who have lived with us here as students in this College, death has not been unknown in the year which is now closing. It was in the winter term of 1881 that Bábi Gazanfar Khán left this College, in which he had lived for eight years. With him left his class-fellow Amrá Wálá; both seemed full of promise and life, and both were popular with us all. Neither of these our friends is living now. Amrá Wálá died of consumption at the early age of twenty-four; Gazanfar Khán, who was here last year, in good health and spirits, at the Empress's Jubilee, died at the end of last March at the early age of twenty-five. It is very difficult for us to realise that he, whom we knew so active and strong—he was, you remember, a very bold rider,—is now for ever at rest; that his

XX—THE END OF THE YEAR

life, which seemed so prosperous, is now so soon brought to an end, and his flourishing state left without its young ruler.

Now all these events are warnings to us, and messages from God, admonishing us of the uncertainty of life, admonishing us that He alone, He and His goodness, endure for ever. They warn us that death comes sooner or later; that often it comes soon and suddenly; that it comes alike to the poor watchman, suddenly stricken on his nightly rounds; that it comes to the honoured officer, who, as the guard of the public safety, is himself singled out for destruction; that it comes to the young chief seated on his *gadi*¹ in the prime of life. They warn us that death must come to us too, sooner or later—we know not when. They warn us to be prepared; to remember that life is short, that we must make the best use of its opportunities, to do our duty to men and to God.

To do our duty—we all know what that means. To be kind, unselfish, honest, and pure; to live in the strength that God gives us, if we remember Him always: this is your duty and mine; and this is true life, true happiness. This is the life which never dies, for it has nothing to do with our body; this is the life of heaven.

This heavenly life may be lived on earth by those who love God and live near to Him. For God loves those who love Him, and in His care His children are safe, come sorrow or joy, come life or death.

Our friend Akherajji² has taken for his motto "God is Love." He could not have taken one of deeper meaning. If we believe that, all else follows. It would indeed be well for us all if we could remember that motto always. God is Love—infinite Love. But God is good—infinite Goodness. And God cannot love anything that is evil.

¹ Cushion-Throne.

² A former student at the college; brother of H.H. the Thakor Sahib of Valá.

COMMON THOUGHTS

When we sin, we separate ourselves from Him, for he cannot abide with that which is sinful. But if we do right, He will never forsake us : and, with Him on our side, we need fear nothing, because His love is over us always.

“There’s a wideness in God’s mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There’s a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

“There is no place where earth’s sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven ;
There is no place where earth’s failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

“For the Love of God is broader
Than the measures of man’s mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.”

Faber.

XXI

The New Year

*"Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.*

*"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.*

*"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !*

*"Trust no Future, how'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !*

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,—*

*"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

*"Let us, then, be up and going,
With a heart for enterprise;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."
Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."*

6th January, 1889.

WE have seen that life is short and uncertain; and that we know not how much is before us. Even in the case of man's longest life, his time passes away like a shadow. How shall we best use the time that remains? How shall we best use this life's opportunities? This will be a good subject for thought on this first Sunday of the new year.

In every land, and among all peoples, Hindus, Mahomedans, Pársis or Christians, the beginning of the year is a season of festivity, a season of joy and of hope. It is so on your Dèvālī; it is so on my first of January. Your lighting of lamps is an external symbol of the brightness and joy which enliven our hearts; and the same thing is signified by meetings and greetings between rājās and ministers, and masters and servants, as well as between private friends. The new year means a new beginning, and in every beginning there is hope. What is the hope which the new year brings with it? It is that our life this year may be good, and better than it has been. This is what we have really meant by wishing one another a happy new year. I wish you all a happy new year in the best and fullest sense of the word "happiness." What advice can I add to that wish?

I will give you the best advice I can think of in the fewest words. I will give you these two simple rules: (1) Be regular, (2) Be earnest. Live by rule and habit; and do all you do with all your might.

(1) Be regular. Live by rule and habit. On the general advantages of regularity and a careful division of your time I hope to speak to you more particularly on a future occasion. To-day I will limit myself to saying that I think you must all have noticed the advantage of a regular

XXI—THE NEW YEAR

life to you here in the College, as it has applied to your lessons and otherwise. You must have seen how much more you have done by having a certain fixed time for each thing than you could have done otherwise. You must have noticed how quickly and easily the time so spent has slipped away: what a contrast there is between these busy hours and the languid life of monotonous idleness which some of you, I fear, sometimes lead in the holidays. You must, too, have noticed the force of regularity—for only two or three hours in a week—in the proper execution of your physical exercises on parade, in gymnastics, and in games. And indeed this methodical regular life which you lead in the College is the very best training which can be given both to your body and mind. It brings you into a habit of method and orderly arrangement, which we trust will become a part of yourselves, and last you all your life. It does something more than that. It gives to your body, and it gives to your mind, a strength and a pliancy which only use and habit can confer; so that a *trained* body and a *trained* mind (which means a body, or a mind, subjected to an *habitual* treatment) is synonymous with a healthy active body and a healthy active mind. And it is the same also with that which is higher than body or mind, with that which is our moral life, with that which forms our character. Our moral character, too, will depend upon our habits. And here, too, we need to practise stern regularity and care; to drill ourselves more strictly than on parade; to practise ourselves harder than on the cricket-field. Do we, I ask, so drill ourselves in matters of morality, of holiness, of purity, of religion affecting our daily behaviour? Do we so practise ourselves? Are we careful to think of God regularly at certain hours? Are we careful to think good thoughts as part of our daily work, to read good books, to choose good companions, to steadily resist the temptations which are dangerous, to accustom ourselves to that which is good, to break ourselves sternly from that which is

COMMON THOUGHTS

bad? Please think of these things, for these are the most important habits of all. They are the habits of the soul, which may raise it to the pure life of heaven; and yet these, the most important of all, are the very habits which in this College I fear, we may be most prone to neglect. For the habits of the body and the mind—the discipline of the playground and the classroom—you have, most happily for yourselves, marked out for you by the rules of the College. But the best moral rules we cannot teach you. We can only tell you of them, and ask you to learn them for yourselves. And these rules are not easy to learn, because we are so much disposed here on earth to live for the things which concern this world, and to forget those unseen realities which concern the life of the soul.

(2) My second piece of advice to you is, Be earnest, and work with all your might. Always do your best. Mere regularity is not sufficient; we must also be active, diligent, earnest, in everything we do. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*; and we can do nothing well, unless we take trouble, unless we work hard. We all have learnt to know this from our experience in this College; we have learnt to know it in games and exercises, as well as in our hours of school. We all know that it does little good, for skill in cricket or proficiency in drill, to attend idly on the playground, or to sit carelessly on our horses, hardly hearing the word of command.

And it is the same, of course, with school-work. It can do us no good to sit hour after hour, day after day, in class, unless we apply our minds to our studies, and work as well as we can. Every little lesson, well learnt, is a little something added to the store which will, in time, make your proficiency. "Stone by stone is built a barrier." Small but honest efforts, constantly repeated, will in the end overcome all difficulties, and make us proficient in the hardest study. Only, you see, *effort* is necessary; you must work with a will, and with energy. You must work, and not be discouraged; work and persevere. Steady

XXI—THE NEW YEAR

indomitable endeavour achieves astonishing results; so that genius has been defined as "only a capacity for taking pains."¹ So, whatever we do, by hand or by head, let us do with all our might, and then we shall do it well. Let us be active, attentive, laborious, remembering, in all that we do, that we are here as God's servants on earth, here to do His will. And His will is that whatever we do we should do with all our mind and strength; that, in other words, we should do it for Him.

And so you see, as always, I have brought you back to the thought of God, for it is only by His grace and help that we can do anything well. It is the thought of Him and His goodness, the thought of His wisdom, His holiness, His love, which makes labour light and drudgery noble. And this is the truth which is shadowed forth in the grand old poems of antiquity; the truth that all heroes must toil and struggle, and patiently endure; and then they will prevail in the end, if their trust is in God. It is so in the history of Ráma; it is so in the history of the five Pándus, who strove and trusted and prevailed; and it is so in the stories which you have read in Kingsley's beautiful book of "The Heroes." And what is true of the ancients, of the old Aryans and the old Greeks, is equally true of us moderns also. We too, like those heroes, should live noble lives, because, like them, we too are men, not (as the poem says) *dumb driven cattle*.

We all hope to live hereafter with God, and to be holy as He is holy. Should we not strive to be holy here, and ask Him to help us in every effort? If we trust Him, He will strengthen us. That is the meaning of all our religions.

¹ When the great Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he had been able to achieve his discoveries, he answered, "By always intending my mind."—From Emerson's "Conduct of Life."—C. M.

XXII

Co-operation

"Many hands make music."

*"Two hearts becoming one break up a mountain,
They bring dispersion to the mobs."*

Persian Couplet.

13th January, 1889.

It was my endeavour last week to advise you how we may help ourselves. It shall be my endeavour to-day to advise you how we may help one another.

We can do many things together, which singly we cannot do so well, if we can do them at all. I think you may, some of you, have had experience of this fact in your homes in the holidays. I think you may, some of you, often have felt while engaged in some occupation or pursuit, such as you are engaged in here in the College, that you miss the companionship of your College friends, and their co-operation and support; that you miss, too, the force and animation which your occupations naturally derive from the association in them of other spirits kindred in freshness and feeling to your own. I think you may have felt something of this kind often in your homes; in the solitary hours in which perhaps you have felt quite alone with your own boyish thoughts—thoughts which perhaps your mothers and sisters, or even your fathers, can hardly share; or you may have felt the want of your College companionships when trying to play games

XXII—CO-OPERATION

which you played at College—such games without the same College companions seem to be different in character and spirit—or perhaps in your solitary drives or rides, or even perhaps in your solitary studies. There is a freshness, a vigour, and an impulse which comes from associating souls together—each acting on the other, and infusing something of its own life—which characterises every combination of men (and not only of men, but of the inferior animals also), and which also infuses some of its spirit into each individual member of that body.

This is what we mean by the “tone” of a school or College. This (in a good sense) is what we mean by the *esprit de corps* of a regiment. As the tone of a musical instrument depends on the notes which are blended to make it, so a school or college, or any association, is said to be of a high or low tone according as the joint spirit of its members is of a high or low character. And similarly an *esprit de corps*, which means the honourable pride which members feel for a body to which they belong,—like that felt by the officers of a distinguished regiment, or the members of a famous university, or a popular club, or an honoured school—can only be formed in a joint society, and only in a society whose members are associated together for good. For of course no association of men who are banded together for evil purposes—such as thieves, or robbers, or highwaymen, or conspirators against the peace of a State—can ever be openly proud of their treachery or display any *esprit de corps*; although among them, too, the bonds of companionship are not without a power and influence, for every member strengthens and helps his fellow, standing by and supporting him in his sin; so that we are accustomed to say that there is honour even among thieves, by which we mean that even thieves, who are joined together by the bonds of dishonesty, are still obedient to certain rules, which, as experience has shown them, subserve the existence of their society, dishonourable though it be.

COMMON THOUGHTS

You have read in your political economy books how much may be done by co-operation and combination in manufacture, agriculture, and trade; how much better and cheaper and more quickly goods can be made, work can be done, and the difficulties of distance removed, when people combine to work together, each one of many contributing a share—though it may be a very humble share—towards a great common end.

So we see that, in every department of life, for good and, alas, also for evil, men can do much more by acting collectively than by acting singly.

I ask you to-day to consider with me how much *we* may gain by working collectively, one with another, here in this College; how much each one of you, if he will only contribute his share of co-operation, may contribute towards the great common object, the common good, which this College has in view.

I have spoken of the help which we find in this College from the companionship of mere numbers; how the mere fact that many of us are here together enables us to enjoy games and amusements which cannot be equally enjoyed by a few; enables us to have the benefit in our classes of the stimulus of comparison and emulation; and, generally, adds to all our operations the incentive of fellowship and honourable rivalry. But great as this advantage is, it is not the only, nor the chief, advantage which our numbers give to our College society. This may be called the numerical force. And there is another, the spiritual force, if I may so call it, which is of a still greater influence—the influence which character has upon character, which mind has upon mind. “As is one’s company so is the effect on one” is a common proverb which we all admit to be true; and it means of course that mind acts upon mind. Now here we are many minds together; how do we act upon one another? This is the question which I want you to consider, and to answer, with me to-day. When numbers are together, we see that each individual should

XXII—CO-OPERATION

be assisted; each individual of the whole number should contribute something to the general good: has each one of us, my friends, so contributed to the general good of this our College? We have said that, when numbers are brought together, mind acts upon mind, spirit acts upon spirit; are we conscious, my friends, that *our* minds, are we conscious that *our* spirits, have so acted on the spirits and minds of those about us as to contribute to the general good?

It is wonderful how much each one of us, the smallest and dullest almost as much as the oldest and cleverest, may do to influence his neighbours for good or for evil, and indeed to influence the whole College, by his one character alone. This I say is true of each one in this College; of the smallest as well as of the biggest. Each one of us may do a very great deal to make all the rest of us better. But true though this is of all the boys, it is especially true of the upper boys, and therefore it is especially true of *you*, to whom I am now addressing myself. I ask you, my friends of the three highest classes, to consider to-day this great responsibility which devolves on each one of you,—to help to make this whole College better. The younger boys, you may be sure, are all looking to your example, so that, to return to our original simile, the *tone* of the whole College will be as the echo of your voices. You are the leaders; they are the followers. Therefore take heed that you lead them aright.

Now to this end I ask you to act together. Be very friendly one with another, you head boys in particular, and try to combine for useful purposes so that you may be the stronger, by your union, in influencing those who look to you for guidance. If each one of the Kumars of the first three classes would but earnestly strive to do his whole duty as in God's sight, and to be good himself, and if they would only combine together in a friendly desire for the common good, it is hardly possible to over-estimate the immense influence for good which they might

COMMON THOUGHTS

exercise. *One* good Kumar in a whole College (as some of you must have noticed) exercises a marked and noble influence over all the rest; think what would be the influence of three whole classes, of fifteen or sixteen such Kumars, all combined for good. Would it not be like the best of leaven which makes the whole loaf wholesome and sweet?

So I ask you, my friends, to combine together for the common good. Will you agree to help one another and support one another in putting down anything in the College which you know is not for the College's good; will you support one another in checking low and coarse language when you hear it used, or indecent and impure conversation, or anything which in word or in deed you know must have a corrupting influence? Will you help one another, and help the masters, in exhorting the little boys to act in accordance with the College rules, to study as well as they can, to behave kindly and gently towards one another, and, in general, to behave, in thought, word and deed, as becomes Rajkumars in a Rajkumar College?

I do not wish to dictate to you *how* you are to combine. This you can settle for yourselves better than I can settle for you. But I say, Agree at least to do this, to have this much in common—never to oppose what is good; always to oppose what is evil. This is really the only way which can lead you to honour and peace. But you cannot find it, as I believe, unless you ask God to show it you—unless you have God's help.

For, as I ask you to lead the little boys, so I ask you to remember that you too have a leader, whom you must follow, if you wish to walk rightly; and that leader is God. It is God and your conscience, which is God's voice, and which, if you will listen to it, will never mislead you, I know. Cannot you co-operate one with another so as constantly to remind yourselves of these high things, so as constantly to remind yourselves of your duty to God, and to man, and of God's Holy

XXII—CO-OPERATION

Presence? You, to whom I am speaking, are all of one religion: could you not sometimes combine together to ask God's blessing on you all, and on our whole College? But here, too, I do not wish to dictate, but only to suggest. Only I ask you to combine—to combine and co-operate for the common good—to help one another—to help us all.

For I ask you to co-operate with myself also. You know it is my solemn duty, and my very heavy responsibility, to live and to work for this College, so that, if God is pleased to give it His blessing, those who live here will be better and wiser than they would be otherwise. This is the work which I have to do in common with my colleagues, and I trust God will help me to do it. But by myself I can do very little. With you to help me I can do much. Therefore I ask you, Help me, my friends, as much as ever you can. And do your best to make the College rules honoured and respected by all. If you see anything wrong, and if you cannot stop it yourself, I think that, after warning the wrong-doer, you should tell me of it. But be open and candid in all that you do. Do not say behind people's backs what you would fear to say to their faces. For I do not wish to encourage, God knows, a system of underhand spying, or reporting, or anything mean or dishonourable. I only wish to encourage what is good. Everything depends on the spirit in which a thing is done. And if you see anything in the College which you know I should not approve, I think it is your duty to tell me plainly, not in a spirit of ill-will towards your neighbour, or of personal vindictiveness or spite, but simply for the general good, which the wrong you have noticed must tend to mar.

So I ask you to co-operate with one another, with the masters, and with myself. And our co-operation is sure to be pleasant, if we work together to do what is right.

XXIII

Time

"Some take no thought of the value of money until they have come to an end of it, and many do the same with their time. The hours are allowed to flow by unemployed, and then, when life is fast waning, they bethink themselves of the duty of making a wiser use of it. But the habit of listlessness and idleness may already have become confirmed, and they are unable to break the bonds with which they have permitted themselves to become bound. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone for ever."

Smiles's "Self-Help."

20th January, 1889.

A FORTNIGHT ago I asked you the question, How shall we best use this year's opportunities? And I spoke of method and earnestness as means which may well be adopted by us all. I propose now to speak, in greater detail, on the use of some of life's common opportunities, and especially on the use of these five: (1) Time, (2) Money, (3) Health, (4) Enjoyment, (5) Meditation. Let us first consider the use of time: this will be sufficient for us to-day.

Time, as we know it, is only for this world. It is a term by which we express the finite operations of mortal existence. It is a natural regular order which helps us to arrange our lives in a regular orderly manner. But it is through the conditions which limit our mortality that we have the limits of space and time. Where—as with God—there are no limits, where there is no end and no beginning, the idea of time can have no existence. For time is finite,

XXIII—TIME

and God is infinite. Time is for this world, and only for this world. As our earth is but a speck in the boundless immensity of space, so time is but a little drop rounded out of the infinite ocean of eternity. And this thought, it seems to me, is shadowed forth in the vast, almost incomprehensible, periods into which the old records of Hindu antiquity have divided the *Yugas*.¹ The *Satya Yuga* is said to have lasted one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years; the *Tretā Yuga* to have lasted one million two hundred and ninety-six thousand years; the *Dvāpara Yuga* to have lasted eight hundred and sixty-four thousand years; and the *Kali Yuga* is to last four hundred and thirty-two thousand years, of which nearly five thousand have passed away. Such enormous periods, greater in length as nearer to the divine beginning, are surely due to a perception of the truth that time has no meaning in the things of God, with whom "a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years."²

But for us time *has* a meaning, and a great meaning. It means the measure and capacity of this life which leads us to that other life where time shall be no more. It means that arrangement and division of life—of life's conditions and life's opportunities—which, if rightly observed, helps us to fulfil the duties which life imposes on all. Are we using our time rightly? Are we spending it thoughtfully and carefully? Are we employing it, to the fullest extent, to do our duty to man and to God? These are important and serious questions, and their answers should not be delayed. Even while we answer, the moments are passing, the time for profitable action is going; each second is taking something away from us, something of life, something of opportunity, and hurrying us onwards towards eternity.

¹ The four ages answering to the golden, silver, brazen, and iron of the Europeans.

² Compare with this a day of Brahmā, which is ten thousand "*Kali Yugas*," or 4,320,000,000 years.

COMMON THOUGHTS

Surely, my friends, in view of the immense, the eternal importance of our use of time, we cannot better employ a few minutes, as we rise from our beds in the calm of each morning, than in seriously considering each one with himself, How shall I best spend to-day?

Every moment is precious; and every moment has its own duty, its own opportunity. Every misspent moment means something lost; and it means something *irreparably* lost, for that opportunity can never return. Therefore, while we have time, we must be active and busy, knowing that time is a great responsibility for which we must give account to God. Perfection is not within human reach; and never to waste a single moment,—so to apportion our sleeping, our waking, our travelling, our meals, our work, our recreation, that no single moment shall ever be lost; that each and every act shall be done in the very best possible manner,—this would, I say, be to live without sin,—to lead a life impossible to man. Yet this should be the ideal of each of us, the goal to which we should seek to attain; and he who nearest approaches this goal is the man who in all places and in all ages will be regarded as best.

How, then, shall we conform to this ideal? That is not a question which I can answer by saying, Do this, or, Do that. There is no royal road to perfection, nor any common by-path into it. The same course is not always right for all, and much will depend on each one's circumstances. Only I can give you one general advice—the same which I gave in my first address: Try always to realise God's Holy Presence, and to live in His sight, doing His work; and, according as you succeed in that endeavour, you are sure so far to spend your life rightly.

I will, however, suggest to you also a few further practical considerations, which also belong to that habit of method which I recommended a fortnight ago.

Divide your days into parts, and live with as much regularity as you can. By way of illustrating my meaning

XXIII—TIME

I will give you the help of a great example, whose history, written by himself, you can all read if you will.

Benjamin Franklin began life a destitute stranger in the town of Philadelphia, at the age of seventeen, with only one dollar in his pocket. By his own personal intelligence and industry he rose to be "one of the most eminent journalists, diplomatists, statesmen, and philosophers of his time," and he died, at the age of eighty-four, "by far the most widely known and the most eminent of Americans."¹

He owed his success to himself. He died close upon a century ago, in 1790. "Since then, as in life, his fame has gone on increasing. No American has ever received such varied and extensive homage from his countrymen. There is no State in the United States, and there are few counties, that have not a town called Franklin (Ohio has nineteen of them); scarce a town that does not boast of its Franklin Street, or its Franklin Square, or its Franklin hotel, or its Franklin bank, or its Franklin Insurance Company, and so on; his bust, or portrait, is everywhere; and some sort of a monument of Franklin is among the attractions of almost every large city."²

No doubt he was a man of exceptional ability: no doubt he had great natural strength; but what characterised him more than anything else was his careful use of time. At one time, he tells us, reading was the only amusement he allowed himself. He spent no time in taverns, games or frolics of any kind; and his industry in business—the business of a printing-house—was indefatigable. He drew out a list of virtues in which he constantly examined himself, and, one of these virtues being "order," he made for himself a "scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day" so that "every part of his business should have its allotted time."

¹ "Encyclopædia Britannica."—*C. M.*

² *Ibid.*—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

This scheme I will give you now; each one of us should make something like it for himself.

	HOURS	
MORNING	5.	Rise, wash, and address God.
The Question. What good shall I do this day?	6	Contrive day's business, and take the resolution of the day.
	7	Prosecute the present study, and breakfast.
	8	
	9	Work.
	10	
	11	
	12	Read, or look over accounts, and dine.
NOON	1	
	2	Work.
	3	
AFTERNOON	4	
	5	
	6	Put things in their places.
EVENING	7	Supper. Music, or diversion, or conversation. Examination of the day.
The Question. What good have I done to-day?	8	
	9	
	10	
	11	
	12	
	1	Sleep.
NIGHT	2	
	3	
	4	

Now a scheme of this kind will be quite as useful, and even more easy, for us here in India, where the hours of the day are naturally divided into different portions for different occupations. Both the climate and custom are strongly in favour of early sleeping and early rising. Therefore, whether in summer or winter, you will be wise to go to bed early, and to rise with the sun. And we need not sleep more than is necessary,—only each one must sleep (each can tell for himself) as much as his health and

XXHI—TIME

his strength require ; and, in general, we may say that young and old people require more rest than those of middle age. Also, there is some truth in the saying that one hour's sleep before midnight is equal to two hours' sleep after midnight ; so, from this point of view, the earlier we sleep (within reasonable limits) the better ; for, from this point of view, early sleep does something more than invigorate our bodies,—it also saves our time.

I believe that we are all agreed that it is in the early calm of the dawn that our minds are in the fittest state for contemplation and meditation. Therefore we all shall do well to rise early and to give the first thoughts of each day to God. The climate of India also is such that only in the mornings and evenings can we take outdoor exercise. Therefore take exercise every morning—riding, walking, running, cricket, lawn-tennis, shooting—whatever you please. Your mind will be better and fresher all day for such early exercise in the morning ; and your bodily health will thereby be maintained. Then, in the hot hours of the midday, when we cannot go out in the sun—the hours from 10 in the morning to 4 or 5 in the afternoon—appoint set hours for set occupations, for reading, writing, and business. Do not sleep in the daytime. Surely our lives are short enough without wasting large pieces of them in that way ; and sleep in the daytime does no good, but rather does harm, to the body. From 10 to 4 or 5 is six or seven hours, and to these, or at any rate to the best part of these, you should devote the business, or study, which is the main work of your life. For such of you as will hereafter have to administer large estates the business of your life will be plain and arduous, as well as honourable. And those of you who have no such business, nor any official or public duty, I advise to engage in some regular study which will enlarge and strengthen your faculties, and devote your attention to that. And study, if you are so happy as to have a freedom of choice, whatever you have a special taste for, whatever you most desire

COMMON THOUGHTS

to know. Have you a taste for Natural History? Give your chief attention to that. Or for History? Read about that. Or Geology? Read about that. Or for Music? Cultivate that. Or for Botany and Horticulture? Read about that. Or for Geography? Read books of adventure, and scientific travels. There are hundreds of books on all these subjects—and on a hundred other subjects—which may well fill your time, enlarge your ideas, strengthen your character, and make you a help to your fellow-men.

And of course my advice of a fortnight ago—Do all you do with all your might—applies to these occupations also. In general, you will do with your might that for which you have natural aptitude and taste.

So have some fixed definite time for reading, and for writing also; and keep to these times regularly. Good work is hardly ever done haphazard, but those who are busiest find spare moments to do work beyond their business as well. And so it is a common saying that only busy people have leisure.

Write as well as read. Especially, I advise you, Be very careful to answer letters, both official and private; and be careful to set apart a portion of each day for this purpose. We think it rude not to answer a person if he speaks to us. Is it not equally rude not to answer a person who addresses us in writing?

Also keep a diary. Write down every day a short account of what you have done. This will help you to take note of your actions, to see how your life is being spent. You may write as little as you please at first; but write something every day; and you will find that your interest in the writing will increase, and you will write more as time goes on. Take note, if you please, not only of what you do, but of what you see and hear of interest. You might notice the plants, and birds, and other animals, which you see all around you; at what seasons some birds come and go, what trees shed their leaves, and other such facts

XXIII—TIME

which may strike you as interesting. Such diaries will give you great pleasure hereafter, as records of time which is past; for the present, too, they will give you some profit, and help you to spend your life wisely.

Lastly, not only *do* things, but also *have* things *in order*. You see in Benjamin Franklin's scheme one of the points which he has noticed is, Put things in their proper places. This is a very important matter, for this, too, will save a great deal of time. Let everything be where you know you can find it. I myself am afraid to think how much time I have lost in searching for mislaid books.

So, while time is with us, let us use it; for soon it will be with us no longer. We can only work while it is day—while the light of life shines on us; the night is coming—the night of death—when our working days will be over. Let our constant endeavour be so to live now as we shall wish we had lived when our life is finished. Bear this in mind, my friends, very solemnly. What a happy memory will it be for us if, when we have to leave this world, we can feel that we have not wasted our time, that our life has been spent in doing our duty! How sad, on the other hand, will be the retrospect if we look back on opportunities wasted, on days and years misspent, on occasions devoted to selfish indulgence which might have been devoted to the welfare of our neighbours, on hours devoted to selfishness and sin which might have been devoted to God and His work! It will then be too late to repair our errors. We shall then have to realise, in the words of the poet—and to realise with everlasting regret—that

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been."

Whittier's "Maud Muller."

XXIV

Money

"The right use and conscientious appreciation of money is the pivot upon which society turns."

"To be able to earn money, or, failing that, to know how to keep it, and to use it wisely and well, is one of the greatest blessings that can happen to any man. The man who has money has always the power—the divinest power a man can possess—of making those about him happy."

*(Adapted from the Authorship of
"John Halifax, Gentleman.")*

27th January, 1889.

MONEY, in our books on political economy, is defined to be "a measure of value, and a medium of exchange."

What is the value which money measures? In general, I think, we may safely answer, It measures the value of human ability: it measures human merit. All the money and all the wealth of the world represents a vast accumulated store of man's labour, and intellectual skill, exerted on the natural products of the ground.

For think how money first began. It did not, as we understand it now, begin with the beginning of mankind. In every nation and every land there was a time—the beginning of history—when people lived a savage life, and were ignorant of the use of money. It is so even at this day in some uncivilised countries. There people live in a savage way, each one for his own savage self, each one supplying his own savage needs. He catches his own food,

XXIV—MONEY

makes his own clothing, builds his own shelter. But his wants are very few—like those of the wild beasts with whom he associates—and they are supplied in a very rough way. He has no comforts, and he has no money.

But though men may all be wild and savage, they will not be all alike: one will have more skill in hunting, another in making clothes, another in building huts, another in tilling the ground. So the hunter will give some of his game to the clothes-maker for clothes, the hut-builder will make a hut in return for the food which the cultivator gives him. We have not yet arrived at money, but this is where money, the idea of it, begins. For this, you see, is exchange—of one thing for another—and money is “a medium of exchange.”

You see, too, that the things exchanged are the things which man by his ability—even by his savage ability—has been able to acquire for himself. And what I want to insist on is that it is the ablest and the best—the best in hunting, the best in clothes-making, the best in building, the best in cultivating—who have most property to exchange, who by their labour and their skill have produced most of the necessities and the comforts of life. So it was in the beginning of all nations, and so it is still.

But, mark, such property will not be property unless those who have it can keep it. It will be of little good to labour unless we enjoy the fruits of our labour. No industrious person will work for that of which any idle robber may plunder him. And so in all communities everywhere, people, seeing their common advantage, have combined to make laws to secure all property to those who have made it for themselves, or are rightly entitled to it. It is only when such laws are made, when the rights of property are so observed, that property will have any value, or people will care to acquire things that they may exchange them one with another. This is the beginning of all society, of all civilisation.

Now note again—what I said before—that all this

COMMON THOUGHTS

property, thus protected, is the result of human labour. Whether it be food obtained in the chase, or a coat, or a house, or corn from the fields, somebody must have worked to produce it: it could not have been produced otherwise.

I do not say that each man's property has been acquired by his *own* labour. It may have been—and it often has been—acquired by his ancestors, or by his father, or by some other of his relations, or by somebody else. But I say that if property exist anywhere, to whomsoever it may belong, it has been produced by human labour, and that, therefore, property, more or less, is a measure, more or less, of human labour.

I fear you will think this discourse very dull. It is indeed a few leaves out of your school-books. But I want you to get at the meaning of money, at which we shall now, I hope, soon arrive.

For people, who have goods to exchange, will be much inconvenienced unless there be something—something in common and of permanent value—for which they can exchange their goods easily. Such a thing in common is money. I will quote a few words from your "Money-matters," a very good little book, written by the great Archbishop Whately. "If there was no such thing as money, we should be much at a loss to get anything we may want. The shoemaker, for instance, who might want bread" (or other food) "for his family, would have nothing to give in exchange but shoes. He must go to the baker, and offer him a pair of shoes for as much bread as they were worth, and he must do the same thing if he went to the sellers of other food.

"But the baker might happen not to want shoes just then, though he might want a hat. Then the shoemaker must find out some hatter who wanted shoes; and get a hat from him, and then exchange the hat with the baker for bread.

"All this would be very troublesome. But by the use

XXIV—MONEY

of money this trouble is saved. Any one who has money may get for it just what he may chance to want."

Money need not be gold, silver or copper, nor need it be metal of any kind. Only it must be something convenient, which people in general desire to have. It might be milk, or oranges, or it might be precious stones; but milk and oranges would not keep well, and precious stones would be easily lost. In some parts, you know, they use cowries, small shells which are found on the sea-coasts of India. But all civilised nations have long been agreed that gold, silver and copper are most suitable for money, because these metals, more than all other things, are convenient in value, in substance, and in size. Gold and silver are valuable in themselves, because they are not easily found, and because they can, like precious stones, be made into many beautiful ornaments. All the gold and silver which exist in the world have been produced (like other things) by human enterprise, labour and skill: and, therefore, when we pay rupees for rice, we give the results of human labour, as represented by money, for the results of human labour, as represented by rice. This is what I meant when I said at the beginning that all our money, whatever we have, is a measure of so much human ability. And, as it represents ability in the past, so it commands ability in the present, for it can always be exchanged for the labour, the skill, and the wisdom of men. Therefore, you see, money is a real thing, and means real merit, which lives and endures. Of course it may be abused, as all other good things may be abused: it may be used for evil purposes, or it may be wasted in folly or sin. But money in itself is a good thing; it is a great and good power on earth; and, in the case of him who has earned it, generally means merit in its possessor. So you see that, though the old saying is true, "Money makes the man," it is also true that "Man makes the money."

By "a man of money" I mean a *rich* man; a man of wealth; a man of property. Money alone cannot be called

COMMON THOUGHTS

wealth; for money by itself, if we cannot exchange it, does not add to our comfort or convenience. But as our money, under ordinary circumstances, can be easily exchanged for wealth or property—for the comforts or conveniences, or luxuries of life—it comes to mean, in ordinary language, the same as wealth or riches. It is therefore on the use of wealth or riches—in other words, on the spending of money—that I wish to add a few words now. I wish to speak to you of the great responsibilities, of the great duties as well as great pleasures, which the possession of money brings with it.

All of you, to whom I am speaking, will hereafter have more or less money. Some of you will be very rich. Some of you have much money now. Be careful to spend your money wisely. And on you this obligation is the greater, because your money has not been obtained by your own labour and your own ability. The estates, of which some of you are landlords or rulers, have been won by the skill or valour of your ancestors, of whom you may worthily be proud, for they must have been greater than common men. It is of their merits and greatness that you now enjoy the fruits; and, as you have inherited the fruits of their labour, so you have inherited the responsibilities which greatness always brings with it. See that you prove yourselves worthy of them; that you be great as they were. One way in which you may show your greatness is by spending your money properly—not on yourselves, but on others, and especially on the good of your ryots, from whose labour it is now mostly derived.

Money in itself does not constitute happiness, though many live as though they considered the making of money to be the end of life. And so some people spend their whole lives in a futile endeavour to get money—rightly or wrongly, no matter how, so long as they get it somehow. Such poor people—for with all their money they are poor indeed—deceive themselves greatly, and mistake the shadow for the substance. Money alone is not happiness;

XXIV—MONEY

the restless thirst for it is utter misery; money is only happiness when it is joined with contentment. Therefore be satisfied with little beyond what is needed for your natural requirements, and live for men, but not for money.

So, too, in spending, as in acquiring, live for others, but not for yourself. Of course those who hold high rank, or authority, are bound to spend something in maintaining their position. This is perfectly right and proper. It is, I may even say, a necessary part of that use of money for which they are responsible. But decide how much you should spend on yourself, and limit yourself to that: anything more than that will belong not to you, but to those of whom you are the steward.

Money has its dangers. One great danger is pride. Money often leads men to be proud, and to think themselves better than their fellows, when really they have no merit at all, except the power which money gives them. Sometimes people, because they are rich, become so elated with their own importance that they think their very faults to be virtues, their foolishness to be wisdom. They deem themselves to be above law, to be above God's law as well as man's. What shall we think of such miserable egotists? Shall we not despise them as pitifully poor, and utterly destitute of all true riches?

Another danger is flattery, which of course leads to pride and self-conceit, and so to self-indulgence, and gratification of the lowest desires. If money makes us think richly of ourselves, then the less money we have the better. Hear what the great Roman philosopher Epictetus says on this subject: "If I can acquire money and also keep myself modest, and faithful, and magnanimous, point out the way, and I will acquire it. But if you ask me to lose the things which are good and my own, in order that you may gain the things which are not good"—(that is, that I may have money to give you)—"see how unfair and silly you are!"¹

¹ Long's Translation of "Epictetus," p. 388.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

The same philosopher also tells us that "Wealth is not one of the good things ; great expenditure is one of the bad ; moderation is one of the good things. And moderation invites to frugality and the acquisition of good things : but wealth invites to great expenditure, and draws us away from moderation. It is difficult, then, for a rich man to be moderate, or for a moderate man to be rich." And, again, "It is not poverty which produces sorrow, but desire ; nor does wealth release from fear, but reason" (that is, wisdom). "If, then, you acquire this power of reasoning, you will neither desire wealth nor complain of poverty."¹

So you see the rich man is beset with dangers from which the poor man is comparatively free. I do not think it can be affirmed that the poor man is not the happier of the two.

Nevertheless, if rightly used, money is a blessed thing. The difficulty is to use it rightly. But the greatness is equal to the difficulty, and certainly the good man who is rich is greater than the good man who is poor.

You who have money, be kind, be generous, do all you can to remedy the miseries which surround you on every side. Help the deserving, comfort the sick, relieve the distress of the poor. So doing you will be rich indeed ; this is the true glory and grandeur of money.

I should like to add one further caution taken from the writings of the wise lady² whom I quoted at the beginning. "There is such a thing as ignoble economy as well as noble extravagance. He who stints his servants in wages or food ; who goes shabbily clad, when his station and means require him to please the world and his family by being dressed like a gentleman ; who worries himself and his family by trying always to save when he can well afford to spend, is deserving of the severest blame. Money

¹ Long's "Epictetus," pp. 409, 411.—*C. M.*

² Mrs. Craik, the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman."—*C. M.*

XXIV—MONEY

is meant not for hoarding, but for using ; the aim of life should be to use it in the right way—to spend as much as we can lawfully spend, both upon ourselves and others. And sometimes it is better to do this in our lifetime, when we can see that it is well spent, than to leave it to the chance spending of those who come after us. Let us guard, on the one hand, against a prudence which degenerates into mere worrying, and, on the other, against an economy which becomes culpable narrowness.”

Saadi¹ will give us one word in conclusion :

“ If thou would'st have enjoyment of thy worldly wealth,
Do thou good to others, as God has done good to thee.”

“ Gulistán,” viii. 2.

A Persian poet.

XXV

Health

"Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."

("Pray for a healthy body and a healthy mind.")

Juvenal, "Sat.," x. 356.

3rd February, 1889.

THE above famous words of the Roman poet Juvenal, written nearly eighteen centuries ago, mean of course that health is one of the greatest blessings a mortal can desire. And truly, my friends, this matter of health is a matter of vital importance indeed. For nothing impedes our mortal endeavours so much as unsoundness and weakness of body, and not only the vigour of our intellects but many moral qualities also—such, for instance, as courage, calmness, evenness and sweetness of temper—depend very much on that bodily health which is one of God's best gifts to men. And yet, I think, there are very few of us—and especially of those among us who are young—who esteem this great blessing at its real value, who realise what a vast deal depends on this priceless boon of health and strength. Please listen to the excellent advice upon this point given by the great teacher, Carlyle, to the students of Edinburgh University in the year 1866:

"Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one. In the midst of your zeal and ardour—

XXV.—HEALTH

for such, I foresee, will rise high enough, in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you,—remember the care of health. I have no doubt you have among you young souls ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; but you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider, that health is a thing to be attended to continually; that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, 'Why, is there no sleep to be sold!' Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

"It is a curious thing, which I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for 'holy' in the Teutonic languages, *heilig*, also means 'healthy.' . . . I find that you could not get any better definition of what 'holy' really is than 'healthy.' Completely healthy; *mens sana in corpore sano*. A man all lucid, and in equilibrium. His intellect a clear mirror geometrically plane, brilliantly sensitive to all objects and impressions made on it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions; not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation: healthy, clear, and free, and discerning truly all round him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation that will last a long while: if, for instance, you are going to write a book—you cannot manage it (at least, I never could) without getting decidedly made ill by it; and really one nevertheless must; if it is your business, you are obliged to follow out what you are at, and to do it, if even at the expense of health. Only remember, at all

COMMON THOUGHTS

times, to get back as fast as possible out of it into health ; and regard that as the real equilibrium and centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig* which means 'holy' as well as 'healthy.'"

I have given you a long extract, but I could not have given you a better one. You cannot lay those words of Carlyle's too deeply to heart. In respect of what he says about study—"intellectual operation," he calls it, such, for instance, as writing a book—I wish to give you one particular caution: Be very careful of your eyesight. I do not think there is very much fear that you will overtax your brains, but you may overtax your eyes, especially if you read at night. Experience has shown that reading at night, either with too little or too much light, has often had an injurious effect on the eyes of Indian students. It is likely that the glare of the Indian sun may predispose our eyes to weakness ; but certainly, if such weakness exist, reading by a bad lamp-light increases it. "A recent inquiry at Bombay showed that a large proportion of the young men in a Government College were near-sighted. This was mainly ascribed to their studying by small lights at night, which compelled them to hold their books close to the eye. A sufficiency of light should, if possible, always be obtained. Excess of light is also hurtful, and some students now injure their eyes by placing glaring kerosene lamps right before them. The best position for a light is on the left-hand side, above the student."¹

Now several of the Kumars of this College have suffered, as you know, from weakness of eyesight. Therefore I advise you, as far as possible, to read by day and not by night ; and such reading as you must do after dark do by the aid of a full, but soft, light.

Good health is a duty as well as a pleasure. It is a duty because it depends very much on our own will and

¹ From Murdoch's "Indian Student's Manual," published at Madras, 1887.—C. M.

XXV—HEALTH

choice ; and yet it is a pleasure which very often we blindly and willingly cast away. How very often we make ourselves ill by our own carelessness and imprudence ! How foolishly we pamper our appetites, greedily eating what we know to be injurious, simply because it is pleasant to the taste !

So, too, in all desires of the body which we gratify, though we know them to be wrong. By gratifying them we make ourselves ill, and diminish our whole stock of energy and power ; and, by wasting in this way our natural health, we waste and shorten our lives. This is a thought which deserves grave attention, if we will but attend to it : it is a very grave matter indeed. And considering what a poor thing, in comparison, is the temporary enjoyment which we derive from the gratification of our appetites, is it not wonderful that we so often sacrifice the priceless blessing of health in exchange for it ?

I am not now speaking of all conditions either of men or of boys. Some are born to be delicate and weak, and others have lost their health through accident, or by circumstances which they could not control. The lives of such persons, even the feeblest, may still be most useful, and full of blessing : they may even be full of a strength of their own—the moral strength born of physical weakness and patient submission to the will of God.

But rather I am speaking of the blessing of that health which you and most young men possess, and of the duty, as well as the wisdom, of preserving it carefully. This is one of life's great opportunities, for the use of which you are responsible. Are you conscious of this responsibility ; are you careful to discharge it properly ?

There are, in this matter, two main safeguards : temperance and purity. You know very well the folly of intemperance—the pain and misery which ensue from excessive gratification of the bodily appetites. You know the effects of excessive indulgence in intoxicating drugs and alcoholic liquors, forbidden alike by all religions and by

COMMON THOUGHTS

common sense, which not only tends to shorten man's life, but makes it, while it lasts, vile and contemptible.

Living here in Kathiawar, we have all seen the baneful effects of opium. It is awful to think of the infatuated multitude who are daily wasting their money and vitality in the consumption of this drug. I will read you some remarks on this subject which lately appeared in a Bombay newspaper, and which do not, I think, exaggerate the evil. "The part of the Bombay Presidency," it says, "in which opium-eating most prevails is the plains of Gujarát and Kathiawar." "In Gujarát the practice is universal, except among the Bori cultivators, we believe. Kunbis, Girássiás, Rájpúts, Kolis are all, more or less, opium-eaters." "In almost any village of Gujarát, if not in all, you may see among the Hindus the listless apathetic manner and dull sleepy eye of the opium-eater." "These people ask but little food. Opium-eaters have no appetite. They will work just as much as they are compelled to do in order to procure their drug. Ask them why their fields are uncultivated or half-tilled, and they say, 'Look at the labour we should have to undertake.' They listlessly drag one foot after another, silent and half-asleep. In one village the reply given to an inquirer, who asked if the people were well off, was, 'How could we be when opium is so dear?' No wonder the active little Marathas walked through this country. More than half the out-lawry of the province is due to opium-smuggling. When the cultivators have managed to keep to a certain extent free from the opium-fiend they are invariably well off. Still there is not, we believe, a single village where there are not a large number who are given to it, and there are numbers where the abstainer is the exception. The people admit the evil of the habit, but they can no more help taking opium than the habitual drunkard can do without liquor." "The opium-eater's very life depends upon his drug. Its effects are always upon him from early morn till night. He lives only when he is drugged ;

XXV—HEALTH

without his poison he is not alive. The enormous artificial price of opium, due to its being a Government monopoly, has had no effect in decreasing the habit." "Opium does not kill the body as alcohol does; it kills the mind, and the intellect, and the soul, and renders the body useless."¹

That, I fear, is a true picture of a large part of the labouring population—especially of the Rájput and Káthi population—who inhabit Kathiawar; though among the better and higher classes I hope and believe that the use of this drug is not so common as it was formerly. Still among the higher and educated classes the use of opium is not unknown, nor is the use of alcohol. And both these things, opium and alcohol, taken habitually in excess, are poisons which destroy a man's life, and take his health and manhood from him. It may be true—I have heard it said—that, if of late years the habit of opium-eating has somewhat decreased in India, yet, on the other hand, there has been some increase in the equally health-destroying habit of drinking. On this point I cannot speak with certainty. We have all seen examples of the evil of drinking: but the evil cannot be said to be a modern one. Only let me ask you to be careful of yourselves—to be very careful indeed. And, as you will, many of you, enjoy positions of influence and authority, I beg you to check, as far as you can, not only in yourselves, but in all who surround you, anything which in the slightest degree may tend towards habits of intemperance. Resolve, I advise you, never to take spirituous liquors of any kind. You, who have not been accustomed to them, will be better in health without them. "Granting that the use of pure wine"—I am quoting, as before, from the little book published in Madras—"would not be injurious in great moderation, it is much the safer and wiser course for young men in India to imitate the example of their ancestors in confining them,

¹ *Times of India*, 10th December, 1888.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

selves to water. Many who resolved at the commencement to drink only moderately have become victims to intemperance; but this can never happen to the man who altogether abstains from strong drink. Never acquire the habit, and the want will never be felt."

That is true of wine and spirits; that is true of opium also. *Never acquire the habit, and the want will never be felt.*

I have spoken at some length on these forms of intemperance, for intoxicating stimulants are, I fear, the commonest means by which health is ruined. They are the commonest causes of unsoundness both in body and mind. And does it not, my friends, seem a sort of madness and a wilful insanity that men should thus bind themselves, body and soul, with the chains of intemperance and imbecility? Is not the drunkard—whether he be opium-eater or drunkard—dead while he lives,—dead to his duty, dead to the world, dead for every useful purpose? And is not he who voluntarily puts himself under the influence of spirits or opium guilty, in his senses, of an awful sin? Is he not guilty of voluntary suicide?

My friends, when we think of the evil effects of opium and spirituous drink in this country, of the waste of health and money and time, which have resulted, and are resulting, from intemperance and intoxication, must we not believe it would be a great blessing—a public blessing throughout the land—if every one in this province would vow never, except under medical advice, either to taste a grain of opium or drink a drop of alcohol? And would it not be to the public benefit and national advantage if Temperance Societies should be formed in Kathiawar, similar to those which exist in England, similar to that which, I understand, has lately been formed at Ahmedabad? If such a society could be formed in Rajwada, with the chiefs of Rajwada as its members and supporters, what a powerful influence it would be! Will you think over this suggestion? I do not see why it should not be practicable.

XXV—HEALTH

But there is a temperance in eating as well as in drinking ; and this too must be observed, if we wish to have good health. Benjamin Franklin, on whose rules of life I have spoken to you before, says, on this head, "Eat not to dullness," as well as "Drink not to elevation." Good health is best nourished on plain, simple food : it is nourished also on moderation.

Our friend, Mr. Máneklál,¹ has kindly given me the following *sloka* (verse) on this subject : "A man must take his meals by stated weight, because measure is calculated to beget appetite. Wise men have so laid down the measure (of meals) that the food may be easily digested, and this is called due measure."

I believe the Hindus have a saying that, if three-fourths of our hunger be appeased, this is a wholesome satisfaction. To that I may add this Mahomedan story from the "Gulistán." It is recorded of Ardashír Babukán, one of the wisest Persian kings, that he once asked an Arabian doctor how much he should eat in the course of a day. The answer was that a hundred direms' weight would be sufficient. The king asked how he could be nourished on so little food. "That amount," said the doctor, "is enough to support you ; whatever more you eat you must carry. We eat in order to live and praise God ; you believe that you live in order to eat."² It is recorded of the great Akbar, whose body was as vigorous as his mind, that he was remarkably "sober and abstemious," refraining from animal food one day in four.

Physical exercise is another matter conducive to the maintenance of good health. I think it is especially conducive in India. For there is something in the Indian climate which certainly tends to make people torpid. Every one who has lived in India knows the effects of the noontide glare, when the very atmosphere seems to tremble

¹ The first assistant master.

² "Gulistán," chap. iii. 6.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

in a fiery haze. The tendency of those hot midday hours is, if we yield to it, to lead us

“To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory;”

a tendency to which the inhabitants of India have always been too prone.

But I think this tendency is more to be noticed among those who live sedentary lives than among those whose occupation compels them to labour and physical exertion. The labouring classes are, for the most part, physically active and healthy and strong. I think we may, therefore, be assured that the heat of India is not unhealthy if, by active habits and exercise, we be careful to resist the inclination to lassitude. Lord Derby's remark to students in England is not less applicable in India, that “those who can find no time for outdoor exercise will have to find time for being ill.”

The second safeguard I mentioned was purity. Of this I have spoken on a previous occasion.¹ Purity is closely allied to temperance; it can hardly exist without it. Purity of body as well as of mind—frequent bathing and cleanliness—this is a necessary accompaniment of health, and is part of the Hindu virtue, Pavitratá.² There is nothing more holy and healthy, in all this world, than purity. On the other hand, nothing does more to injure the body and soul than impurity. Do remember this, my friends. Manu, speaking of one form of impurity, says that “it does more than anything else to shorten a man's life in this world.”

¹ In an address not included in this volume.

² Purity.

XXVI

Enjoyment

*"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"*
Browning's "Saul."

10th February, 1889.

LIFE, for those who choose to enjoy it, is not a dull round of labour and sorrow: for them it is rather "a continual feast"¹ on the brightness and beauty which everywhere surrounds them. The world is full of delight, if we will but accept and enjoy it; there is always something to interest us, if we will but see it; there is always something to engage our admiration, if we will but admire it; there are friendships and sympathy, kindness and love, if we will but open our hearts and receive them. Of course we all have troubles, but we all have joys as well; and he makes the best use of life's opportunities who bears its sorrows bravely, and enjoys its pleasures fully and thankfully. And so, as Sir John Lubbock tells us in his "Pleasures of Life," there is a Duty of Happiness as well as a Happiness of Duty.

It is our duty to make the most of the manifold enjoyments within our reach. And yet perhaps there is no duty which we more frequently miss. Most of us, I fear, make the most of our troubles; perhaps we even exaggerate

¹ "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."
Proverbs of Solomon, xv. 15.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

them : but we do not make the most of our joys,—we do not even notice or recognise many of the pleasures which are ready to our hands. This is surely a great mistake. Of how many happinesses we wilfully deprive ourselves, simply because we omit to take them, in our daily life ! It is not the great joys or great sorrows which make a life happy or miserable ; it is the common everyday pleasures, or the common everyday trials, which give to our lives their brightness or gloom. And these everyday pleasures are closely connected with the way in which we look at things,—in other words, with our own characters. A happy, genial, healthy character—for this faculty of enjoyment depends a good deal on the health of which I spoke last week—is a joy to itself and to all who behold it. And in respect to the meaning “holy,” which comes of the same word as “healthy,” Carlyle says, in continuation of the extract I read you from him last Sunday : “What a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, who have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house. It has indeed got ugly things in it ; but there is an eternal sky over it ; and the blessed sunshine, the green of prophetic spring, and rich *harvests* coming—all this is in it too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy wisely what his Maker has given.”

“Let not the blessings we receive daily from God,” says an old English writer,¹ “make us not to value or not praise Him because they be common ; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains ; and this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily.”

So let us “be merry and wise” according to the proverb : there is no reason why we should not be cheerful when

¹ Isaac Walton : quoted by Sir John Lubbock in “The Pleasures of Life.”—*C. M.*

XXVI—ENJOYMENT

God has placed us in this beautiful world with so many blessings richly to enjoy. Sorrow, of course, will come; but let us look on the brighter side, and make the best of things, giving gladness to others (which is the great thing) by being glad ourselves. "God has made all men to be happy," says an old philosopher;¹ "therefore, if any one is unhappy, his unhappiness is his own fault." "There are some miserable fellows," says Emerson, "who see a black star always riding through the light and coloured clouds in the sky overhead; waves of light pass over and hide it for a moment, but the black star keeps fast in the zenith. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. . . . An old French verse runs in my translation :

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived."²

So writes Emerson; and we, I am sure, must agree with him that it is part of our duty to ourselves as well as to our neighbour to make life and nature as happy as we can. I am sure, too, we must agree with him that many of our worries are purely imaginary; they only exist in our morbid fancies. And whether they really exist or not, still behind the darkest cloud shines the sun, the sun of God's light, and God's love; if we can keep that thought in our mind, our lives will be better as well as brighter.

What enjoyment there is, too, apart from the duty, in giving enjoyment to others, in making others happy! Time so enjoyed can never be wasted; but, rather, it is doubly fruitful,—fruitful to the giver and to the receiver. And what special opportunity for enjoyment of this kind, not double but a thousand-fold, lies in the future of some of you! Those whom God has placed over their fellows have

¹ Epictetus.—*C. M.*

² "Conduct of Life," chap. vii.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

in this world opportunities of happiness such as only a few can possess. See that you miss not this high privilege. Especially be careful not to waste your time. For your time is more precious than that of most men, as it is richer in opportunity. Never mind how hard you work so long as it is for your people's good; such labour is its own delight, and your highest satisfaction. Believe me, my friends, there is no happiness so great as that of making others happy. No one, I think, can enjoy life more than he who has a generous heart and large means of gratifying its humane impulses.

Life has enjoyments for the head as well as for the heart. And these too we often miss, through our own carelessness. We miss them, for instance, in neglecting to study; for, in this matter, he who knows most, enjoys most. Think of the boundless field of enjoyment which lies before you in reading, in books! And yet how comparatively little do we know of this vast region of happiness. I think it is especially true of India that people read, as a rule, very little, and so miss some of life's richest opportunities. I fear it is true that books, as a rule, are not valued in India as they should be. Yet consider what books may mean for us: they mean for us all that is greatest and best in human experience, past and present. With books we may sit at home and visit the remotest countries without fatigue. With books we may quietly talk, face to face, with all the teachers, philosophers, poets, warriors, statesmen, whom the world has known; we may be taught by their experience, we may be raised by their greatness. Through books we may know and love the noblest minds and characters of the world. So should they not be our constant companions and most trusted friends? "I have friends," said the Italian poet Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honours for their knowledge of

XXVI—ENJOYMENT

the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society."¹

It is wonderful to think how much profit and pleasure of the very highest kind you may get from a little book which easily goes into your pocket.

Perhaps there is no such refined enjoyment, common alike to the rich and the poor, as that which may be derived from reading. There are many good books in Gujaráti; but there are far more good books in English. And the great reason why inhabitants of India will do well to study English is that they may enhance their enjoyment of life, and enrich their minds, by the noblest literature in the world. If you find your English lessons irksome, remember that this is the very small price you have to pay for the untold treasure which will be hereafter within your reach. In my lecture on "Time," three weeks ago, I spoke of reading as a regular occupation. Happy is he whose occupation is also his highest refreshment and joy.

¹ Quoted in Sir John Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life," pp. 54, 55.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

I will conclude this part of my subject with an extract from the Life of Lord Macaulay, the great author of the "History of England," of the "Essays," of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and of our "Indian Penal Code."

"Of the feelings he entertained towards the great minds of by-gone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes,—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, 'the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.' Great as were the honours and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards, which he gained by his own works, were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure which he derived from the works of others. That knowledge has largely contributed to the tenderness with which he has been treated by writers whose views on books, and events, and politics, past and present, differ widely from his own. It has been well said that even the most hostile of his critics cannot help being 'awed and touched by his wonderful devotion to literature.' And, while his ardent and sincere passion for letters has thus served as a protection for his memory, it was likewise the source of much which calls for admiration in his character and conduct. The confidence with which he could rely upon intellectual pursuits for occupation and amusement assisted him not a little to preserve that dignified composure, with which he met all the changes and chances of his public career, and that spirit of cheerful and patient endurance, which sustained him through years of broken health and enforced seclusion. He had no pressing need to seek for excitement and applause abroad, when he had beneath his own roof a never-failing store

XXVI—ENJOYMENT

of exquisite enjoyment. That 'invincible love of reading,' which Gibbon declared that he would not exchange for the treasures of India, was with Macaulay a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of a biographer to record."¹

The enjoyments of life are indeed manifold; they are everywhere and of every kind; I cannot mention them all. But I will mention one kind more. Think of the study of Natural History—what infinite delights this study alone will give to those who have a taste for it. It is everywhere, in earth, water, and air—infinite in order, in beauty, in variety. Many, like the great Professor Darwin, pass part of their lives delightfully and usefully in carefully studying the natural habits of birds, beasts, insects and plants. Many study Geology. Many make collections of natural objects, birds and their eggs, plants, seaweeds, shells, fossils, butterflies, insects, or other products of Nature's vast nursery; and how much may be done in this way, and done in a comparatively short space of time, you may learn by a visit to Mr. Phipson's Natural History Museum in Bombay.

These wonders of Nature are all around us, yet how often we pass them by, unnoticed! We miss, in so doing, many enjoyments which are lavishly strewn in our path. So let us open our eyes and ears to the sights and sounds of beautiful Nature, and let us also open our hearts to receive the impressions made through our senses. There is an old story, "Eyes and No Eyes," in a favourite book called "Evenings at Home," which tells us how two boys, Robert and William, walked the same walk with very different results. Both set out together; and both went to Broom Heath, and round by the windmill upon Camp Mount, and came back to their home through the meadows, by a river. But Robert came back, having seen nothing; having thought the walk a very dull one. He had scarcely met a single

¹ Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay."—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

person. He wished he had chosen the public road. He had left William behind at the outset, because he was always lagging behind, stopping to look at this thing and that! I suppose Robert thought William wasted his time; but just see what William made of the same walk! He brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities, and said he had hardly taken a step that did not delight him. He noticed, and admired, the plants and the birds which he saw in the fields and along the river, and was especially pleased with a kingfisher. He saw, too, a viper for the first time. He climbed to the top of the windmill, and had a good view of the country below; and then he discovered on Camp Mount something which looked like the moat of a fort. He watched a man spearing eels in the river; and, as he walked home, found some fossil shells, and wondered how seashells could have got there, so far away from the sea. Just as he reached home, he admired the sun—as we too, I hope, have often admired it—setting in clouds of crimson and gold on a sky softly melting from blue into green. He also noticed, as we may have noticed, that the sun, as it hung just above the horizon, appeared remarkably large.

You see how "Eyes" perceived a great deal, and was happier and wiser for what he saw, while "No Eyes" saw nothing, and lost his opportunities. "And so it is," as their tutor remarked; "one man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut; and on this depends the superior knowledge"—and, he might have added, the superior happiness—"which the one acquires over the other." One enjoys his enjoyments; the other does not.

"For 'any man who walks the mead,
In bud or blade or bloom may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.'"

Tennyson.

XXVII

Meditation

"All the great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest, and had fixed its thoughts on spiritual verities, with as strict a grasp as that of the hands on the sword, or the pencil, or the trowel."

Emerson's "Conduct of Life."

17th February, 1889.

MEN are often divided into two classes: men of action, and men of thought.

By men of action we mean, *par excellence*, those who are leaders in public affairs—statesmen, warriors, administrators, lawyers, or men of business and trade—who lead an active and public life before the eyes of their fellow-men.

By men of thought we mean, on the other hand, those who devote themselves to study and philosophy, to the quiet contemplation of the laws of the universe, of the principles on which human action should be based, and of the nature of God and man. Such, for the most part, are philosophers, scholars, men of science, poets, and teachers of religion.

These two kinds of men, actors and thinkers, are contrasted in one of Plato's dialogues,¹ in the persons of the

¹ "The Theætetus."—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

lawyer and the philosopher. The lawyer represents, of course, the man of action, and the philosopher the man of thought. Plato being a philosopher himself is naturally in favour of a life of philosophy, which he does not, perhaps, over-praise. But, with a view to a brilliant contrast, he is certainly very unjust to the lawyer. He puts his argument into the mouth of his great master Socrates. Socrates is conversing with Theodorus, a geometrician. The latter remarks that they have "plenty of leisure." And Socrates says that this remark reminds him of the fact that philosophers are different from men of business, such, for instance, as lawyers. The difference, he adds, between the lawyer and philosopher is that one is a slave, while the other is free; and this difference is shown in the leisure which a philosopher is able to command. "But the lawyer is always in a hurry: there is the water of the *clepsydra*¹ driving him on; and there is his adversary standing over him, enforcing his rights." "He is a servant, and is disputing about a fellow-servant before his master, who is seated, and has the cause in his hands." "The consequence is that the lawyer has become keen and shrewd; he has learned how to flatter his master in word, and indulge him in deed; but his soul is small and unrighteous. His slavish condition has deprived him of growth and uprightness and independence; dangers and fears, which were too much for his truth and honesty, came upon him in early years, when the tenderness of youth was unequal to them, and he has been driven into crooked ways; from the first he has practised deception and retaliation, and has become stunted and warped. And so he has passed out of youth into manhood, having no soundness in him; and is now, as he thinks, a master in wisdom." Such is the lawyer. Now for "the companion picture of the philosopher."

¹ A sort of water-clock, used to measure the time allowed to a speaker.—C. M.

² Jowett's "Dialogues of Plato," vol. iii.—C. M.

XXVII:—MEDITATION

"The lords of philosophy neither see nor hear the laws or votes of the state, written or spoken; the eagerness of political societies in the attainment of offices, clubs, and banquets, and revels, and singing maidens, do not enter even into their dreams. Whether any event has turned out well or ill in the city, what disgrace may have descended to any one from his ancestors, male or female, are matters of which the philosopher no more knows than he can tell, as they say, how many pints are contained in the ocean. Neither is he conscious of his ignorance. For he does not hold aloof in order that he may gain a reputation, but the truth is that the outer form of him only is in the city; his mind, disdaining the littlenesses and nothingnesses of human things, is 'flying all abroad,' as Pindar says, measuring with line and rule the things which are under and on the earth and above the heaven, interrogating the whole nature of each and all, but not condescending to anything which is within reach.

"Hearing of enormous landed proprietors of ten thousand acres and more, our philosopher deems this to be a trifle, because he has been accustomed to think of the whole earth; and when people sing the praises of family, and say that some one is a gentleman because he has had seven generations of wealthy ancestors, he thinks that their sentiments only betray the dulness and narrowness of vision of those who utter them, and who are not educated enough to look at the whole, nor to consider that every man has had thousands and thousands of progenitors, and among them have been rich and poor, kings and slaves, Hellenes and barbarians, many times over.

"Now, in all these cases our philosopher is derided by the vulgar, partly because he is above them, and also because he is ignorant of what is before him, and always at a loss.

"But when he draws the lawyer into upper air, and gets him out of his pleas and rejoinders into the contemplation of justice and injustice in their own nature,

COMMON THOUGHTS

and in their difference from one another, and from all other things; or from the commonplaces about the happiness of kings to the consideration of government, and of human happiness and misery in general—what they are, and how a man should seek after the one and avoid the other—when that narrow, keen, little legal mind is called to account about all this, he gives the philosopher his revenge; for, dizzied by the height at which he is hanging and from which he looks into space, which is a strange experience to him, he being dismayed, and lost, and stammering out broken words, is laughed at by every man who has not been brought up as a slave.”

Such is the contrast between the two characters as described by Plato. The description occurs in a dialogue (as I have said) between Theodorus and Socrates, and the former, having heard such praise of the philosophic life, remarks—“If you could only persuade everybody, Socrates, as you do me, of the truth of your words, there would be more peace and fewer evils among men.”

Socrates replies with this very fine passage: “Evils, Theodorus, can never perish; for there must always remain something which is antagonist to good. Of necessity, they hover around this mortal sphere and the earthly nature, having no place among the gods in heaven. Wherefore, also, we ought to fly away thither, and to fly thither is to become like God, as far as this is possible; and to become like Him, is to become holy and just and wise. But, O my friend, you cannot easily convince mankind that they should pursue virtue or avoid vice, not for the reasons which the many give, in order, forsooth, that a man may seem to be good; this is what they are always repeating, and this, in my judgment, is an old wives’ fable. Let them hear the truth: In God is no unrighteousness at all—He is altogether righteous; and there is nothing more like Him than he of us who is the most righteous. And the true wisdom of men, and their nothingness and cowardice, are nearly concerned with this. For to know this is true

XXVII—MEDITATION

wisdom and manhood, and the ignorance of this is too plainly folly and vice. All other kinds of wisdom or folly, which seem only, such as the wisdom of politicians, or the wisdom of the arts, are coarse and vulgar. The unrighteous man, or the sayer and doer of unholy things, had far better not yield to the illusion that his roguery is cleverness; for men glory in their shame—they fancy that they hear others saying of them 'These are not mere good-for-nothing persons, burdens of the earth, but such as men should be who mean to dwell safely in a state.' Let us tell them that they are all the more truly what they do not know that they are; for they do not know the penalty of injustice, which above all things they ought to know—not stripes and death, as they suppose, which evil-doers often escape, but a penalty which cannot be escaped."

Long as it is, I have wished to give you this magnificent passage from Plato, for I know few finer passages anywhere. If you have not fully understood it now, as you have heard me read it, I hope you will take some pains to understand it, for it is worth your study.

The lawyer, you see, is introduced to heighten, by comparison, the praise of the philosopher. We have all, in these days at least, known lawyers who, far from being "slavish, small-souled and unrighteous," have been among the justest and noblest of men, whose characters will remind us very much more of Plato's philosopher than of his lawyer.

And the philosopher, too, we see, is himself the object of a gentle satire, because he is abstract and awkward in manner, with his eyes so intent on high things that "he cannot see what is before his feet." I think we shall all be inclined to consider that so long as "the outer form of the philosopher continues in the city," it is his duty "to condescend to the things which are within his reach," and not always to be "flying all abroad, disdaining the littlenesses and nothingnesses of humanity."

COMMON THOUGHTS

But, on the other hand, we must admit that all men should sometimes, like Plato's philosopher, seek to be "drawn into upper air," getting away from the things of the world "into the contemplation of justice and injustice in their own nature, and in their difference from one another, and from all other things; or from the commonplaces about the happiness of kings to the consideration of government, and of human happiness and misery in general"; for in this way our human things are made diviner, and a man among men may "hymn the true life of the immortals of heaven."

This is the point which I wish to bring before your special attention to-day—that the busiest life should have some leisure for contemplation and thought. Such leisure is the food and the nourishment of all healthy action, and the strongest minds have most felt the need of it. We cannot lead true lives unless we think true thoughts. And all the great teachers of the world have taught that truth must be sought for in solitude—that it is not in the business of cities, or in the hum of human affairs, but rather in the desert calm, that God's voice is heard most clearly by man. It is, then, when a man is alone with himself that he learns to know himself and his duty. The time so spent in solitary musing can never be spent unprofitably. Then, when you meditate over your weakness, you will learn to be strong. In these hours of self-examination and reflection, when you are withdrawn from the turmoil of life, you stand, as it were, face to face with God, and draw your strength from Him. It may be said of this calm meditation (as it has been said of poetry) that it has power to "raise a man out of his dull, hard toil, and dreary routine of daily life, into forgetfulness of his state, to breathe a higher and serener and purer atmosphere."¹ And the same writer says—"What we want is not so much light for the intellect as dew upon the heart; time and leisure to cultivate the spirit that is within us." The business of

¹ F. W. Robertson's "Lectures," p. 121.—C. M.

XXVII—MEDITATION

the world will give us knowledge, but meditation will give us wisdom, which is better still.

Meditation and solitary thought are recommended by all religions, and nowhere are they more strongly recommended than in the Hindu books. Take, for instance, these passages from the "Anugītā"¹:—"Now people who comprehend the understanding, and who are always possessed of a good heart, who practise meditation, who are constant at concentration of mind, who are true to their promises, and whose senses are subdued, who are possessed of knowledge, who are not avaricious, who have subdued wrath, whose minds are clear, who are talented, who are devoid of (the thought that this or that is) mine, who are devoid of egoism, these, being emancipated, attain greatness."

"Those high-souled ones who are devoid of (the thought that this or that is) mine, and devoid of egoism, by means of a pure concentration (of mind) on contemplation, obtain the great and highest world. Those who best understand the self, attaining concentration (of mind) on contemplation, and having their minds always tranquil, enter into the unperceived accumulation of happiness."²

Now, listen to the teaching of Epictetus, a philosopher whom I have mentioned before: "As Zeus dwells with himself, and is tranquil by himself, and thinks of his own administration and of its nature, and is employed in thoughts suitable to himself; so ought we also to be able to talk with ourselves, not to feel the want of others also, not to be unprovided with the means of passing our time; to observe the divine administration, and the relation of ourselves to everything else; to consider how we formerly were affected towards things that happen and how at present; what are still the things that give us pain; how these also can be cured and how removed; if any things require improvement, to improve them according to reason."

¹ Telang's translation, p. 332.—*C. M.*

² *Ibid.*, p. 389.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

And, continuing, Epictetus says that the Romans enjoy great peace and protection under Cæsar, their emperor: "But can Cæsar give us security from fever, from shipwreck, from fire, from earthquake, or from lightning? Well, I will say, can he give us security against love? He cannot. From sorrow? He cannot. From envy? He cannot. In a word, then, he cannot protect us from any of these things. But the doctrine of philosophers promises to give us security (peace) even against these things. And what does it say? Men, if you will attend to me, wherever you are, whatever you are doing, you will not feel sorrow, nor anger, nor compulsion, nor hindrance, but you will pass your time without perturbations and free from everything. When a man has this peace, not proclaimed by Cæsar (for how should he be able to proclaim it?), but by God through reason, is he not content when he is alone? when he sees and reflects, Now no evil can happen to me; for me there is no robber, no earthquake; everything is full of peace, full of tranquillity; every way, every city, every meeting, neighbour, companion is harmless."¹

Life is not all illusion and vanity. Rather, as the poet Longfellow teaches us, it is real and earnest. But why is it real and earnest? Because behind the things which we see, the passing and illusory shadows, there exist the realities which we do not see, the things which are not only true but eternal. Such truths are holiness, purity, truth, justice, mercy, and those other qualities which all mankind have acknowledged to be good—the qualities which we believe to be attributes, in their perfection, of God Himself. It is on these things that we should meditate, and meditate as often as we can. So to meditate is not to be idle; it is indeed a severe form of exercise,—the highest exercise of which the human soul is capable. And such exercise is not only the activity, but also the nourishment, of the soul. It feeds and strengthens our spiritual life, and makes us stronger in action as it makes us better

¹ Long's "Epictetus," p. 230.—*C. M.*

XXVII—MEDITATION

in thought. Those who think on the deepest things often lead the most active lives: good actors must be good thinkers also; and General Lord Wolseley, who has been, I suppose, the most active soldier in the British Army, has told us that when he goes on service the books which he takes, besides his Soldier's Pocket Book, are Thomas à Kempis and the Book of Common Prayer, which offer as much food for quiet meditation as any two books in the English language. A third book which he mentions as one of his favourites is the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," one of the greatest of the Roman emperors; and this book, I hope, you too will read some day.

It is sometimes said that the world is so busy in these latter days—human life is carried on in such a hurry—that people allow themselves less leisure to think than they did formerly. An English poet, who died only last year, has said that modern Englishmen "pursue

"Their business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast,
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,

"And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess their soul
Before they die."

And the great English statesman, Mr. Gladstone, has recently expressed an opinion that "the multiplication of enjoyments, through the progress of commerce and invention, enhances the materialism of life, strengthens by the forces of habit the hold of the seen world upon us, and leaves less both of brain-power and of heart-power available for the unseen."¹ It may be so; and it may be so here in India as well as in England. If it be so, we cannot but regret it.

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1888.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

So I ask you to keep some stated times for thoughtful and careful meditation : meditation on those deep things which concern man's duty and the life of his soul. Such times you can fix for yourself : the morning or evening of each day when you are alone in seclusion ; or quiet intervals of business in the daytime ; or your birthdays, or days of public festival or fast, or days set apart for recreation of any kind. Only fix some moments every day, and make these moments of tranquil meditation a regular habit of your life. They will be to you like halting-places on life's toilsome journey, in which you may rest your harassed minds and gain strength for the road which lies before you : they will be like lamps to brighten life's gloom, and guide you through its perplexing shadows.

" We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides ;
The spirit bloweth and is still ;
In mystery our soul abides :
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd." ¹

Therefore the secret of a good active life is religious meditation, and thoughtfulness, and prayer.

Meditation, thoughtfulness, and prayer are not easy. They are the most difficult of all exercises. It is hard to fix our thoughts on unseen realities, and difficult to think with concentration. We need all the help we can get in this matter, and books will help us a great deal.² The reading of some good book every day, and the learning of a portion of it by heart, will assist us greatly in fixing our thoughts, and in raising the tone of our aspirations. Self-discipline and self-examination are also very salutary

¹ Matthew Arnold's "Morality."—*C. M.*

² Shāstri Jivanrām [a Brahmin specially appointed to aid in the moral and religious education of the pupils.—*EDITOR.*] will no doubt commend to you many good books and verses.—*C. M.*

XXVII—MEDITATION

helps. I spoke to you in my lecture on "Time" of Benjamin Franklin. I told you that he drew out a list of the *virtues* in which he desired to train himself. This is the list which he made, with accompanying precepts for each virtue.

1. TEMPERANCE.—Eat not to dunness; drink not to elevation.
2. SILENCE.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. FRUGALITY.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
6. INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
7. SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
8. JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
9. MODERATION.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries, so much as you think they deserve.
10. CLEANLINESS.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.
11. TRANQUILLITY.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
12. CHASTITY.—
13. HUMILITY.—Imitate the noblest Exemplars.

He kept a book in which he allotted a page for each of these virtues; and determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. "Thus, in the first week," he says, "my great guard was to avoid the least offence against *Temperance*, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day." So he went on for thirteen

COMMON THOUGHTS

weeks, taking the virtues each in turn for one week, and noting in his book, at the close of each day, how often he had offended against that week's virtue. Thus he carefully examined himself in each of these virtues four weeks in each year, and continued this plan of self-examination for some time. He says—"I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined: but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish." His plan and his experience may to some extent be of assistance to us, I think.

Finally, consider, in the words of Sir Arthur Helps, the reverence which is due to the highest and most sacred office of Prayer. "Prayer is a constant source of invigoration to self-discipline: not the thoughtless praying which is a thing of custom; but that which is sincere, intense, watchful. Let a man ask himself whether he really would have the thing he prays for: let him think, while he is praying for a spirit of forgiveness, whether even at that moment he is disposed to give up the luxury of anger. If not, what a horrible mockery it is! To think that a man can find nothing better to do, in the presence of his Creator, than telling off so many words: alone with his God, and repeating his task like a child: longing to get rid of it, and indifferent to its meaning."¹

¹ "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," p. 23.—*C. M.*

XXVIII

Personal Influence

"The witnesses that God has set before the eyes of men are twofold, the witness of greatness and the witness of goodness, the witness of the hero and the witness of the saint."

Great Men: Temple's "Rugby Sermons," p. 60.

24th February, 1889.

I WISH, in the first place, to narrow my remarks to the influence which persons of high position have exercised over their fellow-men, and to the very powerful effect which such men have for good or for evil.

In the second place, I shall endeavour to make a few general applications.

The example of every man of authority—whether his authority be over his own house, or over a village, or over a state,—is attentively watched by all who are under him, and attentively imitated. "As the master, so the servant; as the priest, so the devotee," are proverbs of world-wide application. They mean that whatever a leader does is imitated by all whom he leads. This makes the personal power of a leader—of a leader even in the humblest station—a matter of very great public importance; for it is clear that on his conduct depends, to a large extent, the conduct of others. He is, to a great extent, responsible for others as well as for himself. Every good man may help his fellow; but the blessings a man in high position may confer on those under him are immense. Every bad man may corrupt

COMMON THOUGHTS

his neighbour; but the evil a man in high position may do to those under him is incalculable. So, for those who will have to lead public lives, one of life's main duties to be considered is, How can I lead others aright? How can I avoid leading them wrong?

Of this influence, for good or for evil, which a public man exercises over those under him we have abundant examples in history. We may take, for instance, the history of Mewár, which you have read in the *Jáhojaláli*. Take the history of Mewár from Ráná Sanga downwards. Ráná Sanga, like Alfred of England, was nursed in the lap of adversity and vicissitude, and, though born to be a king, he had to win his own way to renown. In all conditions, high or low, he showed himself a true knight, a true Kshatri; as brave as his fiery brother Prithiráj, but with a "courage tempered by reflection." So under his guidance "Mewár reached the summit of her prosperity": he was "the vane on the spire of her glory." He did not forget, when he came to his kingdom, those who had helped him in the hour of adversity; and holding "the greater part of Rájásthán, and adored by the Rájputs, for the possession of those qualities they held in estimation," he might have attained universal dominion, had not Bábar, the Lion, with his Usbeks and Tátárs, poured down on the Indian plains. He was so beloved, and so powerful, that "eighty thousand horse, seven Rájás of the highest rank, nine Ráos and one hundred and four Chieftains bearing the titles of Ráral and Rávat, with five hundred war-elephants, followed him into the field." Though defeated, through treachery, in the battle of Sikrí, he lost neither fame nor land.

Compare with his greatness the miserable reign—miserable both for himself and his people—of Vikramájít, his son, who "was insolent, passionate, and vindictive," and so utterly regardless of the respect due to his proud nobles that they rose against him and put him to death. "For," adds Colonel Tod, "though the Rájput looks up to his sovereign as to a divinity, and is enjoined implicit obedience

XXVIII—PERSONAL INFLUENCE

by his religion, which rewards him accordingly hereafter, yet this doctrine has its limits, and precedents are abundant for deposal, when the acts of the prince may endanger the realm. But there is a bond of love as well as of awe which restrains them, and softens its severity in the paternity of sway; for these princes are at once the father and king of their people; not in fiction, but reality—for he is the representative of the common ancestor of the aristocracy—the sole law-giver of Rájásthán."

With Vikramájit's son, Oodeysing,¹ compare his contemporary Akbar. These princes were born in the same year; both were reared in obscurity and exile, but while "Oodeysing had not one quality of a sovereign," Akbar became "the greatest monarch who ever swayed the sceptre of Hindustán." "Akbar was not older when he came to the throne of Delhi than Oodeysing when he ascended that of Mewár." "Yet it may be deemed hardly fair to contrast the Rájput with the Mogul: the one disciplined into an accurate knowledge of human nature, by experience of the mutability of fortune; the other cooped up from infancy in a valley of his native hills, his birth concealed, and his education restricted." "The absence of the kingly virtues in the sovereign of Mewár filled to the brim the bitter cup of her destiny." Oodeysing died, Colonel Tod tells us, "at the early age of forty-two"; "yet" he had lived "far too long for his country's honour and welfare." In his days fell Chitor, and he built a new palace among the hills, round which soon gathered the town which bears his unworthy name to this day.

See now the vicissitudes of history, how good and bad alternate! Oodeysing was followed by his son Pratáp, who "succeeded to the titles and renown of an illustrious house, but without a capital, without resources, his kindred and clans dispirited by reverses: yet possessed of the noble spirit of his race." And indeed of all of his race there was

¹ He succeeded to the throne of Mewár, when Bunbír, the bastard, had been expelled.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

none of a nobler spirit than he. He stood in his "lofty aspirations" almost alone by himself. "The wily Mogul arrayed against him his kindred in faith as well as blood. The princes of Márwár, Amber, Bikanír, even Búndi, took part with Akbar and upheld despotism. Nay, even his own brother, Sagarjís, deserted him, and received, as the price of his treachery, the ancient capital of his race, and the title which that possession conferred." Perhaps there is no one, not even Akbar, in the whole history of India, who is more honoured than Pratáp; no one who has embodied more than he the ideal character of the hero and the saint. And because he was honourable, he was honoured; because he was noble, he was "nobly supported." "Though wealth and fortune tempted the fidelity of his chiefs, not one was found base enough to abandon him." You know how stern was the discipline which, for the good of his country, he imposed on himself as well as on his subjects; and how willingly his subjects submitted to the "patriotic severity" of their master. You know the story of the lifelong struggle which he maintained against the Musalmán, to preserve the independence of his country and the purity of his Rájput blood. In the struggle he had to face not only the overwhelming power of Akbar, but even the example of those of his own religion. But against these "fearful odds" he stood firm; "among the faithless faithful only he"—faithful to the honourable traditions of his ancestry, faithful to himself and his own sense of right. Though poor and hunted and distressed, he was all his life noble and dignified. He died as he had lived, in that poverty which he felt befitted the condition of one who was struggling to raise his fallen country. On his death-bed, as he lay in the shelter of his hut, he expressed a fear lest his son should prefer a life of luxury to one of privation,—lest he should prefer to dwell in a palace rather than in a hut. "These sheds," said the dying prince to his chiefs, "will give way to sumptuous dwellings, thus generating the love of ease, and luxury with its concomitants will

XXVIII—PERSONAL INFLUENCE

ensue, to which the independence of Mewár, which we have bled to maintain, will be sacrificed; and you, my chiefs, will follow the pernicious example." You see, he felt, as we also feel, that everything depended on the ruler's personal influence and example. But his chiefs, in reply, "pledged themselves, and became guarantees for the prince, 'by the throne of Bápá Rával,' that they would not permit mansions to be raised till Mewár had recovered her independence. The soul of Pratáp was satisfied, and with joy he expired." He expired; "but the virtue of his great name lives," as the Khánikhánán¹ said, "for ever." As long as those hills which he loved shall stand, so long will his name abide as a symbol of all that is kingly and steadfast and true.

Now Pratáp's greatness, and that of all men, is for our example. That is the use of history. Experience of other men, read in our histories, gives guidance for our own conduct in life. What has been may be, and shall be, and what man has done that man may do. Let us have a high historical ideal, some noble exemplar such as Pratáp, whom we may imitate as well as admire. Most times and most places have had their heroes; but the merit of history is that it shows us the heroes of *all* times and of *all* places. So that choosing out of the whole world's experience—

¹ Tod's "Rájásthán," chap. xi. "These annals have preserved some stanzas addressed by the Khánikhánán, the first of the Satraps of Delhi, to the noble Rájput; in his native tongue, applauding his valour and stimulating his perseverance: 'All is unstable in this world: land and wealth will disappear: but the virtue of a great name lives for ever. Putto (Pratáp) abandoned wealth and land, but never bowed the head; alone, of all the princes of Hind, he preserved the honour of his race.'"

Compare the similar words in a poem by an old Mexican King, who reigned in the ancient capital of Mexico at the time when the Lodis were reigning at Delhi—"The remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honour." Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," vol. i., p. 146.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

not that tiny part of it in which we live—we may select for our own imitation the highest and noblest exemplar which hundreds of years have produced. So think of this when you read your histories; try to imitate the greatness of which you read. What great men have done, that you too may do; for you too are a man. Especially their *moral* greatness is imitable; and you, by the same behaviour, may influence others, as they did.

You, who will exercise power hereafter, who, considering your age, have much influence now, try to be great and to use your influence in the greatest and noblest way. This indeed is the meaning of greatness—to improve others, and to influence them well. I will quote a passage from Dr. Temple, formerly head master of Rugby,¹ from whom also I have taken the words at the head of this address. "If we examine what sort of a man we call great, we shall always find that it is one who leads his fellow-men. We do not call a man great simply for cleverness, nor for worldly success, the fruit of cleverness. Nor, again, do we call a man great for exceeding goodness, if he have nothing in him which makes that goodness a guide, and not merely a revered wonder to his fellows. A great man is he who stands out from others, not for some accidental difference, but for something which makes others follow his lead, acknowledge his power, accept his teachings, admire his course. Such a man will be sure to be marked with these characteristics; he will have a large mind, a strong conviction, and a firm will."

You who should by your birth be leaders, seek also to be great. Seek to use your influence so that you may lead others wisely and well. You must seek, as Dr. Temple tells you, to enlarge your minds, strengthen your convictions, and make your wills firm. Study the lives of great men, study history, study yourselves. For unless you yourselves have knowledge, and unless you

¹ Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

XXVIII—PERSONAL INFLUENCE

can lead yourselves, you cannot teach others to know, nor can you lead others rightly. There is a bad kind of leadership, which is not greatness at all, as we see, from the history of Mewár alone, in the miserable stories of Vikramájit, Bunbír, and Oodeysing. History abounds in such pitiable—I will not call them examples but—warnings. They warn us how a great opportunity may be debased into meanness and shame. And such warnings have not been uncommon both in ancient and modern history. But let us look on the brighter side, on the side of the heroes like Pratáp and Akbar, and be thankful that we have them likewise. Though there may not be many of them, yet, if few, they shine all the brighter as stars in the firmament of history. They show us what human influence may do, if it be rightly used. And especially they show us this, that a great and good man, who has to lead others, must often act alone by himself, against the opinions of others, and in accordance with his own sole conviction. This requires great force of will. It requires that a man should steadfastly adhere to the path of duty and not of pleasure. See how Pratáp stood out alone, for what he considered to be the right course, against the example of other Rájputs, and in spite of great loss and trouble to himself! Yet now the voice of all Rajwádá proclaims that he alone was right, and all Hindus revere his name as that of a saint as well as a hero.

This is what I desire to impress on you. Use your influence, as Pratáp used his. If convinced that a certain course is right, then, never minding what others think, cleave to that course with a steadfast will, in spite of all opposition. It is not easy to do this; it is often very hard to do it. If what is fashionable is not right, it is harder to do what is right than what is fashionable. Still, if you will be a real leader, if you would be truly great, then, when convinced that a thing is right, you must do that thing at all costs. If you are convinced

COMMON THOUGHTS

that anything is bad, even though it is commonly practised, you must steadily set yourself against it, and use all your influence to discourage it in others. Steadily set your *own* face against it, before you discourage it in others. I am sorry to say that, instead of this conduct, we sometimes see a chief allowing in himself what he would discourage in other men. It is so easy for him to do things which his inferiors ought not to do! There is no one who dares to reprove his conduct, however unholy or self-indulgent; there is no one to tell him to his face that he is being led by his own low passions, instead of being (what God means him to be) a leader in the paths of goodness and truth.

Remember the five great duties of a Kshatri¹ and you will be great as Pratáp was.

No life on earth can be nobler than that of a good man placed in high authority, whose influence blesses all who surround him as it blesses himself. On the other hand, no life can be more cursed than that of him who, in high position, uses his influence for evil. It is awful to think of the accumulated misery of which such a life is the unheeding cause. Not only does such a man sin himself, but he makes others to sin through his influence; not only does he destroy his own soul,² but he destroys his neighbour's also.

¹ "(1) Protect subjects, (2) give gifts, (3) render offerings, (4) pray, and (5) be not disabled from enjoyment of life. These five obligations were chiefly laid upon Kshatris." "Manu Smaruti," chap. i., ver. 89.

² "In the Bhagavadgita" [a philosophic poem, which forms an episode in the great epic of the Mahábhárata] "a man is said to 'destroy himself by himself' who wilfully neglects to acquire 'true knowledge.'" *Telang's note* (p. 106) on chap. xiii., ver. 27.—C. M.

XXIX

Manners

"Morals and manners, which give colour to life, are of much greater importance than laws, which are but their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behaviour; consisting of courtesy and kindness; benevolence being the preponderating element in all kinds of mutually beneficial and pleasant intercourse among human beings. 'Civility,' said Lady Montague, 'costs nothing and buys everything.'"

Smiles's "Self-Help."

*"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."*

Tennyson.

3rd March, 1889.

It has long been in my mind to say to you something on the subject of Good Manners. For this is a subject which, you will admit, is of daily, of hourly, importance to us all. We all know the difference between good and bad manners, between habits which are rude and habits which are gentle, and we know what a difference they make in society. And for you who have to live in society, and to lead public lives among men, to be seen and (I trust) respected by all, the cultivation of gentle manners is a matter of very great consequence indeed. For the estimation which you will hereafter have among men, and your influence over them, will depend very much on the manners you

COMMON THOUGHTS

possess. If you behave like a common man, you will seem to be a common man, you will be treated like a common man. If you behave like a gentleman, you will be treated like a gentleman, you will have the honour and respect which a gentleman has, wherever he goes.

Concerning what a gentleman is I spoke to the first and second classes in one of my former addresses. Good manners perhaps do not make a gentleman; but manners are certainly one of the parts which make a gentleman as a whole. There may possibly be a show of good manners in one who is not a real gentleman at heart; but no one can in the fullest sense be a gentleman who is not one in manner. And you, who by birth and education, and the refinement which comes from abundance, have all the advantages of the best gentleman, should certainly be careful to add to these advantages, as with care you may, the grace of good manners.

Good manners may be said to be the habitual adoption of such behaviour as, in word and in act, in gesture and look, makes us pleasant and attractive to our neighbours.

We will speak, then, of good manners under three heads:—

- (1) Good manners in word.
- (2) Good manners in act.
- (3) Good manners in gesture and appearance.

(1) *Good manners in word.* Our words are, of course, extremely important. By them we express the thoughts of our minds; by them, more perhaps than by any other means, those about us determine what we really are. Now our words, that they may be agreeable to others, must be gentle, kind, soft in tone, pleasant in sound as well as in meaning, speaking tenderly to the ear of the listener as well as to his heart. You are all aware that harsh and coarse language—and in India the common expressions of low people are very coarse and indecent indeed—is extremely offensive; so are words of filthy allusion, very common in the mouths of low people; so, of course, is

XXIX—MANNERS

swearing ; so too, I think, is the careless use of the name of God and of holy things. The solemn names of God and religion are too sacred, I think, to be thrown at random on the common stream of worldly talk.

You see this matter of choice in our words is a very deep one, for it reaches to the lowest depths of our hearts. Words are but the expression of our thoughts, and only if our thoughts be good can the words which express our thoughts be good also. "It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh"; and only when the heart is gentle can the words of the mouth be gentle also. Of course you must be gentle in thought, that you may be gentle in word.

For it is not only on the words which you use, nor on the tone in which they are uttered, that good manners depend. Still more depends on the meaning of what you say. *Be careful that your meaning is pleasant.* Some people seem to have a habit of saying the wrong words at the wrong time—words which are not wrong in themselves, but which are unpleasant or unsuitable at the time or place when or where they are spoken. Some people can never see any new thing without asking you how much it cost. Such a question is very bad manners. Others, if they see something they like, will not hesitate to ask you to give it to them. This likewise is bad manners. Others will talk about food or money ; others will refer to unpleasant diseases or family afflictions or other painful subjects in a way which cannot but grate unpleasantly both on the mind and ear of the hearer. All such questions and remarks are bad manners, and come of a bad and low habit of mind. Therefore be careful to avoid them.

Avoid, too, unnecessary exaggerations. Say in polite words what you mean, but do not use the language of exaggerated compliment. Such language is very common in India. I may tell you for instance that, when I was in England, a friend of mine wrote that by my grace he had won the racquet-match. This reminds me of the

COMMON THOUGHTS

story of a Lieutenant-Governor who, when examining a school in Bengal, asked, "How does the world go round?" The answer was, "Apke iqbal se."¹ Such language is as foolish as it is false, for it cannot but defeat its own object.

I may here notice another exaggeration—in this case a compliment from ourselves to ourselves—to which I should wish to invite your attention. I wish to say that it is not good manners to assume, or even to accept, any *titles* which do not belong to us. Such false assumption must always be a mark of bad taste and bad manners. Some people seem to think it a fine thing to claim for themselves, and receive from others, such honorary titles as "His Highness," "Maharaja," "Raja," "Prince," "Esquire," and the like, to which they have no shadow of right. In so doing, they make themselves ridiculous, and display a vain and vulgar mind. Self-exaltation is no recommendation; it is the very reverse. Call yourselves exactly what you are, that and that only, neither more nor less. That is your real dignity. Nothing can be dignified which is not true.

Be modest, also, in your remarks. Do not argue with those who are older, and presumably wiser, than yourself. If you have to give an opinion, give it gently and with submission.

Here in India (more, perhaps, than elsewhere) we often hear "the powers that be" criticised in a hasty and ignorant manner. We even hear the actions of Government captiously condemned by those who themselves have very little education, and almost no knowledge of the real facts. Such criticism is very offensive; is it not the impudent offspring of ignorance?

So let us be careful to speak with respect of those who are in authority over us, and especially of those in high Government authority. "The powers that be are ordained of God," as I tried to explain in a former address. What are *we* that we should condemn them?

Finally, I advise you never to argue on matters of

¹ Under the auspices of your Honour.

XXIX.—MANNERS

religion. Religion is not a matter of logic ; it is a matter of belief. Religious discussions, as I have observed them, often end in unmannerly heat, sometimes in unmannerly bitterness.

(2) *Good manners in act.* Our actions, too, must be pleasant, as our words. In all that you do, at all times, in all places, in school, on the playground, when out riding or shikaring, or when in your private rooms, be gentle and courteous in your behaviour, so that your manners may be pleasant to all, whether they be superiors or inferiors or equals. A person of good manners is not afraid of being too polite, or too generous in courtesy. Provided that your politeness proceeds from an honest and unaffected desire to be gentle towards all, you cannot, I should say, be too polite or too respectful in your behaviour. At any rate, it is very much better to be even too polite than to be rude ; and a man who is known to be of good birth need never fear lest he should lower himself by being too modest or condescending even to the lowest with whom he associates. So, I say, if you wish to have good manners, you should be modest, unaffected and respectful, as well as open, frank and pleasant, in your dealings with all. Do not pass people by without saluting them ; but when you see people in the street whom you know, even though you know them very little, I think you will honour yourselves more than them by making some sign of respectful recognition instead of passing them by in silence. I think you should do this to *every one* you know, whether you consider them your superiors or not. And in so doing you will show nobility : by being agreeable and amenable to all, you do yourself the highest honour. Let this thought underlie all that you do—not how can I show my respectability, *but* how can I make myself agreeable and kind ? If you so think, and if you so act, your respectability will show itself.

Modesty is a quality which every one commends. The wonder is that it is so rare. I am not sure that it is

COMMON THOUGHTS

rarer in India than in other countries; but a common charge against Indian youths, and especially against those who have had some education, is that, instead of being modest, they think too much of themselves. I should be very sorry to conclude that this is the fruit of education—which surely should teach us how little we know, and therefore make us humble,—but the buoyant vigour and freshness of youth frequently tend to impart over-confidence, and perhaps this tendency is intensified under the conditions now dominating India. If it be so, we should be the more careful. Especially Hindus should be careful. For there are few virtues more plainly insisted on in the old Hindu *śāstras* (sacred writings) than “modesty.” It is *Ho* of the “good characteristics” (*sātvik guṇa*) given in chap. xvi. of the *Gītā*; and I think it a remarkable fact that, of the six “demoniacal characteristics” (*āsuri guṇa*) of that chapter, one-half are the antonyms, I may say, of this “modesty”—viz.: “vain-glory,” “arrogance,” and “conceit.”

Forget yourself; think of others; be natural; be unassuming; be easy. These are the keys to the gate of good manners.

Of course all spitting in public places, of course all noises of the nose and throat, and all other acts which are not refined and pleasant to those who perceive them are to be avoided as acts of bad manners. I do not like to enter into particulars, but I think you will all know what I mean. I have sometimes seen people in public places after drinking a great deal of water put it out again from their mouths in a very ugly and unpleasant manner. Such acts, if they be done at all, should be done in private, not in public: I am sure you will all agree with me, and understand what I mean. Similarly, drinking out of bottles, or otherwise behaving in an unpolished manner, may be allowed in the jungles, but does not look well in society; it is not “the right thing in the right place.” Do not you agree with me?

XXIX.—MANNERS

Punctuality is also a part of good manners. It has been called "the politeness of princes." When you have made an appointment—which is a kind of promise—be careful to keep it at the exact time. This is a matter of your own honour as well as of the convenience of others. I have spoken, in my address on "Time," of punctuality in answering letters, which is a very important civility.

(3) I now pass on to *Good manners as shown in gesture and appearance*. In "appearance" I may include your dress, and such surroundings as accompany your person, as well as your person itself. Untidiness and dirt are alike disagreeable; therefore be careful to keep your bodies and your clothes all scrupulously clean. It is not necessary to wear expensive clothes, but wear good and clean clothes, not dirty or shabby ones. And above all things be very careful to keep your persons clean and pure. This is a matter of health as well as of manners. Nothing, in my opinion, looks so well as pure white cotton or linen clothes with a plain coloured *phento*;¹ and such garments, I think, are the cheapest in price, so that all alike can wear them.

And here, as I am on the subject of clothes, I may refer to boots and shoes, which are always a delicate subject in India. I do not myself admire the habit of wearing English boots on the feet while native clothes are worn on the body. I believe, however, it is generally considered that English boots and English socks may be properly worn with the native costume. But remember it is always bad manners to wear English boots without stockings or socks, or to wear English slippers when we ought to wear boots.

Some people seem to suppose that *anything*, provided it be English, will do as a covering for the feet. I have myself seen at an evening party a gentleman clad in rich *angarkhá* and *pághaut*,² but on his feet a pair of old tennis-shoes! Such incongruities are very ridiculous; they are an offence against manners and taste. English shoes

¹ Waistband.

² Coat and turban.

COMMON THOUGHTS

worn with native dress, on any ceremonial or social occasion, should, like the dress, be the best of their kind; they should be of the best English evening-dress fashion, and should be worn with socks of silk.

A similar remark will apply to the head. An English hat, of whatever kind, worn with native costume, instead of a turban, is, in my opinion, most inappropriate.

It is hard to understand why natives of India incline so much to English clothing. The inclination is, I think, on the increase. Every nation has its own *habits* which come of the national climate and character. "As is the country so should the garment be." But while English clothes are generally ugly, Indian clothes are generally graceful. And Indian clothes are far better suited to the Indian climate than English ones. People of India, in my opinion, have much reason to be proud of their national costume.

Now, as you yourselves should be cleanly and neat, polite and agreeable in manner, so should all who surround you. See that your servants are always clean, both in their persons and dress; see also that they are respectful and submissive to all with whom they come in contact, and especially, I wish to add, to ladies. See, too, that the furniture of your rooms, the carpets on your floors, your tables and couches, be all kept neat and in order, and pleasant to the eye. Everything should be clean, and everything in its proper place. And when you go out, too, all that surrounds you should be equally pleasant to the eye, equally suggestive of the care which is a part of good manners. If you ride, see that your horse is nicely groomed and clean, and that his saddle and bridle, whether native or English, be not shabby. Here, too, as I have said before, all should be in order, and all in its proper place. If you drive, see that your carriage is a nice and neat one. Better have no carriage at all than have an unsightly, untidy one. It is a common thing in this country to see very shabby conveyances,—wheels crooked and rickety, paint worn off, doors without handles or off their hinges, harness very

XXIX.—MANNERS

ancient and held together by old bits of rope, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, I have seen such carriages here in the College. I say you would do very much better to have no carriages at all rather than have carriages of that sort. Often, too, the coachmen and grooms are as dirty and shabby as the carriage themselves. I think all those who wish to keep carriages should have coachmen and grooms in a uniform dress. A gentleman who is himself of good manners and of good appearance completely spoils the pleasant impression which he would otherwise create by such inharmonious and unpleasant surroundings.

Another point to which I may here allude is, Do not, as a rule, drive or ride rapidly past other people's carriages. To do so, besides the inconvenience which is caused by the dust and commotion, conveys an idea that you wish to assert the first place for yourself; and such an idea implies bad manners. Also, do not allow your coachmen to drive faster than at a trot; and do not allow your *sowars* at any time to gallop along the public roads. If, trotting, they meet or pass a carriage, they should pull up, and pass at a walk. Please tell all your servants this, and tell them also to be polite and deferential to all they may meet on the public highway. Then it will be publicly seen that they are the servants of gentlemen.

Lastly, I come to "gesture and appearance." In these points, likewise, there is much difference between good manners and bad ones. We all know the awkward and unpleasant appearance which a person of bad manners makes in company. Every one is conscious of his presence, and conscious in an awkward and unpleasant way. The great point is to adopt such behaviour that our presence may be unconsciously felt, or felt only in a pleasant manner. To this end we should be calm, unaffected, unassuming, and natural. Then we shall also be pleasant. In gesture, as in voice, we should be quiet, unassuming and calm.

I need not add much more about gesture. We all know

COMMON THOUGHTS

that rude movement is not becoming. Only I desire to add that we should be careful on all occasions to give the chief place of honour to ladies, and never turn our backs on any one. It does not seem to me to be a matter of importance whether we sit or stand: we may just take any place that is vacant, giving precedence to others rather than taking it for ourselves. It is not the part of a really great man to be always seeking to assert his own greatness; on the contrary, nothing becomes true greatness so much as modesty and simplicity. Hear what the great poet Tennyson has said of the great Duke of Wellington:

"Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

As to our looks, I need only say, if we keep kind thoughts in our hearts, our faces will reflect our thoughts. And if our expression is kind, it will also be pleasant. Be as bright and cheerful as you can,—and, in general, I think, you can be very cheerful, for your lives, as a rule, are very happy ones,—shedding brightness and gladness around you. But perhaps you cannot always be smiling, nor always in cheerful spirits; when in sorrow, or in pain, your sorrow or pain cannot well be concealed. Yet the sight of sorrow or of pain is not in itself disagreeable: such a sight is too common and too human to be outside human sympathy, and sorrow and pain rather win for us esteem, provided we bear them with gentleness and patience. In sorrow as in joy, in pain as in pleasure, only let us be natural; never pretending to be other than we are; but always endeavouring to be gentle and good.

This, then, is what we mean by good manners: such behaviour as makes us, and all that belongs to us, pleasant

XXIX.—MANNERS

and agreeable to others. It certainly cannot be said to be easy ; it requires unselfishness, watchfulness, self-discipline. But no part of our duty is easy : each part of it requires self-discipline and care. And this is a part of our duty,—of our duty to our neighbours.

XXX

Courage: Physical

*"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."*

"Julius Caesar," Act II., Sc. 2.

*"Death or pain is not formidable, but the fear of pain or death.
For this reason we commend the poet who said—*

"'Not death is evil but a shameful death.'"

Epictetus.

10th March, 1889.

I SHALL speak to-day of that kind of courage which enables us to meet bodily dangers, and even death, without fear. This is a quality which man shares in some degree with the inferior animals. And whether we regard it in man or in brute, it is a noble quality. For by it we mean that resolute energy which impels him who has it to forget himself, and to face, without flinching, terror and pain. We may therefore define it as "fearless action, which cleaves to its purpose, regardless of consequences." You have seen the wild boar's desperate rush, when he turns and charges against his pursuer? That is the kind of courage I mean.

The bulldog, too, is another example, unrivalled perhaps

XXX—COURAGE: PHYSICAL

among living creatures. For his fierce and unyielding tenacity is such that, when once he has seized an object with his teeth, he clings to it with such resolution, and such disregard of bodily pain, that, so long as he is able to breathe, he cannot be induced to let go. He has to be seized by the throat, and choked, before he can be made to relinquish his hold.

"The mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."¹

Mr. Wood tells us, too, that "there seem to be no limits to the courage of the game-cock, which will attack not only his own kind, but any other creature that may offend him. One of these birds has been known to fly at a fox that was carrying off one of his hens, and to drive his spur deep into the offender's eyes. There are instances innumerable of similar rescues from cats, rats, and other marauders."²

It is this same courage which often inspires soldiers in battle, and sportsmen in the jungle, to face great peril, not only without fear, but even with a kind of "stern joy" and pride. There is an old story of Cynegeirus, brother of the great tragedian Æschylus, which, if it be true, affords a good instance of the bulldog's tenacity of purpose in a man. It is said that, after the battle of Marathon, in which the Athenians defeated the Persians, Cynegeirus, the Athenian, seized with his right hand one of the vessels in which the Persians were attempting to escape. His right hand being cut off, he seized the vessel with his left. His left hand being cut off also, he seized the vessel in his teeth "like a wild beast."

This fearlessness which brave men share with brave

¹ Holmes (quoted in the "Moral Reader," Royal Series).—*C. M.*

² Wood's "Natural History," vol. ii., p. 617.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

beasts is generally, but not always, accompanied by bodily vigour. It is, however, something more than a mere bodily quality; and it is a much higher quality in men than in brutes. For men have thinking and reasoning powers, which the brutes have not; and I am sure we shall all agree that, when we are prompted by reason and conscience to face pain and danger in a good cause, our bravery is nobler than that of the brutes who are often impelled by mere natural instinct of self-defence, or blind appetite and rage. "It is enough for animals to do what their nature leads them to do without understanding why they do it. But it is not enough for us to whom God has given also the intellectual faculty; for unless we act conformably to the nature and constitution of each thing, we shall never attain our true end."¹ When reason guides the bodily impulses, this is a higher kind of action than that which proceeds from mere animal instincts. Rufus, Epictetus's master, taught that there were "two kinds of exercise: first, the exercise of the soul in thinking, in reflecting, and in stamping on the mind sound rules of life; and second, in the enduring of bodily labours or pains, in which act of endurance the soul and the body act together."² It is clear that, in this second form of exercise, human beings are capable of a courage which is impossible to the nature of beasts.

This reasoning courage is sometimes called "valour." Valour, in its fullest sense, is characteristic of man alone, because man alone among animals is endowed, in the fullest sense, with reason. Hence the old Roman word for valour was "virtus" (virtue, in our modern sense, has a wider but hardly a nobler meaning), "the quality which befits a man (*vir*)."³ For the original meaning of "virtus" was not so much "virtue," as "manliness," "valour." *Mardai* or *Mardángiri* means, of course, much

¹ Introduction to Long's "Epictetus."—C. M.

² Long's "Epictetus," p. xx.—C. M.

•XXX—COURAGE: PHYSICAL

the same. It is this reasoning, resolute "manliness" which prompts a soldier, at the call of duty, to face great dangers in battle, even at the risk of his life; it prompts him even to accept certain death. See to what an extraordinary self-sacrifice and daring a man may be prompted by courage of this kind! I will give you an illustration from history—from the history of Mewár—when the great rival clans of Chandávát and Saktávát vied with one another for the pride of place. "When Jehángir had obtained possession of the ancient fortress of Chitor, and driven the prince into the wilds and mountains of the west, an opportunity offered to recover some frontier lands in the plains, and the Ráná and all his chiefs were assembled for the purpose. But the Saktávats asserted, an equal privilege with their rivals to form the vanguard; a right which their indisputable valour (perhaps superior to that of the other party) rendered not invalid. The Chandávats claimed it as an hereditary privilege, and the sword would have decided the matter but for the tact of the prince. 'The *herole*¹ to the clan which first enters Ontala' was a decision which the Saktávát leader quickly heard; while the other could no longer plead his right when such a gauntlet was thrown down for its maintenance.

"Ontala is the frontier fortress in the plains, about eighteen miles east of the capital, and covering the road which leads from it to the more ancient one of Chitor. It is situated on a rising ground, with a stream flowing beneath its walls, which are of solid masonry, lofty, and with round towers at intervals.

"The clans, always rivals in power, now competitors in glory, moved off at the same time, some hours before daybreak—Ontala the goal, the *herole* the reward! Animated with hope—a barbarous and cruel foe the object of their prowess—their wives and families spectators, on their return, of the meed of enterprise; the Bard,

¹ Vanguard. Right to lead the army.

COMMON THOUGHTS

who sang the praise of each race at their out-set, demanding of each materials for a new wreath, supplied every stimulus that a Rājput could have to exertion.

"The Saktāvats made directly for the gateway, which they reached as the day broke, and took the foe unprepared; but the walls were soon manned, and the action commenced. The Chandāvats, less skilled in topography, had traversed a swamp, which retarded them, but through which they dashed, fortunately meeting a guide in a shepherd of Ontala. With more foresight than their opponents, they had brought ladders. The chief led the escalade, but a ball rolled him back amidst his vassals; it was not his destiny to lead the *herole*! Each party was checked. The Saktāvat depended on the elephant he rode to gain admission by forcing the gate; but its projecting spikes deterred the animal from applying its strength. His men! were falling thick around him, when a shout from the other party made him dread their success. He descended from his seat, placed his body on the spikes, and commanded the driver, on pain of instant death, to propel the elephant against him. The gates gave way, and over the dead body of their chief his clan rushed to the combat! But even this heroic surrender of his life failed to purchase the honour for his clan. The lifeless corpse of his rival was already in Ontala, and this was the event announced by the shout which urged his sacrifice to honour and ambition."¹

Courage is stimulated by discipline as well as by pride and emulation. I think you have read, in your fourth "Royal Reader," the story of the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, which foundered off the south coast of Africa in the year 1852. The vessel ran on a rock. She had on board a British regiment, more than six hundred souls all together. The ship began to sink; and, as it was not possible for all to escape at once, the commander, Colonel Seton, ordered

¹ Tod's "Rājasthān," vol. i., pp. 149-150.—C. M.

• XXX--COURAGE: PHYSICAL

the soldiers to form on deck, and help the women and children into the boats. This order they obeyed as quietly and calmly as if they had been parading on land. All was activity, but there was no hurry, no panic, no despair. Boat after boat was sent off to shore, "till all, or nearly all, the women and children were saved." But no boat remained for the officers and men, who still stood patiently, shoulder to shoulder; and "in half an hour from the time when she struck, the *Birkenhead* went to the bottom, and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen."

We cannot too much admire the calm obedience of that noble band; but in gauging their courage, I think we should remember that they were acting under military orders; and, had any one disobeyed those orders, he would have been guilty of cowardice. I think we may also justly remember that they were many acting together, and that one brave example would help the rest. Their courage was not self-chosen, nor was it the courage of a solitary man. Such patient, self-sacrificing obedience to orders is what we expect of trained and good soldiers. We expect soldiers to be brave; we expect them to stand together in discipline. And I hope, and believe, that there is no regiment, native or British, in our Empress's army, but would sacrifice itself, in the hour of need, as the 74th Highlanders did in the *Birkenhead*.

I will give you now one other illustration of courage inspired by military pride as well as sense of duty. It is taken from the "Life of Sir Charles Napier," the brave conqueror of Sindh, whose portrait some of us often saw in the Mess-house of the 12th Bombay Infantry, when they were here in Rajkot. I give the story as it is told in the eloquent words of Mr. Robertson of Brighton.

During Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Sindh, "a detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant, with eleven men,

COMMON THOUGHTS

chanced to become separated from the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine, which they expected soon to terminate, but which suddenly deepened into an impassable chasm. The officer in command signalled to the party an order to return. They mistook the signal for a command to charge; the brave fellows answered with a cheer, and charged. At the summit of the steep mountain was a triangular platform, defended by a breast-work, behind which were seventy of the foe. On they went, charging up one of those fearful paths, eleven against seventy. The contest could not long be doubtful with such odds. One after another they fell; six upon the spot, the remainder hurled backwards; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number.

"There is a custom, we are told, amongst the hillsmen, that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle, his wrist is bound with a thread either of red or green, the red denoting the highest rank. According to custom, they stripped the dead, and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found their corpses stark and gashed; but round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread!"¹

In the British army the Victoria Cross, a modest little medal of bronze, is the highest honour that "valour" can win; was not the red thread of those wild hillsmen, awarded to their enemies' bravery, a higher honour still? Was it not, as Mr. Robertson suggests, a beautiful symbol of the "unutterable admiration" which the whole human race instinctively pays to heroic daring?

So far I have spoken only of men, and of men acting in combination, or in emulation one of another. And in general the idea of courage, as well as of valour or manliness, is associated with that physical strength which rather belongs to men than to women. Nevertheless history gives us abundant instances of bravery in women, who, in courage, if not in strength, have often been leaders

¹ Robertson's "Lectures," pp. 196, 197.—*C. M.*

• XXX—COURAGE: PHYSICAL

of men. You will remember Sultána Rezia (who is called Sultán on her coins), who led her own forces to battle, who was vigorous in council as in war, and was "endowed with such princely virtue that those who scrutinise her actions most severely will find in her no fault but that she was a woman."¹

Think, too, of the famous Chánd Bibi of Ahmadnagar, who in Akbar's reign, when Prince Murád was leading his troops against her town, "flew to the breach in full armour, with a veil over her face and a naked sword in her hand; and having thus checked the first assault of the Moguls, she continued her exertions till every power within the place was called forth against them." She so kindled the enthusiasm of the garrison by "her activity and energy" that the Moguls, though still superior in the field, were glad to accept an honourable peace.²

And what shall we say of the *Satis*, except that their courage and devotion have enabled them to bear, with a martyr's endurance, the most cruel of tortures, the most terrible of deaths? Not sixty years ago, Mr. Forbes tells us, fourteen ránis sacrificed themselves on the pyre of Gambhirsing, Raja of Idar. It was in 1833.

"In the year called ninety,
In the nineteenth century from Vikram's time,
In the time of rain, rain not having fallen,
When the sun had finished half his course,
In the month of Shráwan, when the moon was dark,
On the moon's day, on the eleventh of the month,
Five hours after sun-rise,
Departed the soul of Gambhír.
That whole day and night the corpse lay in the queen's
apartments,
That the *Satis* might be ready to accompany it.
When the night departed,

¹ Queen of Delhi, 1236-9. Elphinstone's "History," p. 375.

² *Ibid.*, p. 524.

COMMON THOUGHTS

In the morning, they set forth to the pile.
Sounded many noises :
The copper drums sounded ;
The smaller drums also ;
Though the task was mournful, it was joyfully accomplished ;
It seemed as if a Raja with his ranis set forth on a pilgrimage.
Gambhir Sing and the queens,
With smiles on their faces,
Seemed the moon sinking to its setting
Midst a company of stars.
At each step they gained fame :
At each step they performed a 'horse-sacrifice.'
Virtuous gifts they gave as they went ;
Abandoning the love of home,
Thinking only of their lord,
Regarding their bodies as blades of grass.
What bardic honour shall I give these Satis ?
Call other women 'tender,' if you will ;
These are hardy, strong as warriors."¹

You have read the dread tale of the Hádírání, bride of the Chandávat, who calmly sacrificed herself that she might incite her brave young husband to fight to the death in a desperate struggle. It is an utterly terrible story ;² but it shows us, as does the example of the Satis, that there is a courage in woman's weakness which surpasses even the strongest man's strength—a courage which invests such awful self-sacrifices with a superhuman wonder and majesty.

I wish to add one other story of a death on a funeral pyre—in this case it is the death of a man—which seems to me to afford a rare instance of calm and resolute courage. It is a very ancient story, as old as the time of Alexander

¹ Forbes' "Rás Málá," vol. ii., pp. 204, 205.—*C. M.*

² "Jáhojaláti," p. 226.—*C. M.*

• XXX—COURAGE: PHYSICAL

the Great, and, for the most part, I shall tell it to you as it is told by Plutarch and Arrian.

Alexander, bent on invading India, in the year 327 B.C., found, on the far north-western frontier, some Indian ascetics or "*nágadā Jogis*," whom he and his Greeks called "*gymnosophists*." The word "*gymnosophists*" means "*naked sages*." I suppose they wore no clothes, like the *nágadā Jogis* of these days, and, like modern *Jogis*, these "*sages*," too, were regardless of men and human affairs. They showed no fear of Alexander. On the contrary, they openly defied him; so that he, enraged by their opposition, caused some of them to be hanged. One of them, however, even bolder than the rest, stamped on the ground with his foot, and when Alexander asked what this meant, he answered, "Every man, O king, has a right to the ground whereon he stands; and thou differest from other men only in this, that thou art a restless adventurer, and hast left thy native land for the sake of worrying others as well as thyself. But soon thou shalt die, and shalt have no more land than suffices to bury thy body." Alexander was greatly impressed by these remarks of the bold *gymnosophist*; he also admired the patient endurance of these simple sages. He wished to take some of them with him on his travels; but at first they all refused. Afterwards, however, one of them, Calánus, consented to be his companion. It is said that Calánus lost the approval of his brother *gymnosophists*, whom he forsook; but he retained the great conqueror's favour up to the time of his death. He followed Alexander for the next three years, as his constant companion. He accompanied him through his Indian campaigns, through the desert of Gedrosia, back into Persia. But he did not go far into Persian territory, for he died at the frontier town of Pasargadæ;¹ and it is of his death that I wish more particularly to speak. Pasargadæ was a

¹ Mr. Grote says that Calánus' death must have happened at Susa; but this is not a matter of great importance.—C. M.

COMMON THOUGHTS

famous place, for it held the tomb of Cyrus the Great, on which was inscribed, "Know, O stranger, that I am Cyrus, son of Cambyses, and founder of the Persian empire: grudge me not, therefore, this sepulchre." Alexander, desiring to see this tomb, halted at Pasargadae. Here, we are told, Calanus fell ill of a sickness such as he had never known in India. The privations he had just undergone in the desert had probably weakened him. But, throughout his travels with Alexander, he had adhered as far as possible to his gymnosophist habits; and fearing now that this new sickness might force him to change his mode of life, he told the king he desired to die at once on a funeral pyre, for it was his ambition to end his days in accordance with the tenets professed by him in life. Alexander strongly opposed his wish; but, finding that arguments were in vain, and that, if restrained from one form of death, Calanus would resort to another, he permitted the pyre to be constructed under the care of one of his officers. He himself, also, made great preparations for the solemn ceremony. He appointed special persons to cast rich perfumes on the pile. He added vessels of gold and silver, and garments such as befitted a king; but these Calanus gave to the bystanders, as one who had done with the good things of this world. As Calanus was too weak to walk, a horse was brought for him to ride; but he preferred to be borne on a litter, and gave the horse to one of his friends. The elephants which had been brought from India were drawn up in line near the pyre. As Calanus went, he sang *stokas* (verses) from the *Vedas*¹ in praise of his gods. On reaching the pyre, he sprinkled himself, and cut off some of his hair, and then bade those who stood around him to spend that day in joy with their king, whom, he said, he should see again, in a little while, in Babylon. These were, it appears, his last words. Having uttered them, he mounted the pyre, and quietly laid himself down. Alexander—who

¹ See note, p. 79.

XXX—COURAGE: PHYSICAL

was not present himself, for he could not bear to see his friend die—had ordered that, when the flames were kindled, the trumpets should sound, and the whole host shout, as if engaging in battle. No doubt he hoped by such clamour to drown the dying cries of his friend. But Calánus neither cried nor stirred. To the wonder and admiration of all, he died in the flames in perfect peace. As the smoke of his burning went up to heaven, the Indian elephants trumpeted round him.¹

Thus died Calánus,² respected and honoured. And when you remember his dying prediction, you may perhaps think it a curious coincidence that his great friend and master, Alexander himself, died not two years later, at Babylon.

My stories have run on to a great length, and now they must end.

Such stories exalt us into a region grander, if more terrible, than that of common life. No one can approve unnatural cruelty, such as has been practised in the case of the *Sabls*; but every one must admire true courage, which, in loyalty to duty and forgetfulness of self, raises and ennobles humanity. A voluntary submission to dangers and suffering, even at the call of duty, can never be easy to human nature; and by the examples of those who have bravely borne suffering and death in an honourable cause "the whole race is raised and the meanest member of it made sacred with reflected glory."³

When we read of such deeds, we feel nobler ourselves. But our share in these deeds must not end in the reading. We, too, have a duty of courage to perform, though not, perhaps, courage of the same kind as that which I have now described. The calm resolution of the men in the

¹ Arrian, Bk. VII., chap. iii.—*C. M.*

² Plutarch says his real name was Sphines, but that the Greeks called him Calánus, because he addressed them with "the word *Cale*, the Indian form of the Greek salutation." Perhaps by Calánus is meant *Kaliana*.—*C. M.*

³ "Ecce Homo," p. 164.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

Birkenhead, the valour of the *Saktavat* at Ontala, is only called for on rare occasions—as in shipwrecks, battles, or other perils, which, thank God, do not happen frequently. Still, no one can say when, where, or of whom, such courage may be demanded: it may suddenly be demanded of any one, at any time, in any place. If it should be demanded of us, we should all, I am sure, be anxious in this respect not to fail in our duty. There is nothing, I am sure, of which we should all be more ashamed than to act as cowards. There is nothing, I am sure, which we should more desire than to be able to say with Lord Nelson—and not only to say, but to prove by our deeds—that we “do not know Mr. Fear.”

The only test we can certainly apply is the common test of everyday life. Everyday life will give us opportunities for the display of a still nobler courage,—the highest courage of all, and the hardest,—about which I hope to speak next week.

XXXI

Courage: Moral

"The sinews of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule and above the high-water mark of the world's contempt."

Marion Crawford.

"He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."

Emerson.

17th March, 1889.

In continuation of our last discourse, I shall speak to-day of *moral* courage. This is the courage which enables us to say and do *what we know to be right*. Therefore physical courage—the courage of which I spoke last Sunday—is very often, but not always, a necessary accompaniment of moral courage: moral courage will often impel us to bear, as its consequence, physical sufferings. Moral courage is of the mind, while physical courage is of the body; but mind and body are so closely connected that I think it impossible in the case of man to separate the one sort of courage from the other. In all the instances of human daring which I gave you last Sunday, moral was combined with physical courage: to a resolute endurance of physical suffering there was added a consciousness of duty. But while physical courage in a human being implies, at the least, *some* moral courage, moral courage implies much

COMMON THOUGHTS

more. For there are things—there are many things—more difficult to bear than bodily pain; and moral courage, in defence of the right, dares to bear them all. This moral courage is the courage which braces us always to do our duty; always, in spite of all opposition, of all derision, of all loss or trouble, to think, say, and do what we know to be right. This is the noblest form of courage, and yet it is the courage most commonly required; it is the courage which every day, almost every hour, demands of us all.

This is the highest heroism, the heroism of every day; for this is strength of character, compared with which other strength is as weakness. And this is the strength which inspires with fortitude man or woman, boy or girl, making no distinction of age or sex, of bodily power or bodily weakness, except that it grows with our growing years, and often grows stronger as our bodies grow weaker.

To speak the truth under all circumstances,—this is moral courage. When we are conscious that we have done wrong, then not to be afraid of the shame, but fearlessly to confess our fault,—this is moral courage. Not to be ashamed to be honest, not to be ashamed to appear as that, and only that, which we really are;—this is moral courage. Not to be ashamed of comparative poverty, comparative weakness, comparative ignorance; not to be ashamed, in general, of our inferiority to others; but under all circumstances to do our best, simply, candidly, honestly, without regard to the favour of man, and with regard only to duty and God,—this is moral courage. To bear, with calm unruffled spirit, pain, disappointment, and bereavement, braving the worst and hoping the best, seeing the sun behind the cloud,—this is moral courage. It is written in the recently published life of a Punjab officer, Reynell Taylor, that he was “a hero absolutely fearless, not only in battle and bodily exposure, but in every daily occupation of life: he feared God and

XXXI—COURAGE: MORAL

nothing else."¹ *To fear God and nothing else*,—this is moral courage.

You see this sort of courage takes in a very large share of man's duty. It implies the possession of other good qualities, subsidiary to itself. It means that you are not ashamed to profess these qualities before men.

Yes, moral courage means just *this*—that we are not ashamed to be honest and good. And surely this is a noble quality, a quality deserving of the highest respect; for he who possesses it, fully and truly, who knows the right and dares to do it, may be said to be almost a perfect man.

And yet I fear this noblest of qualities is not commonly valued as highly as it should be. Sometimes, I fear, those who possess it are even made objects of ridicule. Often, I fear, in worldly estimation, it is ranked below physical courage, to which it is as much superior as the mind is to the body.

And, in the case of the young especially, I think there is a natural tendency to overvalue physical courage, and to esteem prowess and bodily strength above their proper worth. And there is a proportional tendency to undervalue the moral worth of him who unflinchingly tries to do his whole duty, undaunted by difficulty. Is there not, for instance, a tendency in schoolboys to think more of him who excels on the playground, in horsemanship, or general agility and strength, than of him who is studious in school, and persevering and gentle and good? I do not depreciate sports of prowess; I know their value to be very great;

¹ "His deeds of prowess are still spoken of on the frontier, where his name is a household word for skill and courage. The only person who knows what he did, and is silent respecting it, is himself. And yet so gentle, lovable, and beloved was he that the natives used to say there were two *Ferishtas* (angels) among the English in the Punjab . . . and these two *ferishtas* were Sir Donald MacLeod and General Reynell Taylor."

"Reynell Taylor," by E. Gambier Parry, p. 259.—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

I believe they strengthen the character, as well as the muscles. But character is the great thing, and muscles are not character. Wisdom and reason are surely far nobler than suppleness of limb or beauty of form. Are not good temper, unselfishness, and kindness higher qualities than physical strength? Does not the nobility of Rāma and of Arjuna¹ consist in their goodness rather than in their bravery? When we think of these questions, we answer Yes. But we do not always act as we think. Perhaps we do not always think. If we thought more, we should give more honour to the higher and moral side of things, the side which should be before our minds, but which is hid from our eyes.

I said just now that this strength of character, which we call moral courage, sometimes, instead of being respected, makes us the objects of ridicule. This, too, is because men do not think. Men do not think, but follow the fashion; they follow the ideas which prevail in the world, or in that small part where they happen to live. The consequence is that any new thing, which does not accord with the thought of the time, is commonly derided, however good, simply because it is new. The fact of the earth's diurnal rotation, and of its annual course round the sun, are truths which all men now accept, as proved by men of science. But there was a time, not so very long ago, when these now-established truths were derided and condemned by the highest authority which existed in Europe. When they were asserted by Galileo at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were declared to be "absurd and heretical," and the great philosopher was forbidden by the Pope to "hold, teach, or defend" such a doctrine. The philosopher obeyed the Pope, who was his religious master; but all men now know that Galileo was right, and that the Pope was wrong.

So you see it often needs great moral courage—greater

¹ Rāma, the hero of the Rāmāyana epic, king of Ayodhyā, and considered to be an incarnation of Vishnu. Arjuna, see p. 87.

XXXI—COURAGE: MORAL

courage than some of the greatest possess—to introduce a thing that is new, in the face of high authority. It also requires some strength of mind to introduce to the public notice anything of a strange appearance. Take the case of a common umbrella. Umbrellas have been known in Asia from a very ancient period; but perhaps it will surprise you to hear that they have not been used in England for more than a hundred and fifty years. A Mr. Jonas Hanway, who had lived in China and other parts of the East, first carried an umbrella in London in 1750. "It is said that when he first walked through the streets, umbrella in hand, on a rainy day, he was hooted and hissed by men and boys, and even pelted with stones."¹ You see that, even in this small matter of accustoming people to the use of umbrellas, a great deal of moral courage was necessary. You see, too, that moral perseverance has in the end prevailed, and nearly every person in England now possesses, as a necessary article, that which seemed so outlandish and ridiculous not a century and a half ago.

So, too, in all undertakings and efforts we are often discouraged at the beginning, and to succeed in the end we need perseverance and courage. A remarkable instance of courage of this kind is given in the life of the late Lord Beaconsfield, one of the greatest orators and statesmen whom this century has seen in the British House of Commons. When he first spoke in Parliament, he was laughed down; I believe his manner, or appearance, was peculiar. At any rate, he was forced to cease speaking—defeated, but not discouraged. As he took his seat, he remarked with a courage worthy of his subsequent greatness, "I have several times begun many things, and I have often succeeded at last: aye, sir, and, though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me."² He

¹ "Little Cyclopædia of Common Things."—*C. M.*

² Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times."—*C. M.*

COMMON THOUGHTS

persevered, and the time did come when all England hung on his utterances.

So it has been and will be till the end of time. The world is blind to moral worth, but worth which has courage to persevere will be recognised and honoured at last.

As to the attainment of moral courage, I will give you a passage from a little book¹ which I have quoted in a former address. The passage is itself a quotation from "An American writer on *True Success in Life*." "Accustom yourselves not to depend chiefly on others, but to make decisions of your own; to consider deliberately each practical question that arises, and then come to a positive determination on it, if this be possible. Every instance in which you say resolutely No! to a seductive temptation; every time that you say firmly Yes! to the call of self-denying duty; every time that you resist the urgency of the inclination that would deter you from an arduous course of action that your judgment and conscience deliberately approve; every time that in the midst of perplexities you can so concentrate your force of mind as to decide on the thing to be done without vacillation or delay, you will have gained somewhat in true executive power. Without the power of deciding with due promptness, and of adhering firmly to your decisions when they have been made, it will be in vain to expect that you will act in life with any considerable success.

"Nothing will go right unless you dare to be singular. Everything will be wrong when a man has not learnt—and the sooner you learn it the better for your lives here and yonder—the great art of saying 'No.'"

Writing of the crisis in the Punjab in the year 1857, the author of the "Life of Lord Lawrence"² makes the

¹ "The Indian Student's Manual," by L. Murdoch, LL.D.—C. M.

² This Lord Lawrence was Viceroy of India from 1864 to 1869. On his honoured tomb, in Westminster Abbey, are inscribed these words: "*He feared man so little because he feared God so much*"—C. M.

• XXXI—COURAGE: MORAL •

following remarks: "There are two kinds of courage. There is the buoyant courage of the man who is blest by heaven with a sanguine temperament; the man who will not see danger; who is able to walk about with a smiling countenance, and with a cheerful heart, amidst mines and powder magazines." . . . "But there is another and a higher courage still. There is the cool deliberate courage of the responsible ruler, who is determined to shut his eyes to nothing, to explore all the ramifications of the danger, to realise to himself, and to take care that others should realise also, so far as it is necessary for them to do so, the full magnitude of the stake at issue, and then, having counted the cost beforehand, and having reckoned the possibility or even the probability of failure, sits down, determined, by every means in his power, to make the probable improbable, and the possible impossible. It is the prerogative of such a man, and only of such a man, to 'look ahead,' to 'take a statesman-like view,' and careless of what others may say or think of him, 'looking for neither praise nor blame,' with dogged determination to do the right, whatever comes of it, and to fall, if need be, at his post."

Courage must be guided by prudence. Blind fearlessness which rushes on danger, with no good or useful purpose in view, is not courage, but *bravado*. The soldier who recklessly rushes from his ranks, alone, against a host, —with the certainty of being killed—without the possibility of doing any good, will be condemned as a desperate madman; but if, like Horatius in the ballad, a man has a hope, however forlorn, of arresting a host by his personal valour, then he shows true courage in facing the risk, and in dying, if need be, for others' good. But vain waste of life is not courage at all. And so, also, in the ordinary affairs of life, to tilt with blind zeal against everything which is not in accordance with our private wishes, to be constantly finding fault without reason, and asking for reforms without due consideration, this is the conduct

COMMON THOUGHTS

of "fools" who "rush in where angels fear to tread"; this is not courage, but meddling folly. So, moral courage, like physical courage, must be attended by careful thought; we must think before we act; "to have a right judgment" is necessary in all things, and courage without a right judgment is recklessness. This is what we mean by the proverb, Prudence is the better part of valour.

True moral courage may best be shown by bravely attacking what is evil in *ourselves*—in restraining our tongues, in curbing our passions, in firmly adhering to good resolutions—but it will not be shown in charging afield against all that seems to us wrong in our neighbours. Victory must begin at home. Our first duty is to take heed to ourselves, and we shall find that this duty alone will give us plenty of work to do, plenty of enemies to fight, plenty of occasions for courage. For each man's worst foes are the evil desires of his own heart, and his own evil deeds. It is against these that each one of us has to wage a lifelong struggle.

I have said that true courage is based on prudence. It must also be supported by a resolute will.

Morally speaking, it may be said there is nothing that a strong will cannot achieve. "All life needs for life is possible to will." Will, strenuously exercised in a good cause, can make the improbable probable, can make what seems impossible possible. By will, resolutely, courageously exercised, you may become whatever you please. We all know the power which a man of strong will is able to exercise over others, a power which is not only moral, but even in some measure physical. This power is, of course, greater over himself. A man's will can so control his body that soldiers have risen from their beds, and shaken off a dangerous fever in the mental excitement of a campaign. I have known one instance of that kind myself. Resolute energy refuses to be baffled; it *will* be obeyed.

XXXI—COURAGE: MORAL

A remarkable instance of this kind of courage—call it, if you please, resolute will—is given in the history of Bábar. It is an instance of the will taking on, not shaking off, a disease. Bábar is said by Elphinstone to have been “the most admirable prince that ever reigned in Asia.” To a simple heart he added great courage, and a perseverance amounting to genius. He has written, in the *Tawárikhi Bábar*, an account of his own adventures in a manner so frank and simple as to win all human hearts. He was thoroughly a man; a noble and good one, but with a man’s failings too. His life is a strange one; but the manner of his death, as historically related, is stranger still. We are told that when Humáyún lay ill and seemed likely to die, Bábar resolved to sacrifice himself in order to save his son. So he walked three times round Humáyún’s bed, praying all the while earnestly; and at last he exclaimed, “I have taken it away, I have taken it away.” The force of will, thus exercised in the father, may have led to a healing faith in the son. This much at least is undoubtedly true, that from that time Humáyún began to recover and Bábar to decline. The facts may, of course, be explained away; but Mahomedans believe the story, as I have given it, to be true. And, in general, I think, we shall all admit that the human will, when intensely exerted, does have some influence on the Divine Will: for, otherwise, what is the meaning of prayer? It is the strength which comes from God—which comes from contact with Him in prayer—that gives men, as I believe, true courage. Nothing can overcome courage of this kind, neither anguish nor peril nor persecution.

“He that is just, and firm of will,
Doth not before the fury quake
Of mobs that instigate to ill.
Nor hath the tyrant’s menace skill
His fix’d resolve to shake;

COMMON THOUGHTS

"Nor Auster, at whose wild command
The Adriatic billows dash,
Nor Jove's dread thunder-launching hand ;
Yea, if the globe should fall, he'll stand
Serene amidst the crash."¹

Nothing can overcome courage of this kind, but courage of this kind overcomes all things.

I wish to conclude with a few words of practical application for us all. We who know the right, let us do it, with all our heart, mind, soul and strength, with stern unflinching moral courage, fearing God and duty and conscience, and *fearing nothing else*.

We, too, have our enemies to conquer—ignorance, anger, evil-speaking, pride and self-conceit,²—enemies who never slumber, who can only be subdued by constant courage, by never-flagging zeal.

We cannot too often examine ourselves, so that our courage may be tempered with prudence, but, once assured of the course which is right, let us cleave to that with unflinching resolution. It is only by firmness in ourselves that we can encourage those who are about us. If we are strong, they will be strengthened. If we are weak, they too will be hindered. I am afraid that, through thoughtlessness or weakness, we are very prone to follow the multitude, and to follow it to do evil.

Thus, I am afraid, we are often led to do what our judgment and conscience condemn. If so, are we not guilty of cowardice, when courage is our plain duty? Are we not, morally speaking, as cowardly and as wanting in duty, as if, being soldiers in the *Birkenhead*, we had refused to stand to our post at the command of our officer? For conscience is our commanding officer; and this College is to us all as a ship which we are bound, each

¹ Horace's Odes, III. 3: translated by Theodore Martin.—*C. M.*

² The *asuri guno* [demoniacal characteristics] of the Bhagavadgītā.—*C. M.*

XXXI—COURAGE: MORAL

in his own place, to keep on her course and bring safe to port.

Therefore try to be brave and firm, fearing God, fearless of men. In every action in which you take part, and in all you say, let only this thought be in your mind, Is what I am doing or saying right? And if your conscience answers Yes, then do, or say, that thing persistently, fearless of all opposition. Some of your companions may be against you, you may sometimes lose the favour of man; but never mind, persevere and be brave, for God is on your side. You need not care what the world thinks of you, so long as you know that your purpose is honest; so long as you are true to your conscience, and loyally carry out its promptings. The heart that is pure may well be courageous, for it has nothing to fear. Therefore do what is right, and have courage: be strong in the armour of God. And, with His help, each one of us may do something to help and encourage his neighbour; may do something to make the road easier on life's difficult journey, to

“Fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the city of God.”¹

“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.”²

¹ Matthew Arnold's "Rugby Chapel."—C. M.

² Solomon's Ecclesiastes, xii. 13, 14.—C. M.

The two Addresses which follow are printed as they were found among Mr. Macnaghten's papers, though one is only an outline, to be filled up in delivery, and the other a fragment.

XXXII

Unselfishness

30th June, 1889.

I SAID last Sunday that each one of us, even the smallest and weakest, even the last in the lowest class, may by his conduct do something to raise the tone and the character of our whole College. I said this could be done by living an individual life higher than the common and aggregate life of the College; by striving to fix our thoughts on things which are higher than the things of our College; by striving to fix our thoughts on God and on that which is holy in His sight; by striving here on earth to live the life of heaven.

Now, we cannot live this kind of life if we think only of ourselves. We must live away from ourselves, from our own desires and appetites and thoughts; we must strive to live for others and for God—in other words, we must be unselfish. It is on this high duty of unselfishness that I wish to speak to you to-day, and I wish to speak of it with special reference to your duties in this College. Do not live for yourselves; live for others; live for God.

(1) Do not live for yourselves. Do not indulge low, greedy passions of the body; or laziness, or idleness; nor the evil passions of the soul—jealousy, spite, ill-temper. You will each know what is your besetting temptation. Try to conquer that.

(2) Live for others. (a) For your schoolfellows in the

XXXII—UNSELFISHNESS

College. Be kind-tempered, good-natured, and gentle towards all, denying yourself that they may be pleased. Be generous. Try to make them better. (b) For the masters, who are here to help you and guide you to that which is for your good. Will you not be very gentle to them too, and very grateful, trying to please them in every matter, and to do as they bid, trying always, in school and out of school, to do your best, to attend to your duty?

(3) Live for God. Think of Him as everywhere. Nothing is too small for His notice, as nothing is too great. And He will help you, if you trust Him, as a loving father helps his child. It is He who speaks to you through your conscience: the kingdom of God is here in your hearts. But to hear Him you must keep the world outside; you must live alone in His Presence. This is the highest unselfishness,—the highest self-abandonment. The man who so lives alone with God, even in the bustle and tumult of life, is the true saint, the true hermit.

This is the last Address given by Mr. Macnaghten of which notes have been found. On February 2nd he again addressed the elder students on the death of H. H. the Maharaja of Bhaunagar, which occurred on January 29th, and spoke of "our duty to make a good use of life while it lasts, of our highest duty here in the College to live for others and not for ourselves." He himself passed to his rest on February 10th.

XXXIII

The Last New Year

6th January, 1896.

THEREFORE I repeat, let us, in this new year, resolve to live zealously and by habit. It can do us but very little good to be convinced of life's shortness and uncertainty, unless we determine in the future to live in accordance with our convictions. It seems indeed strange that the shadows of this world should have such influence over our minds when we think of the infinitely greater importance of the life which is not of this world, but eternal. It seems indeed strange to us here, when we think of it seriously. How strange will it seem to us *then*! Soon, when we have been called away, where will be those earthly desires, on which our thoughts now so eagerly feed themselves? Just think; only one call from God—and in a moment all our possessions, our friends, our houses, our money, our bodies, must be left behind; while our souls, which alone cannot be destroyed, shall live on for ever! Therefore resolve, in this year more than hitherto, to live for the things which are real and divine, for the things of the soul and not of the body. Resolve to live more for the things of God and less for the things of the world, By the things of God, I mean those qualities, purity

XXXIII—THE LAST NEW YEAR

holiness, truth and love, which you, as well as I, deem to be divine, and which do not end with this life. These qualities, being divine, are possible to the divine side of human nature, but they can only be properly nourished when we lead lives of communion with God. This is why monks in India and elsewhere, Dharmacharyas, Sanyasis, and Jogis, have striven to forget the life of the body, to abstract themselves from worldly illusions, from comfort and wealth and social amusement, that so, while remaining here upon earth, they might lead the eternal life of heaven. In this withdrawal from worldly business there is much that we must admire; and we all need such retirement occasionally. Only, while we are in the world, like sentries placed by God at our posts, we must not withdraw ourselves from it. The active performance of our duties in life should be strengthened and sanctified by seasons of seclusion, of meditation and prayer; and thus, in the midst of our worldly work, we can put ourselves in retirement with God and feel that we are alone with Him. When we do so, though in the world's midst, we are as much out of the world as the hermits. And we can do better things than the hermits, because the fruits of such retirement, in the midst of activity and work, will be seen in our outward life, and will make it a brightness and a blessing to our neighbours. Men will see that we are, as Abraham was called, the Halifa Uah, the friends of God. So our light shall shine before men, that they shall see the good works that we do, and glorify God, who helps us to do them.

THE END

INDEX

- "Abou Ben Adhem," the poem of, 18
Achyranthes aspera, 80
Eschynomene Indica, 81
Aghedo, the rough burrs of, 80
 Ahmedâbâd, 152
 Akbar, 79, 96, 158, 177
 Akherâjji, 117
 Alcohol, the use of, 151
 Alexander the Great and the gymno-
 sophists, 203
 Alptagin, King of Ghazni, 67
 Amarkot deserts, 79
 Amrâ Wâlâ, 116
Anagallis arvensis, 84
Angarkhâ, or coat, 189
 Animals, kindness to, 68, 69, 70;
 treatment of the beasts of draught,
 69; duty to, 69; their power of
 sympathy, 70; various kinds of
 sport, 71, 72; the elephant "Hero,"
 72; dogs, the companions and
 friends of man, 74; their courage,
 194, 195
Ânkdo plant, 79
 "Anugîtâ," passages from the, 106,
 169
 Archery, the practice of, 88
 Ardshir Babukân, 153
 Arjuna, 87, 210
Argyrea speciosa, 83
 Arnold, Matthew, quotation from
 his "Morality," 172
 Asclepiad order, 79
Asuri guno, the six demoniacal cha-
 racteristics, 188, 216
 Bâbar, 176; his resolute will, 215;
 manner of his death, 215
 Bain, extract from his "Education
 as a Science," 89
 Balarâma, 74
 Banyan, size of the, 77; flowers, 78
 Bawania, Mr., his assassination, 116
 Beaconsfield, Lord, his first speech
 in Parliament, 211
 Bhaunagar, Maharaja of, xviii, xix,
 xx, xxxiv; death, xix, 220
 Bhîma, 87
 Bhownaggreo, Sir M. M., xxviii
 note, 64
Biophytum sensitivum, 81
Birkenhead, story of the wreck of
 the, 198, 199
 Bombay, Bishop of, xxxi.
Bravado, 213
 Broach, 77, 78
 Browning, quotation from, 32
 Bühler, Dr., "Manu," 71 note
 Bulldog, tenacity of the, 195
 Bunbir, 177 note, 181
 Calânus, the gymnosoplist, 203;
 manner of his death, 204, 205
Calotropis procera, 79
 Carlyle, on the value of health, 146,
 147, 150
 Cause and effect, the law of, 6, 12
Chamar-dudheli, 80
 Chând Bibi, 201
 Chandâvats and Saktâvats, the rival
 clans of, 197, 198
 Chitor, fortress of, 177, 197
 Cicero, his definition of friendship, 51
Cissus carnosa, 83
Clepsydra, or water-clock, 164
 Coleridge, quotation from "Chris-
 tabel," 109
 Comings and goings, 103; in ex-
 ternal nature, 107; in our per-
 sonal life, 107; separations and
 meetings, 110
 Connaught, Duke and Duchess of,
 xvii note
 Conscience, the voice of, 3, 216, 217

INDEX

- Co-operation, advantages of, 124; in trade, 126; the numerical force, 126; the spiritual, 126; methods of, 128
- Courage, physical, in animals, 194; in man, 195, 196; reasoning, 196; illustrations of, 197; in women, 201; tendency to over-value, 200; moral, 207; various forms of, 208; meaning of, 209; tendency to undervalue, 209; attainment of, 212; the two kinds of, 213; guided by prudence, 213; supported by a resolute will, 214
- Craik, Mrs., on the spending of money, 144
- Cricketer, 90-92
- Cryptostegia grandiflora*, 80
- Cynegirus, the Athenian, 195
- Demia extensa*, 80
- Darbhangha, Maharaja of, xii, xv
- Death, instances of sudden, 115
- Deed, truth in, 22
- Derby, Lord, 154
- Deemodium gyrans*, 81
- Dhanvel*, 88
- Dharmacharyas, 221
- Discipline, the courage of, 198
- Drampadi, 74-75
- Drosera rotundifolia*, 81
- Duff, Dr., xiv
- Dufferin, Lady, 65
- Duties, the dignity of little, 44; daily routine, 44; performance, 45; monotony, 46; special trials and difficulties, 46, 47; impressions from little things, 47-49
- Duty, to God, 15, 18; to man, 16; to superiors, 17; to do our, 117; of enjoyment, 155
- Dwāpara Yuga, 131
- Dwārakā, 74 note
- "Ecce Homo," extracts from, 41, 205
- Education, question of, xxviii
- Emerson, extract from "Conduct of Life," 157
- Empress, Our Most Gracious, 60; celebration of her jubilee, 60; story of her early youth, 62; coronation and marriage, 63; her sympathy and interest, 64; policy of her government, 65; character, 66
- "Encyclopædia Britannica," extract from, 183
- Enjoyment, 155; the faculty of, 156; duty to ourselves, 157; to others, 157; from reading, 158; the study of Natural History, 161
- Epictetus, on the dangers of wealth, 123; happiness, 157; meditation, 158
- Esprit de corps*, meaning of, 125
- Evolutus hirsutus*, 83
- Ewing, Mrs., "Jackanapes," 42
- Exaggerations in word, 185
- Exercise, physical, the value of, 87, 153
- "Eyes and No Eyes," 161
- Eyesight, care of the, 148
- Faber, his verses on the love of God, 118
- Fad*, 83
- Faith in God, 7; in common matters, 8
- Flowers, various parts of, 78; times of opening, 82
- Forbes, Mr., 77; his account of the sacrifice of fourteen rāms, 201
- Franklin, Benjamin, 183, 153; his careful use of time, 183; scheme of employment, 184; his list of virtues, 178
- Friendship, 50; definition of, 51; formation of, in early youth, 52; in later years, 52; opportunities, 52; foundation of, 58
- Gadi*, or Cushion-Throne, 117
- Gadi*, or abuse, xxii
- Galileo, 210
- Gambhirāra, the pyre of, 201
- Game-cock, courage of the, 105
- Games, benefits from, 86; archery, 88; riding, 88; various other exercises, 88; their chief merits, 89
- Gazanfar Khān, 116
- Gedrosia desert, 203
- Genius, described, 100
- Gentle, 87; use of the word, 88
- Gentleman, meaning of the term, 88; definition of, 89, 184; the home of, 40; examples, 42
- Giles, Mr., xxxi
- Gladstone, Mr., 171
- Glorious superba*, 83
- God, His Holy Presence, 2, 132; the voice of, 3, 6, 29, 103, 128; realisation of His nearness, 3, 10, 24; belief in, 7; use of His holy name, 10; messages from, 10, 117; prayers to, 11; duty to, 15, 18; love of, 18, 117; truth the essence of, 20; communion with, 97, 221; the unchangeable, 108; to live for, 219; the things of, 220

INDEX

Gondal, chief of, xviii, xxxiv
 Goodness, the spirit of, 168
 Grant-Duff, Sir Elphinstone, 83
 Grishma, or the hot season, 77
 Gujarati, the practice of opium-eating
 in, 150
 Gulistan, extracts from, 76, 145, 158
 Gymnastic exercises, 88
 "Gymnosophists," or "naked sages,"
 203

Hadrirani, tale of the, 202
 Hanway, Mr. Jonas, the first to
 carry an umbrella in London, 211
 Harbhamji, Kumar, 56; his proposal
 to establish a Kathiawar branch,
 for the prevention of cruelty to
 animals, 68
 Health, the value of, 146; meaning
 of the word, 147; duty of preserving
 it, 148; temperance in drinking,
 149; in eating, 153; physical exer-
 cise, 153; purity, 154
 Helps, Sir Arthur, on Prayer, 174
 "Hero," story of the noble elephant,
 72
 Herole, meaning of, 197
Hibiscus mutabilis, 83
 Holmes, quotation from, 195
 Home, the blessings of, 93; dangers,
 94; employments, 95; rules, 97
 Horace's Odes, extract from, 215
 Humane, meaning of the word, 87
 Humayun, Emperor of Delhi, 79, 96,
 215
 Hunt, Leigh, his poem of "About
 Ben Adhem," 18

Idar, Maharaja of, xxiii, xxxiv;
 erects a High School, xxiii; letter
 from Mr. Macnaghten, xxiv
 Impressions, first, 55
Indian Magazine and Review, extract
 from the, xxxiv
 Individuals, influence of, 127
 Indra, or the Sky God, 76
 Indraprastha or Delhi, 74 note
 Influence, personal, 127, 176; instances
 of, 176; the use of, 180; a good,
 181; bad, 182
 Intemperance, forms of, 149, 150, 161
Ipomoea turpethum, 83

Jaikrishna, Indrajai, xxii
 Janjira, chief of, xxxiv
 Jehangir, 197
 Jemadar Amar, his sudden death, 10
Jhijho, 80
 Josis, the, 203, 221
 Jubilee, meaning of the word, 60

Judgments, charitable, regarding our
 neighbours, 55; first impressions,
 55; different circumstances, 57;
 special temptations and trials, 58;
 attributing motives, 58; unkind
 stories, 59
 Junagadh, State of, xxxi
 "Forest of, 71 note

Kabir Wan, 77
 Kadali, 83
 Kagal, chief of, xxxiv
 Kali Yuga, 131
 Kathiawar, xii; opening of the
 College at, xv
 Kempis, Thomas A., extract from, 93
 Kent, Duchess of, 63
Khar-Khod, 80
Khat-Khatumbia, 83
 Kindness to animals, 70
 Kingsley, "The Heroes," 123
 Kolhapur, Maharaja of, xxxiv
 Krishna, 74
 Khatari, the five duties of a, 182
 Kumar Shri, 14 note
 Kurus, 74, 89

Lal chaneli, 83
 Lawrence, Lord, inscription on his
 tomb, 212 note
 Lehzen, Baroness, 62
Leptademia reticulata, 80
 Lie, to tell a, 10; to act a, 24
 Life, uncertainty of, 10, 115; the
 changes of, 103; the law of, 103;
 separations and meetings, 110; the
 shortness of, 114; instances of
 sudden death, 10, 115-16; the
 heavenly, 117; advantages of a
 regular, 121; the moral, 121
 Linri, chief of, xvii
 Lincoln's Inn, ceremony of intro-
 ducing students, 56
 "Little Cyclopaedia of Common
 Things," 211 note
 Long, his translation of "Epictetus,"
 143 note, 144 note, 196 note; extracts
 from, 143, 144, 170, 196
 Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," 119,
 170
 Love, 18, 35; of God, 18, 36, 99, 101;
 of man, 18, 35; of the thing done,
 99, 100
 Lubbock, Sir John, his "Pleasures of
 Life," 155, 156, 159
 Lunadwada, chief of, xxxiv

Macaulay, Lord, extract from the
 Life of, 160
 MacLeod, Sir Donald, 209 note

INDEX

- Macnaghten, Chester, birth, xi;
parents, xi; early life, xii; at
Cambridge, xii; starts for India,
xii; made head of the Rajkumar
College, xii, xv; his work of
training the boys, xiii; returns
home, xii; returns to work, xiii;
marriage, xiv; death, xiv; his
influence on the Maharaja of Darb-
hanga, xv; his method of educating
the young chiefs and nobles of
Kathiawar, xvi-xviii, xxxii; result,
xviii; number of his pupils, xx,
xxiv; on the difficulties of his
work, xxi, xxxii; his love of
Italy, xxii; lays the foundation
stone of a High School at Idar,
xxiii; his letter to the Maharaja of
Idar, xxiv; to one for whom he
feared, xxvi; his mode of education,
xxviii; religious teaching, xxx;
addresses, xxx, xxxi; characteris-
tics of his work, xxxiii
- Macnaghten, Mr. Elliot, xi
" Sir Francis, xi
" Mrs., xiv, lii
- Mahābhārata, an epic poem, 74, 182
note
- Mahmūd of Ghazni, 67
- Man, the outward demeanour of, 55;
the overwrought, 57; happiness
of, 108; a great, 180; the courage
of, 196
- Manokīlā, Mr., 153
- Manners, 183; good, in word, 184;
in act, 187; punctuality, 189; in
appearance, 189; in gesture, 191
- Manu, extracts from his "Code of
Laws," 23, 154
- Mardai or Mardāngirī, 196
- Martynia diandra, 80
- Mayo College, at Ajmir, xv
- McCarthy, Justin, "History of Our
Own Times," 211 *note*
- Meditation, need for, 168; value of,
170; stated times for, 172; helps
to, 172
- Method, habit of, 121
- Mewār, history of, 176, 197
- Modesty in word, 186; in thought,
188
- Money, 198; a medium of exchange,
198; gold and silver, 141; the
spending of, 142; acquiring, 142;
its dangers, 148
- Monsoon, the, 76
- Moral courage, 207; meaning of, 207
- Morvi, the Thakor Sahib of, xviii,
xxiv, *notes*
- Murād, Prince, 201
- Murdoch, L., extracts from his
"Indian Student's Manual," 148,
212
- Nakula, 87
- Napier, Life of Sir Charles," ex-
tract from the, 199
- Nasolar, 83
- Natural History, the study of, 161
- Nature, the wonders of, 161
- Neighbours, charitable judgments
regarding our, 65
- Nerbudda, 77
- Newton, Sir Isaac, 123 *note*
- Nishāpūr, 67
- Ontala, 197
- Oodysing, compared with Akbar,
177
- Opium, evil effects of, 150
- Our Weekly, story from, 73
- Pāghadī, or turban, 189
- Palm-tree, use of the, 82
- Pāndu princes, the five, 74, 87, 123
- Pārameshwar, the first and supreme
Lord, 2
- Parasagadae, 203
- Pavitrata, or purity, 154
- Peel, Sir Laurence, 70
- Peile, Sir James, his speech at the
opening of the College at Kathia-
war, xv
- Pentstemon microphylla, 80
- Perseverance, 211
- Petrarch, on the value of books, 158
- Phalangium tuberosum, 83
- Phento, or waistband, 189
- Phipson, Mr., his Natural History
Museum in Bombay, 161
- Physical courage, 184
- Pimpernel, 84
- Plants, 78; the Asclepiad family,
79; use of the winged seeds, 80;
sensitive, 81; uses of, 82; creepers
of the vine order, 83
- Plato, his dialogue contrasting the
lawyer and philosopher, 163
- Polo, 88, 89
- Pouchet's "Universe," 82
- Pratāp, 42, 177, 181
- Prayer, 0, 174, 215; to live a life of,
11; things to be prayed for doubt-
fully, 12; with certainty, 13
- Prithviraj, 176
- Prithivi, or the Earth Goddess, 76
- Property, the rights of, 159
- Prudence, need for, in courage, 213
- Punctuality, importance of, 189
- Purity, 154
- Quisqualis Indica, 83

INDEX

- Rajkot, xii, xvii
 Rajkumar, 14 *note*
 Rajkumar College, xii; the society of, 31; benefits, 31; friendships, 33; association with superiors, 36; duties, 35; advantages of co-operation, 126
Raktapi, 80
 Rāna, 87, 123, 210
 Rānā, 197
 Rānā Sanga, 176
 Rāyitsinhji, xiii, xvii
 Rezia, Sultāna, 201
 Riding, 88
Risomno, 81
River ornata, 83
 Robertson, F. W., Lectures, 168, 200
Rukhadi, or hairy plant, 83
 Saadi, extract from "Gulistān," 145
 Sabuktigin, King of Ghazni, anecdote of, 67
 Sagarji, 178
 Sahadeva, 87
 Saktavats and Chandivats, the rival claim of, 197
Samudra-vat, 83
 San'yasia, 221
Sarcostemma intermedium, 79
 Satis, the, 201
Satvik Guno, 158
 Satya Yuga, 131
 Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Albert of, his marriage and death, 63, 64
 Sayyad, or descendant of Husain, 83
 School, tone of a, 125
 Seeds, use of the winged, 80
 Seton, Colonel, 198
 Shakespeare, extracts from "Hamlet," 51, 64
Shastras, 188
 Shāstri Jivānram, 172
Shingadio Pachnag, 83
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 42
 Sikri, the battle of, 176
 Society, the blessings of, 30; various kinds, 30; the duties, 31
 Socrates and Theodorus, dialogue between, 164
 Sonia plant, 79
Spectator, extracts from, 62, 65
 Sphines or Calānus, 205 *note*
 Sport, various kinds of, 71
 Steam, the use of, 48
 Sunday, addresses delivered on, 2
 Sundew plant, 81
Surajvel, or "sun-creeper," 80
 Suryavanshi, or descendant of the Sun, 83
 Tasta, natural, 100
 Taylor, Reynell, 208, 209 *note*
 Telang's translation of the Anugītā, 169, 182 *note*
 "Telegraph plant," 81
 Temperance in drinking, 149; in eating, 155
 Temple, Dr., his description of a great man, 180
 Tenneyson, quotation from, 162; his verses on Fortune, 109; on the Duke of Wellington, 192
 Thakor Sahib, 14 *note*
 Theodorus and Socrates, dialogue between, 164
 Thoughts, truth in, 26; false and ungenerous, 27
 Time, 180; the limits of, 180; enormous periods, 131; the use of, 131; early sleeping and rising, 134; exercise, 185; reading, 186; writing, 186
Times, the, account of Chester Macnaghten's work in India, xiv
Times of India, extract from, on opium-eating, 150
 Titles, the false assumption of, 186
 Tod, Colonel, "Rājāsthān," 176, 196
 "Tom Brown's Schooldays," extracts from, 64, 90
 Tretā Yuga, 131
 Trevelyan, his "Life of Macaulay," 161 *note*
Triumfetta rotundifolia, 80
 "True Success in Life," quotation from, 212
 Truth, in word, 19; the divine side, 20; the human and social side, 20; in deed, 22; in positions of public trust, 23; in thought, 26
 Umbrella, the first, in London, 211
 Unselfishness, duty of, 218
 Vacation, meaning of, 94
 Valour, 196
 Veda, the, 79
 Venables, Canon, his opinion of Chester Macnaghten, xii
 Vikram-Ājit, 176
Vinchi, the curious seed, 80
 "Vishnu Bhagwata," 76
Vitis Indica, 83
 Waddington, Mr., xiii, xix; on the difficulties of Mr. Macnaghten's task, xix
 Welldon, Dr., 74
 Wellington, first Duke of, 192